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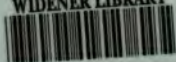
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**THE EAGLE.**

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# THE EAGLE.

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**ERRATA.**

**Page 275, for 'stray stress,' read 'stray tress.'**

**" 286, " 'before zero,' " 'below zero.'**



# THE EAGLE.

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## THREE DAYS AMONG THE ALPS OF DAUPHINÈ.

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THE summer of 1860 will not be soon forgotten by Alpine Tourists, and many successful seasons must pass by, before the dismal impressions of wet days and unsuccessful expeditions are effaced from their memory. As ill luck would have it, I had arranged to spend part of my summer Vacation in exploring the unfrequented districts of the Alps of Dauphinè, and I started with the hope of being the first to plant my foot upon more than one hitherto unscaled peak. All this was frustrated by the bad weather, which, bad enough in a frequented country, where the inns are good and the passes well known, is intolerable in a desolate and unexplored district like Dauphinè. The consequence was, that after a stay of about ten days I was driven out of the country by the weather, having only succeeded in one expedition during the whole time. Still though unsuccessful in the two great things I had hoped to effect, the ascents of Mont Pelvoux and Monte Viso, I had added largely to my stock of alpine experiences—and met with a few adventures, one of which will form the subject of the following Paper.

The country of which I have spoken, has already been introduced to the readers of *The Eagle* in a paper\* entitled "Our

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\* Vol. I, page 241.

Tour." The mountain also which I am going to describe, is mentioned there, but by some accident the name Pelvoux is mis-spelt Petrous. However, as the country is very little known and the majority of maps are worthless for this part of the Alps, I may venture upon a few words to describe the general character of the district.

The great chain of the Southern Alps sweeps round at Mont Blanc, like a castle wall about a corner tower, so as to enclose the plains of Piedmont, into which the mass of the Graians is thrust, like an out-work to Mont Blanc. After this the great mass, no longer preserves its general plan of a single ridge, pierced by lateral vallies running at right angles to the line of the higher peaks, but breaks up into a confused mass of mountains which cover Savoy and the eastern side of France. Among these wind the vallies of the Isère and its tributaries, running in a north westerly direction, and of the Durance, running south. The line of the great watershed between the basins of the Po and the Rhone runs almost due south from Mont Blanc for a considerable distance till, near the pass of the Mont Cenis, it forms an angle, with the point towards France. The sides of this angle are nearly equal, so that, when it turns again to the south, it is nearly in the same line as it was before; therefore, on a common map, the rough tracing of the line of the watershed from the Matterhorn to the Col di Tenda is not unlike the plan of one of Vauban's fortifications. To the east of this watershed lie most of the great mountains of the Tarentaise district, some of which are at least twelve thousand feet high—and the Alps of Dauphinè. The former approach the northern side of the angle mentioned above, the latter the southern side, the two being separated by the valley of the Romanche. The Alps of Dauphinè therefore generally lie in an angle formed by the vallies of the Romanche and the Durance, the Col de Lautaret forming the watershed between them, and acting as a bridge to connect the district of the Pelvoux with the main chain. The Pelvoux, the highest mountain in France, is thirteen thousand four hundred and sixty-eight feet high, and there are several other peaks not very much lower near it. The mountains are extremely precipitous, and the snow does not lie so low as in Switzerland, consequently the glaciers are smaller, and to my mind the scenery is not so fine. Some of the rock scenery however is very grand, especially on the high road from Grenoble to Briançon. Two vallies lead up to the Pelvoux, the one the Val de St. Christophe, leaving the Romanche at Bourg

d'Oysans, the other the Val Louise, leaving the Durance at L'Abesse; this latter is divided into two branches, the northern called the Val de Verges, the southern the Val Sapaniere.

So much then for Dauphinè and the Pelvoux, and now for my story. Our party consisted of three; let my two companions be represented by the letters H. and M. H. and I were to be at La Berade in the Val de St. Christophe by Sunday, August 12th at the latest, and there await M., who had left England about a fortnight before us for a tour in the Tarentaise. Our plan was to explore the Pelvoux on that side, in order to discover if an ascent was practicable from the west flank—if it was not, we purposed crossing over a high glacier pass into the northern branch of the Val Louise, and seeing what could be done there. M., owing to the bad weather, did not arrive till Monday evening, so we spent that morning in an excursion to the Col de Sais, a fine glacier pass near the Pelvoux, and convinced ourselves that the huge crags overhanging the valley offered no chance to the climber. Arrangements were accordingly made for crossing next morning to the Val Louise; this the rain prevented, so that we were obliged to retrace our steps to Bourg d'Oysans, and go round to the Val Louise *via* Briançon. Accordingly, on the third morning we halted for breakfast at L'Abesse, a little village about twelve miles from Briançon, opposite the entrance to the Val Louise. We alight from our carriage at a most unpromising hotel; to us enters the hostess, large, dirty, and loud in voice, strong-minded, no doubt, and strong-fisted. "Madame," we cry, "we are hungry, bring us plenty of meat for breakfast." "Monsieur, there is but one poulet in the house." "Bring it then, Madame, directly and some eggs"; we enter the Salle à Manger. It is like all others in the country inns in Dauphinè—and as they differ somewhat from English inns, I may venture on a brief description. The Salle à Manger is a good sized room, with rude pine or walnut-wood tables and benches dirty and rickety—on the walls a print or two of saints, and one or two lithographs of some of Napoleon I. victories; the walls and ceiling have been guiltless of whitewash for years; the floor, I suppose is boarded, but of that I cannot be sure, for a thick cake of dirt hides the original material. It is never swept, and, as the way of cleaning a dish or plate is to throw the contents on the floor, is soon covered with bones and debris of every kind. Up-stairs you will find things on a similar scale, bones again on the floor, cleanly polished by

the dog—and no jug or basin, or any of those luxuries which we over-civilized Englishmen demand. However, to return—while breakfast is preparing we take a short stroll, and on our return find it ready. The poulet is on the table—a dreadful sight, withered, black, and unpromising. Approaching for a nearer view of this singular specimen of the Barndoor Fowl, I find it considerably gnawed about the breast, and the impressions of a dog's paw on the not over clean cloth reveal the delinquent. The "poulet" is summarily banished, rather to my relief, for I could not have eaten such a disagreeable looking creature. The hostess retired, cursing the dog at the top of her voice. Breakfast was not a success. Eggs not too fresh, sour bread and sourer wine do not go down well, especially when one is rather out of sorts. M., especially, feeling the effects of his hard fare in the Tarentaise, was so unwell, that for some time we feared he could not proceed. In despair I invaded the sanctity of the kitchen, and seizing upon a vessel like a deep frying-pan made a brew of tea from some we had with us. This did him good, and in a short time we started up the valley for Ville de Val Louise, at which place we were informed that we should find guides. We were now five in number, our three selves, M.'s Chamounix guide, Michel Croz, one of the best and bravest fellows I have ever met, and a French gentleman, by profession an engineer, who was engaged on some works in the neighbourhood, and volunteered to accompany us. We found him a very pleasant companion and a capital walker. The entrance to the valley is guarded by an old wall, said to date from the time of the struggles between the Roman Catholics and Vaudois. About three hours walking up a tolerable road took us to Ville de Val Louise, a poor village, still bearing marks of the destructive inundations of 1856. Here, however, we managed to get something like a decent meal and, what we wanted quite as much, some information about guides. We were told that a man who had ascended the Pelvoux lived at the village of Au Clos, a little higher up the valley, and that we should have to pass the night at a "Cabane des Bergers de Provence" on the highest pastures. Supposing from this name that we should have to pass the night in a hay chalet, we packed up a few necessities in one knapsack and left the rest of our things in the landlord's charge—a great mistake as it afterwards proved; we also got as large a store of bread, meat and wine as we could, and a porter to carry it till we got our guide. Passing through Au Clos we met the man

we were in search of driving a mule ; he was not a bad looking fellow, and seemed fit for his work. We accosted him. Did he know the mountain ? Yes, well. Had he ascended it ? Yes, several times. To the highest\* point of all ? Yes, even there, but it was very difficult, there was a lower peak much easier to reach. That would not do—we must go to the highest ; could he shew us the way ? Yes, if we would let him bring his comrade. A bargain as to price, &c. was soon struck, and increased to eight, we walked on. From Au Clos to L'Alefred where the vallies divide is a pretty walk through a pine wood, up a steep winding path bordered in many places with wild yellow gooseberries. At the last Chalets of L'Alefred we parted with our porter, and halted for some black bread and milk. This black bread is a curiosity, it is made in flat round cakes about eighteen inches in diameter. They bake only once or at most twice a year, and keep their bread on shelves in the lofts exposed to the air. Consequently it is as hard as a board, and has to be cut either with an axe or a knife, made to act as a lever—when soaked in wine or milk it is not bad, when dry it eats rather like conglomerated sawdust. While we were refreshing, all the natives turned out of their chalets to have a stare. On the whole I think they were the ugliest folk I ever saw ; short, squat, flat-nosed, and pig-eyed—in fact, rather like Esquimaux—they are reputed to be the most uncivilized people in Dauphinè, but I saw a good many others not much better in other mountain vallies. Refreshed, we now struck up the Val de Sapieniere, following a rough track by the side of the stream. It is a mere gorge with precipices to the right and steep slopes to the left. There is however a tragical story connected with it. In 1488, a number of Vaudois families sought refuge from persecution in a cavern among the precipices to the right. For some time they eluded their enemies, but at last were discovered by a soldier who climbed down from above ; straw and faggots were piled at the mouth of the cave, and set on fire ; of those within, some rushing out, were slain, others in despair leapt down the precipices and were dashed to pieces, the rest perished miserably in the smoke. It is said that four hundred infants† were found within the cave dead in their mothers' arms, and that three

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\* The highest point of the Pelvoux is called in the country the Point des Arcines, or des Ecrins.

† Gilly's Memoirs of Neff, p. 90.

thousand persons perished on this occasion. The cave is still called the Baume des Vaudois. After walking a mile or so we turned off short to the right and began to climb over the blocks of fallen rock in the direction of a narrow gorge, which must at times be occupied by a waterfall. As we drew near, the slope became steeper and steeper, till at last we took to the rocks themselves on the left-hand side of the gorge. A stiff climb now commenced up some very steep rocks, on which both skill and care were sometimes requisite; we however made rapid progress, till at the end of about an hour and-a-half we came to the end of the rocks and emerged upon a slope of turf, thickly spread with huge blocks, to one of the largest of which the guide pointed, saying "voilà le cabane." I confess to feeling disgusted—I had not hoped for much—but I had expected a hut and a truss of hay for a bed. Nothing of the kind was here. There was nothing but a huge mass of rock, that had in former times fallen down from the cliffs above, and had rested so as to form a shelter under one of its sides. This had been still farther enclosed with a rough wall of loose stones, and thus a sort of kennel was made about nine or ten feet by five or six, and about four feet high at the entrance, whence it sloped gradually down to about two feet at the other end. Our thoughts turned regretfully to some extra wraps left down below, but there was no help for it, and "what can't be cured, must be endured," is excellent philosophy for the Alps. Accordingly we put the best face on it, and set to work to make all comfortable for the night. Dead juniper boughs were collected for a fire, and the guides set to work to clean out the cave, which, being frequented by the sheep as well as the shepherds, was in a sufficiently filthy condition. The first who entered quickly emerged again holding at arm's length the mortal remains of a defunct mutton in a very lively condition, which he quickly sent over the precipice for the ravens to sup on, if they had any fancy for it. The floor was then swept and strewed with fern and dock leaves, and a fire lighted to sweeten the place. While this was going on we were occupied with taking Barometer and Thermometer observations\* and with sketching. Evening drew on, and one by one my companions retired into the

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\* These observations gave a height of seven thousand three hundred and eighty-one feet above the level of the sea for our cabane.

cave, but not fancying the look of it, I stopped outside as long as possible. It was a strange wild scene—overhead hung the crags of the Pelvoux, splintered into flame-like points; from their feet sloped down vast banks of fallen blocks overgrown with serpent-like branches of old junipers, and broken here and there with slopes of turf—a few feet in front of me steep precipices, overhanging the fatal “Baume,” led down into the valley below, beyond which rose another mass of rocks and pine covered slopes, surmounted with a ridge of cliffs somewhat overtopping us—a fine pyramid of snow-streaked rock closed the valley, from whose shoulders a large glacier descended.

Night however came on, the sky grew wild and stormy, and it became too cold to remain out longer, so mustering up my resolution I crawled into the cave, and almost instantly retreated much faster, more than half choked. A fire is a very comfortable thing on a cold night, but has its drawbacks when the house is without a chimney, and the smoke has to escape by the door. If, in addition to this, the house be about four feet high, and the fire of damp juniper wood, matters are still worse. However, human nature can adapt itself to a good deal, and so by lying down so as to avoid the thickest part of the smoke, I contrived to endure it after a time. Supper over, we prepared for the night. My attire was simple, but certainly not ornamental; a travelling cap, with the flaps tied over my ears, a huge woollen “comforter” about my neck, and a spare flannel shirt over my usual costume; my boots were taken off and placed in a safe corner, a second pair of socks drawn on, and my slippers worn during the night; then spreading my gaiters on the ground I lay down on them, having picked the softest stone I could find for a pillow. My companions did the same, and despite of the blasts of the storm, which howled round our cabane, we did not suffer from cold. It was a strange sight, when, stiff and cramped by my hard bed, I woke from time to time during the night. The fire, flickering with the wind, lit up the faces of the sleepers and the rocky walls of the cavern with a weird unearthly light, such as would have gladdened Salvator Rosa’s heart. Croz alone was generally on the alert, smoking his pipe and feeding the fire. Now and then he would step outside to examine the state of the night and return with a hearty curse on the bad weather. So passed the night, wearily and drearily, to give birth to a drearier day. The dawn did but reveal thick banks of clouds and mist, above, below,



around, pouring down a steady, hopeless rain. One by one we roused up with a true British growl at our ill-luck. Then we held a council of war; the expedition was for that day evidently impossible—what then was to be done, should we give it up altogether, or await better weather? Angry at our last disappointment, we unanimously resolved that we would wait at least one day before retreating. This however would require a fresh stock of provisions. Accordingly, we sent the two local guides down to Ville de Val Louise to bring up what they could get, and composed ourselves to watch out the weary day. Sleep was tried again, but not much was done that way. Breakfast was spun out as long as possible, but that cannot be carried on long when the fare is bad. Happily I discovered that the lining of my coat had been much torn in climbing over the rocks, and that I had a needle and thread with me; so I set to work and spent an hour in tailoring. Presently the rain began to find its way through various cracks in the rock, and obliged us to set out the cups of our flasks to catch it. I don't envy the unfortunate shepherds who have to spend a month or two in that cave—they come from Provence with their flocks every year, and go gradually up to the higher pastures as the snow melts away. In about a couple of months' time they recommence their descent, and return home with their flocks in the autumn. They live in caves or wretched chalets often without seeing a human being for days together, so that nothing more miserable according to our notions, can well be imagined; but they, I am told, like it, nay, prefer it to living in the valley.

About mid-day snow fell at intervals, and the rain became less heavy. The Frenchman, who had a liking for botany, sallied forth occasionally for a few minutes and returned with a handful of weeds (I cannot dignify them with the name of flowers). Then would commence a botanical argument between him and M. The Frenchman, after diligently turning over two paper covered volumes, would affix a name to a plant. This was generally controverted by M., then after the manner of opposing "Savants" they recklessly flung about long names, till at last M., who was a good botanist, forced his antagonist to confess himself vanquished. These discussions helped to pass away the time till dinner. During the meal H. suddenly remembered that it was his birthday; we accordingly drank his health, and sincerely wished that he might never again spend so dull a day. Late in the afternoon it ceased raining, and we strolled about

the broken rocks near our cave, hunting for plants and minerals, with very little success. Dauphinè is, in general, very rich in plants, and those too of a kind that can gratify unbotanical persons like myself, but here there were very few, and those not pretty. However, we collected a good store of dead juniper boughs for fuel during the night, which I placed near the fire to dry, not caring to be choked with the smoke of wet wood. Soon after our return to the cave the guides came in with the provisions; they looked rather done up with their walk, though it was not a very long one. Night at last brought the day to an end, and we prepared for bed. This time we had to vary our proceedings, for the earth was too wet to lie upon; we therefore placed smooth stones upon the floor and lay or sat upon them. In consequence of this, we were more uncomfortable this night than before; we were crowded closer together, our legs, which all pointed to the fire, frequently getting in a hopeless tangle. I woke up once so stiffened with the pressure of my stony seat that for some time I could not identify my own legs. However, all things come to an end, and so did this night, morning dawned again—not indeed exactly “smiling morn,” but still giving us some hopes; so about four we bid adieu to the Hotel du Mont Pelvoux, which we agreed had but one recommendation, that of having no bill to pay when we left it.

For some little time we walked along the pastures steering for the head of the valley, till we reached a wide open gorge that led down to the valley below. Here we halted and concealed all our baggage and some provisions under a stone, taking with us nothing but what was necessary for the day. It was now light, the sky was tolerably clear of clouds, and we ventured to hope for a fine day and successful excursion; at the same time the rocks, sprinkled with snow for a couple of thousand feet below the usual level, warned us that the labour of our work would be much increased. We now began to ascend, and soon exchanged the turf for a steep slope of fallen rocks, that separated us from the precipices of the mountain. Suddenly one of our guides stopped and pointed to a jagged ridge above, we looked up, and there in relief against the clear morning sky stood a chamois, calmly contemplating our proceedings: though I had many times been among their haunts, this was the first that I had ever seen, and I watched it for some time with much interest, till, after it had satisfied its curiosity,

it disappeared behind a crag. We soon reached the foot of the precipices and began our work. The rocks were steep and frequently difficult; and the quantity of loose fresh snow and slippery ice that covered them, compelled us at times to proceed with great caution. Our work was varied by occasional couloirs\* of hard snow, across which we generally found it necessary to cut steps. These are awkward places for a novice. It requires a good head and sure foot to step from notch to notch, along a steep slope of frozen snow, which plainly terminates in a precipice some two or three hundred feet below. The rocks too were some times by no means easy: one place, I remember, was particularly disagreeable, where we had to climb round a buttress of splintered rock, just above an unusually steep couloir of snow: the chinks of the rock were filled with ice, so that it was very difficult to get a good foothold, and at one place the foot rested on a mere knob, not much more than an inch in height. I confess to feeling a "creep" as I took this step. The mountain, however, was less difficult than I had been led to expect, and as the view widened, our spirits rose, like ourselves, higher and higher, while we looked down on a wide expanse of serrated peaks, from among which the great pyramid of the Visot† rose like an island out of a stormy sea.

Our second local guide now began to look very unhappy. I had had my doubts of him from the very first, as he had a very miserable appearance and bad shoes, and as we went on he evidently became more and more fatigued. At last, when we halted for breakfast, he declared that he "could no more," so we left him to his meditations, bidding him go back and look after our things. Soon after this the clouds began to gather, and ere long a dense "brouillard" swept up to, and surrounded us. Our other local guide now began to complain. His tone, so confident two days before, was strangely changed, and he said that he was afraid to venture on the glacier. However, at last

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\* A couloir is a steep narrow gully frequently filled with snow; after a heavy fall of snow they are very difficult and dangerous to cross; sometimes also showers of stones are discharged down them.

† Twelve thousand five hundred and eighty-six feet. After the Matterhorn it is perhaps the most striking mountain in the Alps.

we persuaded him to take us up to it, that we might see what it was like. In about twenty minutes more its white cliffs gleamed through the mist, and we halted at the side of the ice, just where it poured in a cascade over the precipice. Here we consulted what to do. We were now reduced to five, for our French friend, despairing of success, had left us a little below. A parliament was accordingly held, in which the local guide found himself in a decided minority. "You promised to take us up to the top of the mountain," said we. "That was when it was fine," said he, "now I dare not, the 'crevasses' are all covered with snow, and we shall be lost." "Nonsense," said we, "here is a rope long enough and strong enough to bear the whole party, so what does it matter if one does break through, the others can hold him up." "No," said he, "I am tired, an old wound hurts me, and I will not go on." "You are a coward," said we, "if your general had told you to attack a place, would you have said—'My general, I am afraid'? We care for our lives as much as you do for your's, and we are not afraid of the danger—you shew us the way and we will do all the work." No, he would not; entreaties, promises, threats, were all in vain, and at last we were reluctantly obliged to agree that it was no use going on. The mist shewed no signs of clearing. We had not the least notion of the direction of the top of the mountain. If the day had only been clear we would have gone on with our Chamounix guide who would have found out the right way somehow. There was no help for it: we set up the barometer, took an observation,\* and then descended with heavy hearts, scolding the scoundrel as we went down. Angry as I was, I could not help laughing at the variety of contemptuous epithets which Croz heaped on the country, its inhabitants in general, and its guides in particular. For my own part I do not believe that the guide had ever ascended the mountain. I doubt whether he had been much beyond the place where we halted, and suspect that he imagined we were like the usual tourists of his own nation, and would turn back as soon as we met with a bit of stiff climbing. We found that all the people about regarded the mountain as inaccessible. It was always the same story:—"You will get a little way up and then

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\* When worked out it gave ten thousand four hundred and thirty-five feet as the height of our position.

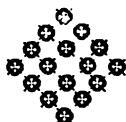
meet with inaccessible precipices." These I suspect we had conquered, and I fancy no great difficulties lay between us and the foot of the final peak. The next morning we got a view of the range some twenty miles off, from a point on the high road above Guillestre. If we were right in our identification of the mountains (as I believe we were) we saw the very point at which we turned back, and nothing but a long series of snow fields lay between us and the foot of the highest peak. Still I cannot be positive, for it is most difficult to find out the names of the mountains in this country; the inhabitants are either entirely ignorant of them or else have patois names, which differ in different vallies. I fancy also that General Bourcet's map is not quite correct in the immediate neighbourhood of the Pelvoux, and the bad weather prevented our having good views of the range with which to test our knowledge.

We descended carefully over our former route, and in due time reached the stone, where our baggage was deposited. There we found our friend and the other guide, together with several of the people from the chalets of L'Alefred. We rested two or three minutes, and then struck down the gorge into the valley; the descent was rough, but much easier than the path by which we had ascended to the cabane; so we came down as hard as we could, revenging ourselves upon our guides by giving them a good dose of quick walking, which we thought would act like Mr. Weller's recipe of a plank and barrow of earth, and shake the nonsense out of them. As soon as we arrived at the bottom of the valley we halted by the side of the stream. Here, though the clouds still hung about the top of the mountain, it was sunny and warm; so we enjoyed the luxury of a good wash, and then dined upon the provisions which we had hoped to have eaten up aloft. Dinner over, we stretched ourselves out in the sun and went to sleep for half-an-hour. After this we started quite fresh again for L'Abesse. At Ville de Val Louise we parted from our French friend with many expressions of mutual good will. He was a very agreeable companion and a capital mountaineer, a very rare accomplishment in men of his nation. We arrived at L'Abesse in about four hours, having walked at a great pace the whole way. After some trouble we got a carriage, for sleeping there was out of the question, when better quarters were within reach, and drove to Guillestre, about twelve miles; we arrived there soon after dark, found the inn, though not too clean, a palace as compared with

that of L'Abesse, and after some supper went straight to bed. May my reader never sleep worse than I did that night.

*β.*

The Pelvoux was ascended this year by Messrs. Whymper and Macdonald, accompanied by Mons. Reynaud (our French companion). They had even more trouble with the guides than we had, but the weather was more propitious, so that they were enabled to take the matter into their own hands. The first attempt failed, owing to the lies the guide told them: on the second occasion they took only porters, and found their own way. Returning, they were benighted about two thousand feet above the tree limit, and suffered much from the cold. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Whymper for these and many other interesting particulars of their excursion.





## OUR COLLEGE FRIENDS.

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"Egli se n'ando dianzi in quel boschetto,  
Che qualche fantasia ha per la mente;  
Vorrà fantasticar forse un Sonnetto."—  
(*Lorenzo de' Medici.*)


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### I. TO THE LADY MARGARET.

POETS who moved the hearts of fellow-men,  
Sharing their joys and sorrows through the years  
Of pilgrimage; Philosophers and seers  
Who sought for truths beyond the common ken;  
Warriors who strove alike with sword and pen  
For Liberty, despising selfish fears;  
Martyrs of science, gazing on far spheres  
Of knowledge, shackled in oppression's den;  
Artists, who wove bright-tinted dreams among  
The scenes of daily toil: Musicians blest  
With rapturous melodies of holy song,—  
These were the Friends we loved: On earth repressed,  
Their souls outsoared the enmity and wrong,  
And shine serenely now in God's eternal rest.

### II. THE GREEK POETS.

Their very names are invocative spells,  
Their ransomed beauties peer through the dim Past,  
Like gleams through forest-branches that are cast  
From stars at midnight to the sleeping dells;  
When faintly heard is every rill that wells  
'Mid autumn leaves, by years of old amassed,  
And all the unseen heavens appear more vast  
As Fancy re-illumes their darkened cells.  
For still the burning words of Sappho flow,  
And still Tyrtæus pours his patriot lay,  
Anacreon binds the vine-wreath on his brow,  
Alcæus bird-like trills, while o'er decay  
Simonides enchants with tender woe;  
And with Theocritus in pastoral dreams we stray.



III. HOMER.

Aged he seemed, and travel-worn, and blind,  
Yet through his sightless eyes a deeper glow  
From visions and observant life would flow  
Than fired his glances when youth with hope combined ;  
Thin silvery locks 'neath fillet-bondage 'twined,  
Or fell upon his breast, that heaving wide  
Attested manhood's bygone strength and pride ;  
Massive the brow, enthroned wherein his mind  
Held solemn audience of each thought that cast  
A stately presence in life's eventide,  
Like those who fought for Ilium, panoplied,  
Undying hosts ; a wandering king the last,  
Calmly heroic, fears and toils defied :—  
Then knew I HOMER, smiling through the Past.

IV. ÆSCHYLUS.

Upon the sword he wore at Marathon,  
That foremost struck at Salamis, and rose  
Amid Platea's carnage when the foes  
Of Athens perished, leans Euphorion's son ;  
And, whilst the fickle tributes of renown  
Peal forth the Warrior-poet's name from those  
Who on the morrow will that fame oppose,  
He weighs the double triumph he hath won :  
Dauntless as his own Titan on the rock,  
And all unused to bend should Fortune frown,  
Sternly prepared to meet each coming shock,  
Whether a younger rival claim the crown,  
Or the vile herd of changeful rabble mock,—  
Heroic to the last in lonely pride looks down.

V. SOPHOCLES.

The bloom of evening melted into night  
While the gray head drooped silent on his breast,  
Whose heaving some unmastered grief expressed ;  
But now he gazes from Colonos' height,  
And as the walls of Athens greet his sight,  
Pride in her fame all selfish tears repressed :  
"No more," he cries, "I murmur, while thus blest  
With visions that have turned my gloom to light.  
Before mine eyes may still Cephissus wind !  
Still hold th' Eumenides their sacred grove !—  
And he who wanders on, discrowned and blind,  
Guarded by his Antigone, shall prove  
How yet unwrecked by ingrates is the mind  
That can create this pledge of deathless love."



## VI. EURIPIDES.

A sadness born of earthly joys and woes,  
 Affections ill bestowed and known as vain,  
 Leaving a sense of emptiness and pain,  
 Doth that still patient face of thine disclose :  
 Not the rapt glance of genius, while the throes  
 Of some Titanic birth convulse the brain,  
 But solemn with a gentleness that fain  
 Would on affection's breast in Peace repose.  
 Thy lot, EURIPIDES, to brook the taunt  
 Of mocking malice, and to feel mistrust  
 Of thine own soul, which spectral glories daunt ;  
 But lowlier paths, amid the scorn and dust  
 Of poverty and grief, it loved to haunt :  
 Reviled or praised, the world to thee unjust.

## VII. ARISTOPHANES.

Not thine the laugh of happiness, or wand  
 Sportively smiting what it could not rear,  
 No trembler's thrust palsied by selfish fear ;  
 Armed by chastising Furies fell thy hand  
 In vengeful scorn on a once-glorious land  
 That more polluted festered year by year,  
 Of good suspicious, in praise insincere :  
 What deathless bay strikes root in slime and sand ?  
 Genius and courage thine ! a wasted dower  
 For one whose voice inspired not, but amused  
 With cynic mockery and railings sour :  
 Calm is thy face, and cold ; heroic power,  
 Curbed by some pride of caste, slumb'ring unused :  
 Distrustful of thy race and of the hour.

## VIII. PLATO.

Beneath the shade of Academic grove  
 He walks with waving garments and rapt gaze,  
 Communing with the spirit of past days  
 In its primeval majesty and love.  
 For him all Good seems beautiful, to move  
 In stately cadence to a choral praise ;—  
 All Beauty, soul of goodness, in whose rays  
 As an exhaustless sun are virtues wove.  
 No trace of passion bears that mild clear eye ;  
 Furrows of thought, not pain, are on his brow,  
 And age gives strength to pierce infinity :  
 Sportive with tender grace the accents flow  
 To noblest sons of Athens, yielding free  
 Those airy dreams that only sages know.

IX. OUR COLLEGE FRIENDS.

We loved the music of the same sweet-lyres,  
We sought the same deep waters for our oars,  
And plucked the same fair flowerets on the shores  
By which we sped in giddy youth's desires.  
And still our hearts are warmed by kindred fires  
While from an earthly fane our worship soars  
To God's calm heaven on high, and meekly pours  
Commingle'd hymns where all we love aspires.  
Thus far together have we trod, thus far  
Across the moorland and the dreary marsh,  
The tempting gardens and the plains of war ;  
Firm on the rock stand, brethren !—though the scar  
On each brow tell of toil and conflict harsh ;—  
Yearning for heights beyond the brightest star.

J. W. E.





## OUR EMIGRANT.

### Part III.

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NOTE.—To connect this paper with the preceding, it may be necessary to say, that shortly after I wrote last I purchased a run adjoining my previous one; subsequently to that I purchased another—also adjoining—and stocked with sheep. These purchases rendered a change necessary in my place of abode, and I moved on to a spot about ten miles nearer civilisation.

Here I am now likely to reside, and to this spot it was, that I was bringing up the dray which forms the principal subject of the succeeding pages.

I COMPLETED the loading of my dray on a Tuesday afternoon in the early part of October, 1860, and determined on making Main's accommodation house that night; of the contents of the dray I need hardly speak, though perhaps a full enumeration of them might afford no bad index to the requirements of a station; they are more numerous than might at first be supposed—rigidly useful and rarely if ever ornamental.

Flour, tea, sugar, tools, household utensils, few and rough, a plough and harrows, doors, windows, oats for seed, potatoes for seed, and all the usual denizens of a kitchen garden; these with a few private effects formed the main bulk of the contents amounting to about a ton and a-half in weight. I had only six bullocks, but these were good ones and worth many a team of eight. A team of eight will draw from two to three tons along a pretty good road; bullocks are very scarce here; one cannot get one under twenty pounds, while thirty pounds is no unusual price for a good harness bullock. They can do much more in harness than in bows and yokes, but the expence of harness and the constant disorder into which it gets, render it cheaper to use more bullocks in the simpler tackle. Many stations have a small mob of cattle from whence to draw their working

bullocks, so that a few more or a few less makes little or no difference; besides bullocks are not fed with corn at accommodation houses as horses are; when their work is done they are turned out to feed till dark, or till eight or nine o'clock; a bullock fills himself, if on pretty good feed, in about three or three and a-half hours; he then lies down till very early morning, at that hour the chances are ten to one, that awakening, refreshed, and strengthened he commences to stray back along the way he came, or in some other direction; accordingly it is the custom about eight or nine o'clock to yard one's team, and turn them out with the first daylight for another three or four hours feed. They do their day's work of from fifteen to twenty miles or sometimes more at one spell, and travel at the rate of from two and a-half to three miles an hour; yarding bullocks is however a bad plan.

The road from Christ Church to Main's is metalled for about four and a-half miles; there are fences and fields on both sides either laid down in English grass or sown with grain; the fences are chiefly low ditch and bank planted with gorse, rarely with quick, which detracts from the resemblance to English scenery which would otherwise prevail. The copy however is slatternly compared with the original; the scarcity of timber, the high price of labour, and the pressing urgency of more important claims upon the time of the small agriculturist, prevent him usually from attaining the spic and span neatness of an English homestead. Many makeshifts are necessary, a broken rail or gate is mended with a bundle of flax, so are the roads not unfrequently. I have seen the government roads themselves being repaired with no other material than stiff tussocks of grass flax and rushes; this is bad, but to a certain extent necessary, where there is so much to be done and so few hands and so little money to do it.

After getting off the completed portion of the road, the track commences along the plains unassisted by the hand of man; before one and behind one and on either hand, waves the yellow tussock upon the stony plain, interminably monotonous; on the left, as you go southward, lies Banks's peninsula, a system of submarine volcanos culminating in a flattened dome, a little more than three thousand feet high. Cook called it Banks's island, either because it was an island in his day, or because no one, to look at it, would imagine that it was anything else; either solution is highly probable, the first, because the highest land immediately at the foot of the peninsula is not twenty feet above the level of the sea,

and the earthquakes are continually raising these coasts (the harbour of Wellington has been raised several feet since the settlement of the province), so that in Cook's day the water may well have gone round the present peninsula; the second, because it presents exactly the appearance of an island lying a little way off the shore.

On the right, at a considerable distance, rise the long range of mountains, which the inhabitants of Christ Church suppose to be the back-bone of the island, and which they call the snowy range. The real axis of the island, however, lies much further back, and between it and the range now in sight, the land has no rest, but is continually steep up and steep down, as if nature had determined to try how much mountain she could place upon a given space; she had, however, still some regard for utility, for the mountains are rarely precipitous—very steep, often rocky and shingly when they have attained a great elevation, but rarely, if ever, until in immediate proximity to the west coast range, like the descent from the top of Snowdon towards Capel Curig, or the precipices of Clogwyn du'r arddu. The great range is truly Alpine, and the front range is nearly seven thousand feet high in parts.

The result of this absence of precipice is, that there are no water-falls in the front ranges and few in the back, and these few very insignificant as regards the volume of the water. In Switzerland one has the falls of the Rhine, of the Aar, the Giesbach, the Staubach, and cataracts great and small innumerable; here there is nothing of the kind, quite as many big rivers, but few water-falls, to make up for which the rivers run with an almost incredible fall. Mount Peel is twenty-five miles from the sea, and the river-bed of the Rangitata underneath that mountain is eight hundred feet above the sea line, the river running in a straight course though winding about in its wasteful river-bed. To all appearance it is running through a level plain. Of the remarkable gorges through which each river finds its way out of the mountains into the plains, I must speak when I take my dray through the gorge of the Ashburton, though this is the least remarkable of them all; in the meantime I must return to the dray on its way to Main's, although I see another digression awaiting me as soon as I have got it two miles ahead of its present position.

It is tedious work keeping constant company with the bullocks, they travel so slowly. I will lie behind and sun myself upon a tussock or a flax bush, and let them travel on until I catch them up again.

They are now going down into an old river-bed formerly tenanted by the Waimakiriri, which then flowed down into Lake Ellesmere ten or a dozen miles south of Christ Church, and which now enters the sea at Kaiapoi twelve miles north of it; besides this old channel, it has numerous others which it has discarded with fickle caprice for the one in which it happens to be flowing at present, and which there appears great reason for thinking it is soon going to tire of. If it eats about a hundred yards more of its gravelly bank in one place, and the required amount is being eaten at an alarming rate, the river will find an old bed several feet lower than its present; this bed will conduct it only into Christ Church. Government had put up a wooden defence at a cost of something like two thousands pounds, but there was no getting any firm starting ground, and a few freshes carried embankment, piles and all away, and eat a large slice of the required amount into the bargain; there is nothing for it but to let the river have its own way—every fresh changes every ford, and to a certain extent alters every channel; after any fresh the river may shift its course directly on to the opposite side of its bed and leave Christ Church in undisturbed security for centuries, or again any fresh may render such a shift in the highest degree improbable, and seal the fate of our metropolis sooner or later; at present no one troubles his head much about it, although the thing is a fact as patent to observation and as acknowledged as any in the settlement.

These old river channels, or at any rate channels where portions of the rivers have at one time come down, are everywhere about the plains, but the nearer you get to a river the more you see of them; on either side the Rakaia, after it has got completely disembarassed from its gorge, you find channel after channel now completely grassed over for five or six miles—nay more; betraying the action of river water as plainly as is possible. The rivers after leaving their several gorges lie as it were on the highest part of a huge fanlike delta, which radiates from the gorge down to the sea; the plains are almost entirely, for many miles on either side the rivers, composed of nothing but stones, all betraying the action of water; these stones are so closely packed, that at times one wonders how the tussocks and fine sweet undergrowth can force their way up through them, and even where the ground is free from stones at the surface, I am sure that at a little distance down, stones would be found packed in the same way. One cannot take one's horse out of a walk in many parts of the plains when off the track; I mean one

cannot without doing violence to old world notions concerning horses' feet.

I said the rivers lie on the highest part of the delta, not always the highest but seldom the lowest; I believe myself, that in the course of centuries they oscillate from side to side. For instance, four miles North of the Rakaia there is a terrace some twelve or fourteen feet high; the water in the river is nine feet above the top of this terrace; to the eye of the casual observer there is no perceptible difference between the levels, still the difference exists and has been measured. I am no geologist myself, but have been informed of this by one who is in the government survey office, and whose authority I can rely on.

Again, I think the rivers oscillate from side to side, because I have seen the river eat a large piece of its bank, and flow much more mainly on the north side since I have been in the settlement; a fresh comes down upon a crumbling bank of sand and loose shingle with incredible force, tearing it away hour by hour in ravenous bites. In fording the river one crosses now a good big stream on this side, where four months ago there was hardly any; while after one has done with the water part of the story, there remains a large extent of river-bed, in the process of gradually being covered with cabbage-trees, flax, tussock, Irishman, and other plants and evergreens; and for several miles after getting clear of what one may term the blankets of the river-bed, one sees what appear to me to be fresher tracks of the river than those on the north side; this may be all wrong, I merely write my own impressions.

From the mountains at the back of my run I look down upon the cross road as it were of four great river-beds, prodigal and capricious. Here I see the same thing in miniature. A large delta radiating from a gorge, indeed much too large for the water that now appears to have formed it. Above a gully and ravines, out of which the delta aforesaid has come; the delta and gorge looking like an egg-glass when the egg has been boiled. Here is the top glass empty with the sand out of it, and there the bottom glass full with the sand in it. Here I see palpably the river running down the delta on the highest part of it, or trending down to one side or another, and can watch the part that is being deserted slowly grassing itself over, and the gullies that have been long left, completely grassed; thus I conclude, seeing exactly the same phenomena on a large scale upon the plains, that these too, between one and two hundred miles in length

as they are, and upwards of forty miles across, have been deposited by the rivers that intersect it, their deltas gradually meeting and filling up together, or rather that the rivers have been the main agents in their composition. But there must, one would think, have been far more water in them once than there is now, though how to prove this I don't know.

So we crossed the old river-bed of the Waimakiriri and crawled slowly on to Main's through the descending twilight; one sees Main's about six miles off, and it appears to be about six hours before one reaches it. A little hump for the house and a longer hump for the stables.

The tutu not yet having begun to spring, I yarded my bullocks at Main's. This demands explanation. Tutu is a plant which dies away in the winter, and springs up anew from the old roots in spring, growing from six inches to two or three feet in height, sometimes five or six. It is of a rich green colour, and presents something the appearance of myrtle if one does not examine it. I have seen three varieties of it, though I am not sure whether two of them may not be the same, only varied somewhat by soil and position; the third grows only in high situations, and is unknown upon the plains, it has leaves very minutely subdivided, the blossom and seed are nearly identical with the other varieties. The peculiar property of the plant is, that though highly nutritious both for sheep and cattle when eaten upon a tolerably full stomach, it is very fatal when eaten upon an empty one; sheep and cattle eat it to any extent and with perfect safety when running loose on their pasture, because they are always pretty full; but take the same sheep and yard them for some few hours, or drive them so that they cannot feed, then turn them into tutu and the result is, that they are immediately attacked with apoplectic symptoms, and die unless promptly bled, often then too. The worst of it is, that when empty they are keenest after it, and nab it in spite of one's most frantic appeals both verbal and flagellatory. I am sceptical about the bleeding being beneficial myself, but the general opinion is in favour of it. Some say that tutu acts like clover and blows the stomach out so that death ensues. The seed stones, however, contained in the dark pulpy berry, are poisonous to man and superinduce apoplectic symptoms: the berry (about the size of a small currant) is rather good though insipid, and is quite harmless if the stones are not swallowed. The poison, however, lies below the stone. Tutu grows chiefly on and in the neighbourhood of sandy river-beds, but occurs more or less all over the settlement,



and causes considerable damage every year. Horses won't touch it. As then my bullocks could not get tuted on being turned out empty I yarded them. The next day we made thirteen miles over the plains to the Waikitty (written Waikirikiri) or Selwyn; still the same monotonous plains, the same interminable tussock, dotted with the same cabbage-trees.

On the morrow, ten more monotonous miles to the banks of the great river Rakaia. This river is one of the largest in the province, second only to the Waitangi. It contains about as much water as the Rhone above Martigny, or more than that, but it rather resembles an Italian than a Swiss river. It is fordable in many places with due care, though very rarely so when occupying a single channel. It rarely is found in one stream, flowing like the rest of these rivers with alternate periods of rapid and comparatively smooth water every few yards. The place to look for a ford is just above a spit where the river forks into two or more branches; there is generally here a bar of shingle with shallow water, while immediately below in each stream there is a dangerous rapid. A very little practice and knowledge of each river will enable a man to detect a ford at a glance. These fords shift every fresh. In the Waimakiriri or Rangitata they occur every quarter of a mile or less, in the Rakaia one may go three or four miles for a good ford. On a fresh the Rakaia is not fordable; the two first named rivers, however, may be crossed with great care in pretty heavy freshes without the water going higher than the knees of the rider. It is always, however, an unpleasant task to cross a river in a fresh, unless one is thoroughly acquainted with it. Then a glance at the colour and consistency of the water will tell whether the fresh is coming down, at its height, or falling. If one is acquainted with the ordinary volume of the stream, the height of the water can be estimated at a spot one has never seen with wonderful correctness. The Rakaia sometimes comes down with a run; a wall of water two feet high rolling over and over, rushes down with irresistible force. I know a gentleman who had been looking at some sheep upon an island in the Rakaia, and after finishing his survey was riding leisurely to the bank on which his house was situated; suddenly he saw the river coming down upon him in the manner I have described, and not more than two or three hundred yards off; by a forcible application of the spur he was enabled to reach *terra-firma*, just in time to see the water sweeping with an awful roar over the spot that he had been traversing not a second previously. This is not frequent,

a fresh generally takes four or five hours to come down, and from two days to a week, ten days or a fortnight to subside again.

If I were to speak of the rise of the Rakaia, or rather of the numerous branches which form it; of their vast and wasteful beds; the glaciers that they spring from, one of them coming down half-way across the river-bed, of the wonderful gorge with its terraces, shelf upon shelf, fortification like and mysterious, rising eight hundred feet above the river; the crystals found there and the wild pigs, I should weary the reader too much and fill half a volume; the bullocks must again claim my attention, and I unwillingly revert to my subject.

On the night of our arrival at the Rakaia I did not yard my bullocks, as they seemed inclined to stay quietly with some others that were about the place, next morning they were gone. Were they up the river or down the river, across the river or gone back? You are at Cambridge and have lost your bullocks. They were bred in Yorkshire but have been used a good deal in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, and may have consequently made in either direction; they may however have worked down the Cam and be in full feed for Lynn, or again they may be snugly stowed away in a gully half-way between the Fitzwilliam Museum and Trumpington. You saw a mob of cattle feeding quietly about Madingley on the preceding evening, and they may have joined in with these, or were they attracted by the fine feed in the neighbourhood of Cherryhinton? Where shall you go to look for them?

Matters in reality, however, are not so bad as this. A bullock cannot walk without leaving a track, if the ground he travels on is capable of receiving one. Again, if he does not know the country in advance of him, the chances are strong that he has gone back the way he came; he will travel in a track if he can, he finds it easier going. Animals are cautious in proceeding onwards when they don't know the ground. They have ever a lion in the path until they know it, and have found it free from beasts of prey. If, however, they have been seen heading decidedly in any direction over-night, in that direction they will certainly be found sooner or later. Besides bullocks cannot go long without water. They will travel to a river, then they will eat, drink, and be merry, and during that period of fatal security they will be caught; ours had gone back to the Waikitty, ten miles, we soon obtained clues as to their whereabouts and had them back

again in time to proceed with our journey. The river being very low we did not unload the dray, and put the contents across in the boat, but drove the bullocks straight through. Eighteen weary monotonous miles over the same plains, covered with the same tussock grass and dotted with the same cabbage-tress. The mountains however get gradually nearer, and Banks's peninsula dwindles perceptibly. That night we made Mr. M——'s station and were thankful.

Again we did not yard the bullocks, and again we lost them. This time, though they were only five miles off, we did not find them till afternoon and lost a day. As they had travelled in all nearly forty miles, I had mercy upon them, intending that they should fill themselves well during the night and be ready for a long pull next day. Even the merciful man himself, however, would except a working bullock from the beasts who have any claim upon his good feeling. Let him go straining his eyes examining every dark spot in a circumference many long miles in extent. Let him gallop a couple of miles in this direction and the other, and discover that he has only been lessening the distance between himself and a group of cabbage-trees; let him feel the word "bullock" eating itself in indelible characters into his heart, and he will refrain from mercy to working bullocks as long as he lives. But as there are few positive pleasures equal in intensity to the negative one of release from pain, so it is when at last a group of six oblong objects, five dark and one white appears in remote distance, distinct and unmistakeable. Yes, they are our bullocks, a sigh of relief follows, and we burst them home, gloating over their distended tongues and slobbering mouths. If there is one thing a bullock hates worse than another, it is being burst, *i.e.* over-driven. His heavy lumbering carcase is mated with a no less lumbering soul. He is a good, slow, steady, patient slave if you let him take his own time about it, but don't hurry him. He has played a very important part in the advancement of civilisation and the development of the resources of the world, a part which the horse could not have played; let us then bear with his heavy trailing gait and uncouth movements, only next time we will keep him tight, even though he starve for it. If bullocks be invariably driven sharply back to the dray, whenever they have strayed from it, they soon learn not to go far off, and are cured even of the most inveterate habits of straying.

Now we follow up one branch of the Ashburton to Weaver's, making straight for the mountains; still, however,

we are on the same monotonous plains, and crawl our twenty miles with very few objects that could possibly serve as landmarks. It is wonderful how small an object gets a name in the great dearth of features. Cabbage-tree hill, half-way between Main's and the Waikitty, is an almost imperceptible rise some ten yards across and two or three feet high: the cabbage-trees have disappeared. Between the Rakaia and Mr. M—'s station is a place they call the half-way gully, but it is neither a gully nor half-way, being only a grip in the earth, causing no perceptible difference in the level of the track, and extending but a few yards on either side of it. So between Mr. M—'s and the next halting place (save two sheep stations) I remember nothing but a rather curiously shaped gowai-tree (with a square hatchet-like head, the trunk coming down from one side like a handle) and a dead bullock, that can form milestones as it were, to mark progress; for myself, however, I have made innumerable ones, such as where one peak in the mountain range goes behind another, and so on.

In the small river Ashburton, or rather one of its most trivial branches, we had a row with the bullocks; the leaders, for some reason best known to themselves, slewed sharply round, and tied themselves into an inextricable knot with the polars, while the body bullocks, by a manœuvre not unfrequent, shifted, or as it is technically termed, slipped the yoke under their necks, and the bows over; the off bullock turning upon the near side, and the near bullock on the off. By what means they do this I cannot explain, but believe it would make a conjuror's fortune in England. How they got the chains between their legs and how they kicked to liberate themselves, how we abused them, and finally, unchaining them, set them right, I need not here particularise: we finally triumphed, but this delay caused us not to reach our destination till after dark.

Here the good woman of the house took me into her confidence in the matter of her corns, from the irritated condition of which she argued that bad weather was about to ensue. The next morning, however, we started anew, and after about three or four miles entered the valley of the south and larger Ashburton, bidding adieu to the plains completely.

And now that I approach the description of the gorge, I feel utterly unequal to the task, not because the scene is awful or beautiful, for the gorge of the Ashburton is neither, unlike in this respect to the other gorges, though

its characteristics are the same, but because the subject is replete with difficulty and I have never heard a satisfactory account as to how the phenomena they exhibit can have come about. It is not, however, my province to attempt this. I must content myself with narrating what I see.

First I see the river, flowing very rapidly upon a bed of large shingle, with alternate rapids and smooth places, constantly forking and constantly reuniting itself. Tangled skeins of silver ribbon surrounding lozenge-shaped islets of sand and shingle; on either side is a long flat composed of shingle similar to the bed of the river itself, but covered with vegetation, tussock, and scrub: fine feed for sheep or cattle among the burnt Irishman thickets. The flat is some half-mile broad on either side the river, narrowing as the mountains draw in closer upon the stream; it is terminated by a steep terrace. Twenty or thirty feet high above this terrace is another flat, we will say semicircular, for I am generalising, which again is surrounded by a steeply sloping terrace like an amphitheatre; above this another flat receding still farther back, perhaps half-a-mile, in places; perhaps almost close above the other terrace; above this another flat receding farther, and so on, until the level of the plain proper, or highest flat, is several hundred feet above the river. I have not seen a single river in Canterbury which is not more or less terraced even below the gorge; the angle of the terrace is always very steep: I seldom see one less than  $45^{\circ}$ , one always has to get off and lead one's horse down, except an artificial cutting has been made, or advantage taken of some gully that descends into the flat below. Tributary streams are terraced in like manner on a small scale, while even the mountain creeks repeat the same phenomena in miniature: the terraces being always highest where the river emerges from its gorge and slowly dwindling down as it approaches the sea, till finally, instead of the river being many hundred feet below the level of the plains, as is the case at the foot of the mountains, the plains near the sea are considerably below the water in the river, as on the north side of the Rakaia before described.

At first sight one imagines that the river must have cut these terraces out of the plains; but that presupposes the existence of the plains before the rivers brought them down. I expect that the part played by upheaval in the physical geography of the island will ultimately afford a solution of the difficulties. I feel utterly unable to tackle the subject.

Our road lay up the Ashburton, which we had repeatedly to cross and recross.

A dray going through a river is a pretty sight enough when you are utterly unconcerned in the contents thereof, the rushing water stemmed by the bullocks and the dray, the energetic appeals of the driver to Tommy or Nobler to lift the dray over the large stones in the river; the creaking dray, the cracking whip, form a *tout ensemble* rather agreeable than otherwise. But when the bullocks having pulled the dray into the middle of the river refuse entirely to pull it out again—when the leaders turn sharp round and look at you or stick their heads under the bellies of the polars—when the gentle pats on the forehead with the stick of the whip prove unavailing, and you are obliged to have recourse to strong measures, it is less agreeable: especially if the animals turn just after having got your dray half-way up the bank, and twisting it round upon a steeply inclined surface, throw the centre of gravity far beyond the base: over goes the dray into the water; oh my sugar! oh my tea! oh my flour! Alas my crockery! It is all over—drop the curtain.

I beg to state my dray never upset this time, though the centre of gravity fell far without the base: what Newton says on that subject is erroneous; so are those charts containing illustrations of natural philosophy, in which a loaded dray is represented as necessarily about to fall, because a dotted line from the centre of gravity falls outside the wheels. When my dray was on one side I watched attentively to see this dotted line. I saw it not; dotted lines do not drop from the centres of loaded drays; had there been one, however, it would have fallen far outside the wheels; the English of all which is that it takes a great deal more to upset a well loaded dray than one would have imagined; at other times, however, the most unforeseen trifle will effect it. Possibly the value of the contents may have something to do with it; but my ideas are not fully formed yet upon the subject.

We made about seventeen miles and crossed the river ten times, so that the bullocks had become quite used to it, and manageable, and have continued so ever since.

We halted for the night, with one Jimmy Rawle, a shepherd: awakening out of slumber I heard the fitful gusts of violent wind come puff, puff, buffet, and die away again. nor-wester all over. I went out and saw the unmistakeable north-west clouds tearing away in front of the moon. I

remembered Mrs. W.'s corns, and anathematised them in my heart.

I must digress again. The reader may imagine that I turned out of a comfortable bed, slipped on my boots and then went out; no such thing: we were all lying on the floor with nothing but our clothes between it and our bodies; on these occasions I always sleep in full costume, using my saddle bags for a pillow, and folding up my great coat so as to save my hip-bone from the hard floor. In this way, especially if he have arranged himself so that his hip shall fit into one of the numerous hollows in a clay floor, a man may pass an excellent night.

The next day we made only three miles to Mr. Phillips's station. There we unloaded the dray, greased it, and restored half the load, intending to make another journey for the remainder, as the road was very bad.

One dray had been over the ground before us. That took four days to do the first ten miles, and then was delayed several weeks on the bank of the Rangitata, by a series of very heavy freshes, so we determined on trying a different route: we got farther on our first day than our predecessor had done in two, and then Possum, one of my bullocks, lay down (I am afraid he had had an awful hammering in a swampy creek where we had stuck for two hours), and would not stir an inch; so we turned the bullocks adrift with their yokes on, (had we taken them off we could not have yoked them up again) whereat Possum began feeding in a manner which plainly shewed that there had not been much amiss with him. But during the interval that elapsed between our getting into the swampy creek and getting out of it a great change had come over the weather. While poor Possum was being hammered I had been reclining on the bank hard by, and occasionally interceding for the unhappy animal, there were four of them at him (but what is one to do if one's dray is buried nearly to the axle in a bog, and Possum won't pull?); and I, considering that to be plenty, was taking it easy, without coat or waistcoat, and even then feeling as if no place could be too cool to please me, for the nor'-wester was still blowing strong and intensely hot; suddenly I felt a chill, and looking at the lake below I saw that the white headed waves had changed their direction, and that the wind had chopped round to sou'-west. It was blowing from the N.-E., but it was a sou'-wester for all that. The sou'-wester always blows from the N.-E. in that valley.

It comes from the S.-W. along the plains, turns up the valley of the Ashburton, and then turns round still further, so that it is a sou'-wester proper, for all its direction is from the north-east. Waistcoat, coat, great coat, became necessary at once, and then it was chilling cold still.

By the time that Possum had laid down, the thin cold clouds had enshrouded the higher mountains and were descending into the high valley in which we were, (it is two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and there is not a single perceptible rise up to it). There was not a stick of wood about, and no shelter; so we determined on carrying our food, blankets, &c. &c. to a spot a little distance on, where Phillips had begun building a sod-hut when they had been detained on the banks of the Rangitata three months previously. The hut had no roof on yet, and was in fact nothing but four walls. It was, however, in a sheltered situation, and there was a great deal of burnt scrub about to serve for firewood. So we camped there, soon made the kettle boil, had tea, and turned into our blankets: waking once, however, in the middle of the night, I poked my nose out, and immediately drew it in again. It was snowing fast.

Next morning (Thursday) the snow began thawing, but it was the rawest, wettest thaw that can be conceived: in two hours or so it began to snow again steadily, and all we could do that day was to move the dray on to the top of the terrace above where the hut lay, perhaps half-a-mile from the hut. We got down a few more comforts, or rather necessities, and rejoiced.

All that night it snowed, and we were very cold. Next day, Friday, still snow all day. By this time the highest tussocks were obliterated, and the snow was fully knee-deep everywhere, for it had fallen quietly and kindly, and had not drifted.

Friday night I determined that we would have a nobbler all round, and told the men who were coming up to build my hut, &c. &c., that if they chose to go to the dray and fetch a two-gallon cask of brandy which they would find there, they should have some of it. It was no light matter. The night was dark, the way was very difficult. The terrace was not less than a hundred and fifty feet high, and too steep, even when clear of snow, to ascend without frequent pauses; full too of small gullies and grips, now invisible; besides, there was some distance between the top of the terrace and the dray; but men will brave anything



for spirits, and in about an hour and-a-half they returned in triumph with the little cask. We have got the kettle to boil, and are ourselves all ready for a good stiff nightcap. The cork won't come out. At last it shakes a little, after repeated tugs. It is coming—don't break it—you'll push it in—out—hurrah! I put a little into a pannikin, and discovered it to be excellent—vinegar. The wretches had brought the vinegar cask instead of the brandy. It was too late to face a second journey, so we went comfortless to bed. That night it snowed as before.

And all next day it snowed too: then it cleared and froze intensely hard; next morning a hot nor'-wester sprung up, and the snow began disappearing before its furnace-like blasts. In the evening we moved the dray on over the last really difficult place, and on Monday morning crossed the river without adventure, and carried it triumphantly home: my own country, lying only one thousand four hundred feet above the sea, was entirely free of snow, while we learnt afterwards that it had never been deeper than four inches. There was a little hut upon my run built by another person, and tenanted by his shepherd; when he built he was under the impression that that piece of land would fall to him: when, however, the country was surveyed it fell to me. The survey having been completed before I started with my dray I was well aware of this, and therefore considered myself at full liberty to occupy it, as it was a mile and-a-half within my own boundary. We did so, and accordingly had a place to lay our heads in until we could put up our own buildings. Of course we did not turn out the shepherd. The person who had built this little hut had given orders that if we came up we were not to be allowed to enter it, and were to be excluded, if possible, *vi et armis*. We happened unfortunately to have more *vim* and *arma* on our own side, and had no occasion to contest the matter. He was wroth exceedingly, and started down to Christ Church to buy the freehold of the site, which is one of great beauty and convenience, and as he rode one hundred miles, night and day, in less than twenty-four hours upon one horse, in order to effect his purpose, he naturally expected to succeed. It would have been a very serious nuisance to me had he done so. I had offered him compensation to go quietly off to his own country, but he answered me with threats; and as I saw plainly that he meant buying the land, I did exactly the same thing that he did, and also rode down

to Christ Church, but borrowing a horse after the first fifty miles I left my tired one, and got to Christ Church before him. As, by a mere piece of luck for me, my name had been entered in the list of those who had business with the land commissioners, on the day previously: I settled the matter by purchasing the freehold, and with it the little hut. It would be uninteresting to the general reader were I to give full particulars of this, to me, decidedly exciting race, and I forbear. I mention it as shewing one of the incidents that colonists are occasionally liable to. A good many little things happened during that race which were decidedly amusing, but they would be out of place here. I will return to the Rangitata.

There is a large flat on either side the Rangitata sloping very gently down to the river-bed proper, which is from one to two miles across. The one flat belongs to me and the other on the north bank of the river to another. The river is very easily crossed, as it flows in a great many channels; in a fresh, therefore, it is still often fordable. We found it exceedingly low, as the preceding cold had frozen up the sources, and the nor'-wester that followed was of short duration, and unaccompanied with the hot tropical rain, which causes the freshes. The nor'-westers are vulgarly supposed to cause freshes simply by melting the snow upon the back ranges. I, however, residing within sight of these, and seeing the nor'-wester while he is still among the snowy ranges, am in a position to assert definitely that the river does not rise more than two or three inches, nor lose its beautiful milky blue colour, unless the wind be accompanied with rain upon the great range—rain extending generally as low down as my own hut. These rains are warm and heavy, causing a growth of grass that I have no where seen excelled.

These nor'-westers are a very remarkable feature in the climate of this settlement. They are violent; sometimes shaking the very house; hot, dry, except among the mountains, and enervating. They blow from two to three hours to as many days, and if they last any length of time, are generally succeeded by a sudden change to sou'-west—the cold, rainy, or snow wind. We catch the nor'-west in full force, but are sheltered from the sou'-west, which, with us, is a quiet wind, accompanied with gentle drizzling but cold rain, and in the winter, snow.

The nor'-wester is first visible on the river-bed. Through the door of my hut at our early breakfast I see a lovely summer's morning, breathlessly quiet, and intensely hot.

Suddenly a little cloud of dust is driven down the river-bed a mile and-a-half off; it increases, till one would think the river was on fire, and that the opposite mountains were obscured by volumes of smoke. Still it is calm with me; by and by, as the day increases, the wind gathers strength, and extending beyond the river-bed gives the flats on either side a benefit: then it catches the downs, and generally blows hard till four or five o'clock, and then calms down, and is followed by a cool and tranquil night, delightful to every sense. If, however, the wind does not cease and it has been raining up the gorges, there will be a fresh; and if the rain has come down as far as my place, it will be a heavy fresh; while if there has been a clap or two of thunder (a very rare occurrence) it will be a fresh in which the river will not be fordable.

The sand on the river-bed is blinding during a nor'-wester, filling eyes, nose, and ears, and stinging sharply every exposed part. I lately had the felicity of getting a small mob of sheep into the river-bed, (with a view of crossing them on to my own country) during a nor'-wester. There were only between seven and eight hundred, and as we were three, with two dogs, we expected to be able to put them through ourselves. We did so through the two first considerable streams, and then could not get them to move on any further. As they paused, I will take the opportunity to digress and describe the process of putting sheep across a river.

The first thing is to carefully secure a spot fitted for the purpose, for which the principal requisites are: first, that the current set for the opposite bank, so that the sheep will be carried towards it: sheep cannot swim against a strong current, and if the stream be flowing evenly down mid channel they will be carried down a long way before they land; if, however, it sets at all towards the side from which they started, they will probably be landed by the stream on that same side. Therefore the current must flow towards the opposite bank. Secondly, there must be a good landing place for the sheep: a spot must not be selected where the current sweeps underneath a hollow bank of gravel or a perpendicular wall of shingle: the bank on to which the sheep are to land must shelve, no matter how steeply, provided it does not rise perpendicularly out of the water. Thirdly, a good place must be chosen for putting them in; the water must not become deep all at once, or the sheep won't face it. It must be shallow at the com-

mencement, so that they may have got too far to recede before they find their mistake. Fourthly, there should be no tutu in the immediate vicinity of either the place where the sheep are put into the river or that on to which they are to come out; for, in spite of your most frantic endeavours, you are sure to get some sheep tuted (tutu is pronounced toot—the final u not being sounded). These requisites being secured, the depth of the water is, of course, a matter of no moment; the narrowness of the stream being a point of far greater importance. These rivers abound in places combining every requisite, and accordingly we soon suited ourselves satisfactorily.

The sheep being mobbed up together near the spot where they are intended to enter the water, the best plan is to split off a small number, say a hundred or hundred and fifty (a smaller mob would be less easily managed), dog them, bark at them yourself furiously, beat them, spread out arms and legs to prevent their escaping, and raise all the unpleasant din about their ears that you possibly can. Still they will very likely break through you and make back; if so, dog them again, and so on, and in about ten minutes a single sheep will be seen eying the opposite bank, and evidently meditating an attempt to gain it. Pause a moment that you interrupt not a consummation so devoutly to be wished, the sheep bounds forward with three or four jumps into mid-stream, is carried down, and thence on to the opposite bank; immediately that one sheep has entered, let one man get into the river below them, and splash water up at them to keep them from working lower and lower down the stream and getting into a bad place; let another be bringing up the remainder of the mob, so that they may have come up before the whole of the leading mob are over; if this be done they will cross in a string of their own accord, and there will be no more trouble from the moment when the first sheep entered.

If the sheep are obstinate and will not take the water, it is a good plan to haul one or two over first, pulling them through by the near hind leg, these will often entice the others on, or a few lambs will encourage their mothers to come over to them: this was the plan we adopted, and as I said, got the sheep across the first two streams without much difficulty. Then they became completely silly. The awful wind, so high that we could scarcely hear ourselves talk, the blinding sand, the cold glacier water, rendered more chilling by the strong wind,

which, contrary to custom, was very cold, all combined to make them quite stupid; the little lambs stuck up their backs and shut their eyes and looked very shaky on their legs, while the bigger ones and the ewes would do nothing but turn round and stare at us. Our dogs, knocked up completely, and we ourselves were somewhat tired and hungry, partly from night-watching, and partly from having fasted since early dawn, whereas it was now four o'clock. Still we must get the sheep over somehow, for a heavy fresh was evidently about to come down; the river was still low, and could we get them over before dark they would be at home. I galloped home to fetch assistance and food; these arriving, by our united efforts we got them over every stream, save the last, before eight o'clock, and then it became quite dark. The wind changed from very cold to very hot, it literally blew hot and cold in the same breath. Rain came down in torrents, six claps of thunder followed in succession about midnight, and very uneasy we all were (thunder is very rare here, I have never before heard more than two consecutive claps). Next morning, before daybreak, we were by the river side, and found the fresh down, crossed over to the sheep with difficulty, found them up to their bellies in water huddled up in a mob together, shifted them on to one of the numerous islands, where they were secure, and had plenty of feed, and with great difficulty recrossed, the river having greatly risen since we had got upon its bed. In two days' time it had gone down sufficiently to allow of our getting the sheep over, and we did so without the loss of a single one.

I hardly know why I have introduced this into an account of a trip with a bullock dray; it is, however, a colonial incident, such as might happen any day. In a life of continual excitement one thinks very little of these things, and when they are over one is no more impressed with the notion that there has been anything odd about them than a reading man is when he takes a constitutional between two and four, or goes to hear the University sermon. They may, however, serve to give English readers a glimpse of some of the numerous incidents which, constantly occurring, in one shape or other, render the life of a colonist not only endurable but actually pleasant.

CELLARIUS.



## THETIS.

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ALONE with her great sorrow,—in a cave  
Clov'n in the mighty rocks,—a lonesome cave,  
Haunt of the sullen blasts and wailing surge,  
The queenly Thetis laid her down to mourn  
Her desolation; and the tangled sedge  
Trailed its chill fibres o'er her shining limbs,  
And stained the silvery feet, torn with rough stones,  
That once had sped in glad career, more bright  
Than gleam of halcyon's wing, along the isles,  
That crown the proud Ægean; and her cry  
Disconsolate was as the cry of one  
Whose hope is crushed for ever, and whose bane  
Is immortality that only brings  
An immortality of utter woe.—

“Ah mine own Son!” she cried, “mine own, whom Fate,  
More pitiless than rudest storms, more hard  
Than pointed rocks to bark in midmost sea,  
Hath ravished from my love! Vainly, I say,  
Oh vainly, did I boast that I had borne thee  
Fairer than sons of men, yea, peer for him,  
High Leto's ray-crowned scion; for the end  
Hath come, as black as midnight thunder-cloud,  
And wrapt thee in its shadow. All in vain  
I watched the brightness of thy glory grow  
When rough Scamander's tawny wave scarce stayed  
Thy prowess, leaping on thy mailed knees  
All purple with the slain, or when thy car  
Dragged Troy's proud chieftain through the shameful dust,  
'Neath Pergamos, and stained the waving curls  
Andromache had loved to toy withal.

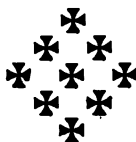
Now know I why, when Pelion's caverns shook  
With loud acclaim of the assembled gods,  
There crept about my heart a deadly cold,  
And in mine ears an inarticulate wail  
Rang ever, like the mournful whisperings  
Prisoned in wreathen shells that deck the halls  
Of Nereus' azure palaces.—Ah me!

They called me blest, they sang me fair, they deemed  
'Twas better in Thessalian halls to reign  
Than dwell a virgin daughter of the deep.  
But ne'er was lonely maid so lone as I,  
Ill-starred, whom neither the crisp morning waves,  
Nor crystal grottoes silvered by the moon,  
Nor dance of Nereids, nor the witching tones  
Of ocean shell may ever glad again,  
Weighed down with an eternal load of woe.

Oh Death, cold horror, that didst clasp my son,  
And chill the bounding pulses of his life,  
Would I could take thee to mine arms, and clasp thee  
As a cold bridegroom till thy chillness stole  
Into mine heart, that I might die with him!  
Then would we wander o'er the solemn fields,  
And drink of sluggish Lethe, and in shade  
Of secret myrtle-groves lead calmest lives  
And reck not of the glories that are past."—

So mourned she in the ocean solitudes,  
Oft till the midnight stars peered coldly in  
Through rifted chasms above her, but her plaint  
Arose unpitied, for the iron Fates  
Bar with stern hand the portals of the grave.

C. S.



## AFTER-HALL REFLECTIONS.

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ON coming out of hall one rainy afternoon at the beginning of my second year I was met by a freshman, an old school-friend, who thus addressed me: "My good fellow, what on earth is the matter with you? Where ever have you been? The clouds above are nothing to those that are now obscuring your usually beaming face." "Don't be such a fool," replied I, "cease your chaff and listen to my grievance. I changed my seat in hall to-day, and found myself in a nest of high mathematical men, who did nothing but talk of sines and cosines."

"There you are again, always crying down mathematics. If you had not sat there, you would have got among some classical men. Besides who asked you to sit there? Not they, I warrant. You really have a monomania on the subject of shop: you had better give us your wise criticisms on shop proper and shop improper, in the next Number of *The Eagle*."

"Very well, if you will read them." So here they are offered to the indulgent public, just as they came uppermost. I sat down in my arm-chair and tried to arrange my subject under heads, but finding that no hydra ever had more, I soon gave up that idea and burst forth into the following philosophical treatise.

"Le moi est haïssable," said a garrulous Frenchman, and no more have I heard of his sayings. Did he never talk shop, think you?

Are we really to suppose that that wise man never alluded to any subject in which he felt personal concern? that he was silent altogether, or that he only conversed on matters of general interest? Ah, there it is again, that odious objection of my friend B—, that the amount of shop varies inversely as the amount of information your neighbour or neighbours have acquired, that shop is comparative and subjective. Confound him! he is always



taking away my grievances. Subjective indeed! that is his euphemism for a concoction of my brain; he shall not do me of this grievance. I will be more special, less philosophical. Well reader, I—that is—(as *The Eagle* sometimes reminds its readers), I, not personal, but legible, am not a boating-man. I go out to tea with an enthusiastic freshman. Enter a few second year men, one of whom comes up to my host, and says, "Now B—, you really must catch the beginning; you might as well have gone to Caius, if you don't attend to our coaches better. And there's that other man, who will not go forward, and keeps his back as round as a rifleman's; he'll never make an oar; I wonder what brings such a fellow up here." Then follows a discussion of the chances of the college four, a matter of wider interest, and so on up and down the river, till you go to bed, and do *not* dream of boating.

Again "I" am a classical man. I have been reading from nine till two, and some one, thinking to interest me in hall, talks of the readings of such and such a passage, the beauties of this or that author, or who will do what in the tripos. Let such a man know he is mistaken,—his charms come to deaf ears: I own I like my own shop in its place, but there are times and seasons for all kinds of conversation, and hall is not the place for such a kind; particularly when my two friends on the other side of the table are obliged to console themselves with the theory that, after all, hall is not the place for talking, but eating.

Of mathematical shop B— has advised me not to speak, as it excites me too much. I therefore refrain.

Rifle corps' shop has hardly obtained at all in the University, so I need not discuss that, save only to congratulate my readers on its absence, for of all shops it is the least generally interesting.

At this moment my pertinacious friend B— enters the room, and deliberately reads all I have written.

"So this is your first landing-place, is it?" says he, "you are a nice mass of contradictions. It is you and such as you who by a perpetual abuse of shop drive men to form sets, boating-tables, scholars'-tables, mathematical-corners, classical-corners; and yet you are always saying the College is not shaken up enough. It is merely because classics is in a minority, that you are so discontented. What would you ever have men talk about?"

I certainly was in a fix; so I contented myself with observing that of course in a big college there must be sets.

"Never mind about sets; we pretty well agree in wishing to mix them up; but how are we to do it? The College is large enough to divide into sets, but not large enough to mix them up again. Once divided, they are so closely packed that they cannot move about, and so they get welded closer and closer together, till you know nothing about your next door neighbour, because he happens to be in a different set."

"Well of course it is a great thing to have a man who associates with a great many sets, to throw out a connecting link, as our Captain would call it, between our skirmishers in the University society and our hard-reading or gate-keeping reserve."

"Ah, I have it! the University is the great mixing bowl, which ought to keep our sets together more than at present, by rubbing off their respective angles, and lodging them, like smooth pebbles, at the bottom of the stream."

"That is just what old S— was saying the other day when he was up from Oxford; he could not see any University here: there were two or three very jolly Colleges, but he did not believe in the existence of an University at all."

"Well, how did you try to prove that it does exist?"

"Oh, I took him to the Union, and set him down there; and the first thing he noticed was, that each College had a separate gown, and so I showed him the B.A. gown, and told him we had different nurses, but the same *alma mater*, and all wore her livery in the end. Then he asked me if our fellowships were open: I must confess I was stumped there: so I requested him not to wander from the first point of discussion, but to look on the Union as an emblem of University feeling."

"Did that convince him?"

"Unfortunately there was an election for some officer going on, so S— sidled up to the voting-table and watched the votes. To my disgust he discovered that the Trinity men, all but two, voted for the Trinity candidate, and the Johnnians for the Johnnian."

"Here," says he triumphantly, "I perceive a law." If it had not been for a debate on Lord Palmerston, in which the Johnnians did not take the liberal side, I believe he would have thought that our political feelings were equally sectionalized."

"There is however a great work going on in places like the Union, where men of different Colleges meet and

debate and see one another, and read 'matters of general interest,' as you would say."

"Yes, I do believe in the Union, whatever people think: I wish I were a swell speaker, and I would convene the freshmen, and lecture them on its importance."

"I am afraid we shall have to wait till we have got a new building, before we attempt to bring about a general move Unionward. It really is a foul shame to have such a room for such an University."

"No, no, fill this room first, and then you will shew all the importance of the move."

"That argument did not answer with our chapel; we had to wait till it began to empty again, before there was a move to build another."

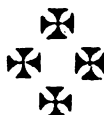
"Never mind; the move has been made, so feel grateful to those who have made it. Talking of chapel, I shall be late to-night, if I am not quick, so farewell."

"Good bye—all sets will meet there at least."

Reader of *The Eagle*, if you reach the end of this rambling discourse, do not be angry with me; it expresses my convictions; they may be different from yours; what if they are? Give them a thought, or refute them. They may be written in a chaffy strain. But more grain escapes with chaff than people think of. Again these remarks may be trite: but are there not seventy men who have just come up to educate themselves within our walls?

May these remarks find some response in their minds.

R.





## HOPE.

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THE white mist in the valley creeps,  
And on the mountain's shoulder bare  
Awhile the brooding tempest sleeps,  
Then breaks in thunder there.

But far above, the snowy pikes  
Are ever beautiful with light;  
Before the dawn the sunlight strikes  
Their ice caves sparkling bright.

They flash like lightning at day-break,  
Like diamonds in the glowing noon;  
At sunset burn like fire, and take  
Pale splendours from the moon.

He watches them from vineyard gates,  
Far off among the ripening grapes;  
With him a band of spirits waits,  
Sweet voices, heavenly shapes,

And joying, more than mortals glad;  
Save only one, the fairest far,  
Whose brow is clear and pale and sad,  
As the sweet evening star.

Long lingered they beside the streams,  
And long thro' winding pathways strayed;  
By twisted branches quaint as dreams  
With sun-gold overlaid.

But now beyond the land of vines,  
They come—to where the upland heaves,  
With golden corn in waving lines,  
Or bound in nodding sheaves.

Now onward press the shining band,  
And ever eager lead the way,  
To where the western summits stand,  
The limit of the day.

*Hope.*

Onward, and past the land of corn,  
And upward thro' the shadowing woods,  
To where the pine trees crest the horn,  
And fringe the mountain flood.

Still on they lead, but more and more  
The wearied traveller halts below,  
Till their white robes far on before,  
Are lost against the snow.

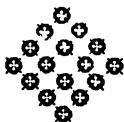
But one remains, the fairest far;  
She takes the traveller by the hand,  
And points where near yon rising star  
His bright companions stand.

Already have they reached the height.  
They will not turn, but wait him there,  
And Hope inspires him at the sight,  
The upward way to dare.

The boundary line of ice is crossed,  
The last dwarf pines are left below,  
His wearied limbs are stiff with frost,  
And sinking in the snow.

The sharp rocks pierce his bleeding feet,  
Her shining robe with blood she soils,  
Yet bends on him a smile so sweet,  
As lightens all his toils.

On her supporting arm he rests,  
With her the weary way is past;  
Sweep Hope, of all our heavenly guests  
The fairest, and the last!





## JOHNIAN WORTHIES. No. I.

ROGER ASCHAM.

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[I purpose, should the plan and its execution meet with the approval of the Committee and the Subscribers at large, to contribute to the pages of *The Eagle* biographical sketches of a few of the most eminent men who have gone forth from St. John's, and whose influence has been felt in the world's history. I shall endeavour to select names which will be familiar to all, while at the same time the record of their lives is either not accessible to the general reader, or is in a form too bulky for ordinary perusal. The latter qualification will, to a certain extent, be interfered with by Mr. Cooper's excellent work, the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, now in course of publication, but the space which I shall have at my disposal, will enable me to enter into more detail than is possible within the limits of an article in such a work. Should my present effort meet with success, I shall possibly in another Number attempt a life of William Cecil, Lord Burghley.]

NEVER in modern times has there been so rapid a developement of intellectual power, as that which followed the revival of letters. If I may be allowed to apply, though more minutely, the analogy which Dr. Temple has drawn between the developement of the nation and of the individual, it was as the freshness which follows upon a long slumber. Awakened by the dawning of a new day from the long night's sleep of the dark ages, the minds of Europeans, of our countrymen in particular, showed an unwonted vigour; the delight of fulfilling the healthy functions of life seems to have filled them almost to intoxication, an intoxication which found its vent at times in the extravagances and quaint conceits of a Spenser or a Sidney. The pulse of mental life beat fast and warm, and no era of subsequent progressive developement is likely in its catalogue of lasting names to rival the sudden growth of the age of a Cecil, a Bacon, a Shakespeare.

The Revival of Letters and the Reformation mutually

influenced each other. As it was the diffusion of the knowledge of Greek which helped to clear the truths of the New Testament from the thick coat of error with which they were overlaid, so it was the crusade waged by some of the Reformers, with Melancthon at their head, against the attempts of Rome to shackle men's minds, that mainly contributed to support the cause of letters. Nowhere was this influence more prominent than in our own University, where many, by reading the New Testament in the original, were led to embrace the so-called new doctrines. Amongst them was Roger Ascham, the subject of the present article.

Roger the son of John and Margaret Ascham, was born at Kirkby Wiske, in Richmondshire, in or about the year 1515. His father was steward to Lord Scrope of Bolton; his mother appears to have satisfied Pericles' idea of woman's excellence, and to have been one whose name for praise or blame was little mentioned among men. After living together in the closest affection forty-seven years, they died in the same day, almost in the same hour.\* Roger was educated in the house of Sir Humphrey Wingfield, who "ever loved and used to have many children brought up in learning in his house"; his tutor being a Mr. R. Bond, who had charge of Sir Humphrey's sons. While here he showed a marked taste for English reading, and also laid the foundation of that skill in archery, which afterwards produced the "Toxophilus".† The advantages offered to him by this connexion would be seized on the more readily, seeing that, if we may believe his own account, the grammar-schools were at that time in a very unsatisfactory state. He remarks in the *School-master* (p. 31, verso) "I remember when I was yong, in the North, they went to the Grammer Schoole little children; they came from thence great lubbers; alwayes learning, and little profiting; learning without booke everything, understanding within the booke little or nothing."

Through the influence, probably, of Dr. Nicholas Medcalfe, then Master of St. John's, who was himself a native of Richmondshire, Ascham was entered in this College in 1530. We have but few details of his life as an undergraduate. His tutors were one Hugh Fitzherbert, of whom little else is known, and John Cheke, afterwards tutor and

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\* *Aschami Epist.* i. 5.

† Bennet's *Ascham*, 154, 5. The name, as given here and in the edition of 1571 is Humphrey. Grant, who is followed by subsequent biographers, calls him Anthony, (p. 5, Ed. 1703.)

Secretary of State to Edward VI. With the latter, he read during his residence in Cambridge all Homer, Sophocles and Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Isocrates and Plato, and was hoping to read Aristotle and Demosthenes, when Cheke was called away to take charge of the education of Prince Edward. Among his chief friends were Day, Redman, Grindal, Smith, Haddon and Pember. The last-named commends him for his practice of reading some author in Greek to a class of boys; telling him that he would learn more Greek by thus reading one of Æsop's fables, than if he were to hear the whole of the Iliad translated into Latin\* by the most accomplished scholar.

The life of a scholar here was then no time of luxurious ease. Thomas Lever, afterwards Master of this College, preaching at St. Paul's Cross in 1550, and pleading the cause of the Universities, gives no alluring picture of it. He says, "A smalle number of poore godly dylygent studentes nowe remaynyng only in Colleges (i.e. not in Hostels), be not able to tary and continue their studye in y<sup>e</sup> Universyte for lacke of exibicion and healpe. There be divers ther which rise dayly betwyxt foure and fyve in the mornynge, and from fyve untill syxe of the clocke, use common prayer wyth an exhortacyon of God's worde in a common chappell, and from syxe unto ten of the clocke use ever eyther private study or commune lectures. At ten of the clocke they go to dynner, where as they be contente with a penyce piece of biefe amongst iiii., havinge a fewe potage made of the broth of the same biefe, wyth salte and otemel, and nothyngel elles. After this slender dinner they be eyther teachyng or learyng untill v. of the clocke in the evening, when as they have a supper not much better than theyr dynner. Immediately after the whyche they go eyther to resonyng in problemes, or unto summe other studye, untill it be nine or tenne of the clocke, and there beyng without fyre, are faine to walk or runne up and downe haulfe an houre, to gette a heate on theyr fete when they got to bed."†

Dr. Medcalfe appears to have shewn to Ascham considerable kindness, as was his wont to those who showed "either will to goodness, or wit to learning;" indeed, it may be from his own experience that he is speaking, when he

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\* *Enarratam Latine*, (Grant) which possibly conveys the idea of a lecture.

† Those who are curious about some University Customs of the time may consult Dr. Caius' book. *Hist. Acad. Cantab.* p. 91, Ed. 1574.



says, "I am witness myself that monie many times was brought into yong mens studies by strangers whom they knew not." The Master, though himself a strict Papist, showed all favour to those who pursued the "new learning," and, as Fuller says, "whetstone-like, though dull in himself, by his encouragement set an edge on most excellent wits in that foundation." Ascham was admitted B.A. on the 18th of February, 1534, and soon afterwards sat for a fellowship, to which he was elected under singular circumstances. His reading of the Greek Testament had made him dissatisfied with Romanism, nor had he made any secret of his views. At the same time that he "stood to be fellow," Dr. Heynes the President of Queens', and Dr. Skip, afterwards Master of Gonville Hall, were sent to Cambridge by the Court to preach in favour of the king's supremacy. For the rest Ascham shall tell his own tale. "I chanced amonges my companions to speake against the Pope; my taulke came to D. Medcalfe's eare: I was called before hym and the Seniours; and after greevous rebuke, and some punishment, open warning was geeven to all the felowes, none to be so hardie to geeve me hys voyce at that election. And yet for all these open threats, the good father hymselfe privlie procured, that I should even then be chosen fellow. But, the election being done, he made countenance of great discontentation thereat."\*

He was admitted fellow on the 26th of March, 1534, and proceeded to the degree of M.A. with some *eclat* on the Wednesday after St. Peter's day, 1537. For the next eleven years he appears to have been chiefly resident in Cambridge, reading in private with pupils, and delivering public lectures in Greek in the College, and in the University, previously to the appointment of a Regius Professor in 1540. In 1540-41, we find him also Mathematical Lecturer in the University. Somewhere about this time he must have been absent from Cambridge for two years, for we have an account of a visit home, during which he was laid aside for that time by an attack of quartan fever. In July, 1542, he applied to Oxford for incorporation, but we do not know with what success. In 1544 appeared his first English work, entitled *Toxophilus, the schole, or partitions of shooting*. This book which was dedicated to Henry VIII. and presented to him in the gallery at Greenwich, had a threefold object; 1st, to set the example of writing in English; 2ndly, to reply to those who blamed him for his devotion to Archery; 3rdly, to obtain such help

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\* *Schoolmaster*, p. 54.

from the king as should enable him to fulfil his wish for foreign travel. Through the recommendation of Sir W. Paget and Sir W. Petre, he obtained his third object in a pension of £10 per annum granted to him by the king.

The history of this pension is somewhat amusing. It was "revived by the goodness of King Edward VI., and confirmed by his authority." Ascham adds, that "he did increase it by his liberality;" but as he speaks in the same letter of the "old sume of tenn poundes," and makes no mention of any change in his application to Gardiner for its second renewal, I infer that the increase came only from the king's private purse. The patent was however renewed by Edward only "durante voluntate," and Ascham on his return from the continent in 1553, having "crept without care into debt, by the hope which he had bothe to be rewarded for his service, and also to receive his pension due at Michaelmas of that year," was somewhat surprised to find the payment of it stopped. At the close of that year, or the beginning of the next, he writes to Bishop Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, urging his claims upon the Queen for some support. One is rather surprised at the way in which the court payments were managed in those days. "I was sent for," he says, "many times to teache the King to wryte, and brought him before a xi yeres old to wryte as fayre a hand, though I say yt, as any child in England, as a lettre of his owne hand dothe declare, which I kept as a treasure for a wytnes of my service, and will shewe yt your L. whensoever you will. But what ill luck have I that can prove what paines I tooke with his highnes, and can shewe noe profite that I had of his goodnes. Yea I came up dyvers times by commaundment to teach him, when each journey for my man and horses would stand me in 4 or 5 marks, a great charge for a poore student. And yet they that were aboute his Grace were so nigh to themselves, and so farr from doing good to others, that not only my paines were unrewarded, but my verie coaste and charges were unrecompensed, which thing then I smallye regarded in his nonage, trusting that he himself should one daie reward me for all."\*

There is another letter to Gardiner which is so amusing that I may be pardoned for quoting more fully.

"My singuler good lord, in writeing out my patent I have left a vacant place for your wisdom to value the

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\* Ascham to Gardiner. *Communications to the Camb. Antiq. Soc.* i. 100.

su'me, wherein I trust to find further favour; for I have both good cause to aske itt, and better hope to obtayne itt, partly in considerac'on of my unrewarded paines and undischarged costes, in teaching king Edward's person, partly for my three yeares service in the Emperor's cort, but cheifely of all when king Henry first gave itt me at Greenwich; your lo'pp in the gallorye there asking me what the king had given me, and knoweing the truth, your lo'pp said it was too litle and gently offred to speake to the kinge for more. \* \* \* \* \*. And I beseech your lo'pp see what good is offred me in writeing the patent, the space w'ch is left by chance doth seem to crave by good lucke some wordes of lengthe, as viginti or triginta, yea with the help of a litle dashe quadraginta wold serve best of all. But sure as for decem it is somewhat with the shortest; neverthelesse I for my parte shalbe noe less contented with the one then glad for the other, and for either of both more then bound to your lo'pp."\*

His plan was so far successful that the word 'viginti' was written for 'decem.' In a letter to Queen Elizabeth, dated at Windsor, October 10, 1567, after relating with some glee the success of this trick, he prays the Queen's goodness to ask of the Queen's highness that as her three predecessors had each bettered the other, so she would make these benefactions, which were not so large as that he could out of them make any provision for his children, to be continued to his sons, by granting to one the farm of Salisbury Hall, near Walthamstow, of which he had a lease from Queen Mary, and to the other the living of Wicklyfourd (poss. Wichford, in the Isle of Ely) which had been left him by his mother-in-law.

But to return to the regular course of our history. On the removal of Cheke from Cambridge, in July, 1546, by his appointment as tutor to Prince Edward, Ascham was elected to succeed him as Public Orator. He had previously been employed to write letters for the University, for which he possessed an eminent qualification in his penmanship. Mention has been already made of his teaching Edward VI. to write: he also instructed Elizabeth and the two Brandons in the same accomplishment. On the fly-leaves of a copy of *Osorius de Nobilitate Civili* in the College Library is an

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\* Ascham to Gardiner. Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, Vol. I., p. 274.

autograph letter from him to Cardinal Pole, which is certainly a beautiful specimen of caligraphy.

In November or December, 1548,\* a disputation was held in the Chapel of St. John's on the question of the identity of the Mass with the Lord's Supper, which was "handled with great learning by two learned fellows of the House, Thomas Lever and Roger Hutchinson." The sensation caused thereby was not confined to the College, and many took offence at the discussion, whereupon Ascham was prevailed upon by the rest of the Society to "bring this question out of the private walls of the College into the public Schools:" but Dr. Madew, the Vice-Chancellor, stopped the disputation.

Ascham's residence in Cambridge appears not to have agreed with his health. To sustain it he was obliged to give much time to archery. But even with this healthy exercise, his constitution, which was naturally weak, and had never recovered the effects of the quartan fever, found the damp of the fens very trying. We have a letter addressed by him to Archbishop Cranmer, asking for a dispensation to enable him to eat no fish, stating his inability to change his place of abode, and arguing the point both on its own merits and as a relic of Popery. A second letter informs us that Cranmer acceded to his request, and sent him the dispensation, free of all charge, through Dr. Taylor, then Master of the College.†

Of his means of support during his residence here we have but little account. Dr. Lee, the Archbishop of York, gave him a pension of 40*s.* per annum. One of the works on which Ascham was engaged while in Cambridge was a translation of Œcumenius' *Comment on the Epistle to Titus*, a copy of which he presented to Lee, through his brother, not being admitted himself to see him owing to his illness. The book was sent back "non sine munere," but the Archbishop took serious offence at a comment on the words, "the husband of one wife," which characterized as heretics those who condemned marriage. This was too much for Lee, who was a bigoted Romanist, but it is doubtful whether it seriously affected Ascham's interests, as the illness in

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\* *Epist.* III. 35, dated January 5, 1548. "Dr. Madew being mentioned as Vice-Chancellor in this letter, there must be a mistake in the date. He was Vice-Chancellor in 1546 and part of 1547, but in no part of 1548." *Note in Mr. Baker's hand.*

† *Aschami Epist.*, II., 51, 53.

question proved fatal, and Ascham, in a letter to Cheke, laments that by the *death* of His Grace of York he suffered a serious diminution of income.\*

Early in his career he had to part with his old friend and patron, Dr. Medcalfe, who was compelled by a conspiracy amongst the junior fellows to resign his Mastership, and retire to his benefice of Woodham Ferrers, where he survived only a few months. The cause of dissatisfaction is not known, "only," says Fuller,† "let not his enemies boast, it being observed that none thrived ever after who had a hand in Medcalfe's ejection, but lived meanly and died miserably. This makes me more confident, that neither master Cheke, nor master Ascham, then Fellows of the College, had any hand against him; both of them being well known afterwards to have come to good grace in the commonwealth."

From Ascham's words quoted above, I think we may infer that while he acted as joint tutor to Edward, he still was in residence at Cambridge. But in the year 1548, upon the death of his former pupil, William Grindal, he was chosen by the Princess Elizabeth to be her tutor. Writing to Cheke on the 12th of February,‡ he states that the Princess was minded to bestow upon him all the heritage of her affection for Grindal, and in his perplexity, loth to leave his quiet life in St. John's, and loth to refuse so complimentary an offer, asks Cheke's counsel, as to what he shall do. We may assume that it was favourable to the proposal, for he accepted the post, and removed to Sir Anthony Denys' house at Cheshunt, where the Princess then lived. She was but sixteen, and yet in the couple of years that Ascham was with her, they read through nearly the whole of Cicero, a good part of Livy, some select Orations of Isocrates, the Tragedies of Sophocles, and, for divinity, the Greek Testament, Cyprian, and Melancthon's *Common Places*.§ The Princess every morning did a double translation from Demosthenes or Isocrates, and the afternoon from Tully.|| I should infer from the tone of a letter addressed to W. Ireland, a Fellow of St. John's, and dated

\* *Aschami Epist.*, II., 1, 5, 6, 15.

† *History of Cambridge*, VII., 1-3, (p. 168, ed. Tegg, 1840).

‡ *Aschami Epist.*, II., 40.

§ *Ibid.*, I., 2.

|| *Schoolmaster*, p. 35.

July 8, 1549, that the change was not congenial to him. He appears, whether from any fault of his own we do not know, to have made enemies in the Princess' household, who not only made him uncomfortable themselves, but poisoned Elizabeth's ears against him. About the beginning of 1550 he suddenly left his post, and returned to Cambridge. His own account is that he was driven to resign through no fault of his own, but by the ill-treatment he received not from the Lady Elizabeth herself, but from her Steward. That there is some secret involved appears from the fact that he will not entrust the matter to writing, but in two letters, one to Sir John Cheke, the other to Lady Jane Grey, says, "that if he should meet the former or Mr. Aylmer, the tutor of the latter, he would pour out his grief." On this point however he is clear, that no blame could be attributed to the Princess herself. Elizabeth, ever prompt to take offence, was piqued at this apparent slight. Ascham applied to Martin Bucer, who had lately come to England, and was then at Lambeth, to use his influence to reinstate him in the Princess' favour; but owing to the illness of Bucer, these good offices were delayed, and it was not till Ascham left England some nine months later that a reconciliation was effected. He then called on Elizabeth to bid her farewell, and she at once shewed her forgiveness by asking him why he had left her and made no effort to be restored to her favour.\*

In April of the same year (1550) we find him again at St. John's, where he resumed his Greek Lecture and his work as Public Orator, which latter office must have been supplied meanwhile by a deputy. He was also at this time keeper of the king's library, but the date of his appointment does not appear. In the summer he visited his friends in Yorkshire, whence he was summoned, at the instance of Sir John Cheke, to take the office of Secretary to Sir Richard Morysine, who was proceeding on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V. It was on this journey to London that he called at Broadgate in Leicestershire, and found Lady Jane Grey reading Plato's *Phædo*, while the rest of the party were out hunting. He has told the story

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\* Ascham *Epist.*, II., 43, III., 5, 7. This I think the fairest account. Some persons believe that Ascham simply got tired of Court life. Miss Strickland states erroneously that his sudden removal was owing to some disturbances in his own family.

in *The Schoolmaster* (p. 12, verso). The number of learned ladies in that age is quite wonderful. Lady Jane is to my mind a standing protest against the notion, that a girl cannot be "blue" without losing her true womanliness.

Of the first part of Ascham's sojourn abroad we have a connected account in a series of letters addressed to his friends Edward Raven and William Ireland, fellows of St. John's. They are interesting as showing his powers of observation as well as for the facts which they relate, but were I to pretend to give their substance, I should trespass far beyond the necessary limits of this paper; I must therefore content myself with referring the more curious of my readers to the letters themselves. They will be found in *Ascham's Epist.* III. 1—4. Bennet's *Ascham*, 369, sqq. Tytler's *History of England under Edward VI. and Mary*, Vol. II. pp. 124, sqq. Ascham also embodied the result of his observation of continental politics, &c. in a *Report and Discourse of the Affaires of Germany*, published in 1552.

He seems meanwhile to have been in great uncertainty as to his future plans in England. In a letter to Cecil (Spices, September 22, 1552) he makes a strong appeal for provision in one of three ways; either to be allowed to continue his Greek Lecture at St. John's without being bound by any statutes, (which would appear to be one of the shadows which coming events cast before them, for he was married within two years)—or to undertake some post at court,—or to remain abroad and serve his country at some foreign court. From a subsequent letter we gather that some court appointment was being found for him, (possibly the Latin Secretaryship, which he afterwards had) but impediments had been put in the way; so he presses still his first application, which does not seem to have succeeded.\*

On his return to England in September, 1553, he found the state of affairs changed. Edward VI. was dead, Lady Jane Grey beheaded, protestantism already practically under ban. But he had a friend at court, who now stood him in good stead. On the death of Lee, he had attached himself to Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who in the latter part of Henry's reign, and during that of Queen Mary, was Chancellor of this University. The Bishop was true to

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\* *European Magazine*, Vol. XXXII. 89, 157. In one of these letters, he asks permission to converse with the Pope's nuncio's men, which he had hitherto refrained from doing.

him through all the storms of the Marian persecution, and upheld his cause against some who were most anxious for his downfall.

During his residence in Germany, Ascham had been appointed to be the king's Secretary for the Latin tongue, which appointment seems to have been filled for a time by a Mr. Vanes, to whom Ascham acted as deputy, dividing the fees. His duties required him to leave Cambridge and come to live in London, a step which added seriously to his expenditure. He writes to Sir W. Petre preferring a request for some further provision, which was answered by a proposal to induct him to a prebend or some ecclesiastical office, and, on his declining that, by a lease of a farm called Salisbury Hall, near Walthamstow. To Gardiner he writes to ask for some deed in writing which shall secure him the Secretaryship when vacant, and be a guarantee for him in the incurring the expenses of court life. "It is my greate grieve," says he, "and some shame that I these tenn years, was not able to keepe a mann, being a scholler, and now am not able to keepe myselfe being a courtier." This application resulted in the issuing of the Queen's letters patent on the 7th of May, 1554, granting him the office of Secretary "a Latinis" with all the emoluments &c. thereto appertaining, at a stipend of forty marks, or a little over £20, a-year, and ratifying his old pension.

During this interval he still held the offices of Greek Lecturer at St. John's, and Orator in the University, the duties of which had been supplied during his absence by Raven and Ireland.\* He resigned them, however, at Midsummer, 1554, having married on the 1st of June of the same year Margaret Howe, a lady considerably younger than himself, with whom he lived very happily. In 1555 he is at Greenwich enjoying literary leisure to the full; reading *Æschines* and *Demosthenes* with the Lady Elizabeth, and having frequent opportunities of intimate intercourse with the Queen.† It has been cause of great wonder to some, that, while professing protestant opinions, Ascham should have been left unscathed during the persecutions of Mary's reign. He tells us that some persons objected to his appointment as Latin Secretary, and we know that one Sir Francis Englefield proposed to cite him before the council, but was stopped from doing so by Gardiner.

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\* Bennet's *Ascham*, p. 395.

† *Ascham's Epist.* i. 11.



His religious feelings may possibly have prevented him from accepting Petre's proposed prebend: but in spite of them he was in great favour not only with the Queen, but also with Cardinal Pole, and seems to have enjoyed a fair share of worldly prosperity.

October 9, 1559. Queen Elizabeth, unasked, granted to her old tutor the prebend of Wetwang in York Cathedral, to which he was admitted on the 11th of March, 1559-60. This involved him in a long course of litigation. Archbishop Young, by some further dispensation of his own, and probably objecting to the appointment of a layman, seems to have nullified the Queen's presentation. It is scarcely possible from Ascham's letter to Leicester, to make out the rights of the case: the letter was, however, effectual to its purpose, and the Queen's letters were addressed to the Archbishop, directing him to countermand his dispensation, and institute Ascham, at the same time making him amends for the expense he had incurred.\*

Of the latter years of Ascham's life we have scarcely any information, save that we find him constantly struggling with debt. The lease of Salisbury Farm was pledged to one Anthony Hussey to relieve Mrs. Howe, who was left at her husband's death in Lent, 1559, in heavy debt,—subsequently released by a grant from the Queen,—then the lease gets into Sackville's hands, and Ascham still in difficulties, has to apply to Cecil for relief. In a letter dated the 18th of January, 1563, he made application to the Master, Fellows, and Scholars of St. John's for a lease of their farm of Bromehall near Windsor, which was granted November 7 of the same year, for forty years.†

This same year, 1563, is notable in our author's life for a meeting which gave birth to *The Schoolmaster*, the most lasting of his English works. On the 10th of December in that year, the plague being in London, the Queen was at Windsor, and there at a dinner party in Cecil's apartments a discussion arose about flogging in schools, and education in general, originating in the tidings that "divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of a beating." Sir R. Sackville, who was present, but took no part in the discussion, afterwards entreated Ascham to put into an extended form the views which he had advocated, to

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\* Whitaker's *Richmondshire*, I. 285, sqq.

† *Ascham's Epist.* III. 34, and MS. note of Mr. Baker's.

the effect that "young children be sooner allured by love than driven by beating, to attain good learning." The treatise thus begun expanded into a general system of Classical Education, and is interesting, not only as one of the earliest specimens of decent English prose, but also for its sound common sense. It is a book which will fully repay the reader for the time spent on it.\*

Ascham's constitution, naturally weak, was much broken by frequent attacks of ague, and a hectic fever, which visited him in the year in which he died. Imprudently sitting up late to finish some Latin verses which he was to present to the Queen as a New-Year's gift, and to write some letters to his friends, he fell into a lingering disease, which Grant calls "gravem morbum," and Whitaker a violent attack of ague, from which he never recovered. He died on the 30th of December, 1568, in the fifty-third year of his age. His last words were, "I desire to depart and to be with Christ." He was buried on the 4th of January, in St. Sepulchre's Church. Dr. Nowell, the Dean of St. Paul's, visited him during his illness, and preached his funeral sermon, in which he spoke of his character in the highest terms.

Camden says, "he died in poverty, which he had brought on himself by dicing and cock-fighting." It is to be feared that the accusation is true. In *The Schoolmaster* he says: "But of all kinde of pastimes fitte for a gentleman, I will, God willing, in fitter place more at large declare fullie in my 'book of the Cockpitte,' which I do write to satisfie some," &c. (p. 20)†. He displayed a want of firmness in the way in which he excused himself to Lee,‡ which does

\* See Preface to *The Schoolmaster*. A new edition of this work is now going through the press under the supervision of the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor.

† Cp., also p. 51, where is a selection from the cock-fighting vocabulary. I doubt whether Mr. Cooper is warranted by this passage (p. 21) in putting this book of the cock-pit in his list of Ascham's writings, *The Schoolmaster* itself being posthumous.

‡ There is a strange and almost incredible statement in this apology, which altogether is so weak. He says, "So much has my mind always shrunk from reading any books, be they in English or in Latin, in which some new doctrine might be imported, that except the Psalter of David and the New Testament, and that in Greek, I have read no book on the Christian religion, small or great. *Aschami Epist.* II. 6.

not heighten our opinion of his character, but it is scarcely fair to attribute to a similar cause his freedom from persecution in the reign of Mary. It were better to say with Dr. Johnson, "Nothing is more vain than at a distant time to examine the motives of discrimination and partiality; for the inquirer having considered interest and policy is obliged at last to omit more frequent and more active motives of human conduct, caprice, accident, and private affections."

But with all his failings Ascham was one of the lights of his day, and did much to further the revival of learning in England: himself deeply attached to study, he seems to have had a power of imparting his enthusiasm to others. Were it only as tutor to Edward VI. and Elizabeth, every Englishman owes him a debt of gratitude, and our College in particular may well be proud to have numbered amongst its alumni a man like Roger Ascham.\*

R. W. T.

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\* I must not omit to acknowledge my obligation to Mr. Cooper's *Athenæ*, especially for the list of authorities at the end of his article, of which I have consulted all such as are accessible.

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## XLVI.

TO HIMSELF, AT SPRING'S COMING.

(*Catullus.*)

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Now the Spring with a tepid sweetness hovers,  
 Now, a truce to the equinoctial fury,  
 Now, the lull of the easy pleasant Zephyrs.  
 Up, away, from the Phrygian land, Catullus,  
 Leave the bountiful meadows, leave Nicæa;  
 Hie away to the famous Asian cities.  
 Now the soul in a tremor beats to seek them,  
 Now the feet with an eager strength grow restless,  
 So, farewell, to the knot of dear companions,  
 Ye that each from a distant home come hither,  
 Back again with a lonely way to wander.

A.



## LOST.

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IT almost seems to be a law of nature that what looks interesting in theory should be disagreeable in practice. How delightful are romantic incidents and romantic situations on paper; but how distressing and cold-catching in actual fact! May-day; moonlight,—sentimental walk in the same. Next morning,—rheumatism and bronchitis. Evening party;—pathetic and confidential tête-a-têtes. Following day,—haunted by an unpleasant consciousness of having said something hopelessly ridiculous. And so the world wags. We pick up a novel, read glowing descriptions of wild luxuriant savagedom, and long for the life of a gay roving trapper on the prairie. “That’s just the sort of thing that would suit me,” think we, “the excitement of danger and the freedom of a trackless waste would be simply enchanting.” Hair-breadth escapes and physical fatigue all assume a rosy hue, and we sigh for a taste of such romantic experiences. But softly, O Romancer; a well built house, a cheerful fireside, and a happy home, are far more enjoyable than any hunter’s encampment or half-raw buffalo supper. My life has been almost as prosaic as Alison’s *History of Europe*. Only one romantic incident has as yet crossed it, and this, though a small one, was decidedly “moist and unpleasant.”

It was once my fortune (or rather, misfortune) to be lost.

“I see,” says the sagacious reader, “in London; on Salisbury Plain; in the New Forest.”

Nothing of the kind. I was lost in Greenwich Park.

On a chill November evening, a few years ago, business directed my steps to the picturesque town of Greenwich. I accordingly set out, and, having performed my mission, about a quarter before six I began to retrace my steps by entering the Park at the gate near the circus. Now I am not a coward by nature, for I take a cold bath every morning through the winter, and none but a brave man can do that. Still I must confess, when I entered that Park

in the dark, and, what was worse, in the midst of a thick London fog, I did feel a little hesitation, which an enemy might have called fear. The darkness I did not mind, for I had often crossed the Park in the dark; but the fog was entirely another matter, and I certainly did not like it. Let the reader recall the days of his babyhood, when he sat by the nursery fire, and watched the tea-kettle spouting away a fizzing column of white steam; let him fancy me walking, by some undiscovered method of aerial perambulation, in the aforesaid steam, and he will have some notion of the nature of my trip across the Park. Not a thing was visible. Simple darkness was daylight compared to that misty blankness. On the darkest night I could see paths and trunks of trees, the lights in the Observatory, and the direction of my walking. But, in that fog, all was blank, invisible, and confusing.

"Now," thought I, "the Park is but small, and I know it as well as I know my own garden. I have only to keep in the path, and 'twill be all right." So I valiantly pushed on.

I soon however began to find that I had entered on a very awkward business. Scarcely two consecutive steps could I take, without finding myself either on the wet grass, or affectionately hugging a tree. This latter difficulty was certainly no joke, unless indeed a black eye and a contused nose be supposed to be of a humourous character. Ships running on hidden shoals were quite voluntary agents compared with me. I invariably had the satisfaction of feeling a tree before I saw it; so that, after a piece of a broken branch had suddenly bored a little hole in my cheek, I could just ejaculate "Ah, to be sure, another tree," precisely in time to be too late. Sometimes my experiences would take another direction. I should all at once discover I was walking through a miniature lake, and that a little cataract was playing picturesquely down the side of each boot, and forming little basins within. The fact that all this was going on in a manner perfectly invisible to me rendered it all the more curious; for I certainly could not see anything that took place below the level of my chin. Indeed I am not very sure but the circle traced out by the apex of my nose was my horizon of vision for the time being. At another time I would walk innocently up to one of the rough wooden seats by the side of the path, and quietly tumble over it. Then, picking myself up, I found it a mental operation of some minutes to re-discover

my bearings. Now from the time that as a small boy I was under the autocratic dominion of a nurse-maid, I have felt the strongest aversion to that species of gymnastic evolution which consists of a sudden arrest of the lower extremities, while the head and other apparatus attached thereto travel, in a sort of parabolic curve, to the earth. Of all the various styles of tumbling, the face tumble, the back tumble, the side tumble, and so forth, there is not one to my mind half so irritating as a *bona fide* hip tumble. Such a luxury you can get, in its full perfection, by an attempt to walk through a backless seat; and if after accomplishing the feat thoroughly, the experimenter feels anything approaching to the amiable,—a blessing on his bruised pate for a regularly good-natured fellow! For my own part I am an ordinary mortal, and as I picked up my head and bleeding nose from under the seat, I most assuredly felt as though I could have annihilated every creature connected therewith, from the ranger of the Park down to the carpenter's apprentice who hammered the seat together.

This feeling of general benevolence was not diminished by the discovery that during my embrace of mother earth, my hat had quietly rolled away, and was at that moment trundling about somewhere, as happy and contented as a creature of so few enjoyments could be.

It was, I own, an imprudent thing for me to do, to start under such circumstances in pursuit of my hat. But does it not daily happen that a man faces any danger to recapture his hat? Some men will lose a horse, or a bank-note, or a case of wine, with tolerable ease and resignation; but who ever saw a man, worthy of the name, calmly relinquish a run-a-way hat? No, he leaves the wife of his bosom and the children of his love standing helpless on the pavement, while he dashes with concentrated recklessness after his best Lincoln and Bennet. Ye laughing crowd, ye jeering boys, ye sarcastic cabmen, avaunt! He cares not for your laughter, your ridicule, or your anathemas. Yonder he sees the glossy velvet one gamboling in the mud, and on that prize his every thought is fixed. And he regains it, and returns in triumph. Why then should I claim freedom from a weakness as extensive as my sex? But this is a digression. Thoughtless of fog, of path, of everything, I rushed wildly in pursuit. Whither I went, I know not. The next few minutes are a blank in my existence. This much I know, I lost the path, but (oh! joy) found the hat.

My congratulations on my own sagacity were scarcely ended, when other thoughts of a more practical description obtruded themselves on my mind. They came not in a mixed and thronging crowd, as thoughts are sometimes supposed to come; but packing themselves up in a most gentlemanly manner, they appeared in the modest form of a little question;—"where are you?" This was more than I could tell. How many times I had turned round in my mad chase, I could not remember; and as to guessing with any reasonable chance of correctness at the bearings of the place,—it was out of the question. All I knew was, that I stood on the grass somewhere, and that somewhere was in Greenwich Park. Suddenly all power of thought seemed to leave me, and I became as helpless as a child. The white floating steam of the fog was wreathing around me. Blankness, unutterable blankness, was on this side and that. I had no power of casting about for probabilities, or of seizing on any chance of help, supposing such had been offered. I felt then for the first time in my life what the peasants of the west of England mean by "pixing-led." I groped about like an idiot, without motive, object, or success. Meanwhile I was conscious of this feeling, and was amazed at it. I knew I was helpless, and,—paradoxical as it may appear,—I thought on how strangely I was deprived of the power of thinking. I was just in that state, that if any one had come to me and said, "Here you are, this way," I should not have been able to command the necessary mental effort to obey. I reflected on this, and at last determined by a vigorous wrench of reason to collect my thoughts, if possible, and try to do something. After a little time I succeeded sufficiently to make up my mind to advance steadily in one direction, till I reached a path. This however was a work of some trouble, for huge trees came constantly in the way, and every little deflection served to render my proceedings less systematic. Every now and then I stooped down and swept away the withered leaves to feel for the gravel path. But the grass seemed interminable, and I began to suspect the melancholy fact that I was meandering in a circle despite all my care. Still I persevered, now bouncing up against black gigantic trees; now losing them in a moment, and, crawling on hands and feet, in vain feeling for the path. I was first getting tired of this style of thing, and began seriously to entertain the project of climbing a tree, and making my bivouac for the night. I was busy considering ways and means, when a shout

attracted my attention. I shouted in reply; and a few seconds brought me right up against a fellow-wanderer.

"Oh, could you kindly tell me," asked the stranger, "my shortest way out of the Park?"

"I should only be too glad to do so," I replied, "but I have not the remotest idea where I am."

We immediately agreed to join company, and see what we could do together. My companion (none of whose features I could in the least see) told me that for nearly twenty years he had been in the habit of crossing the Park from the Railway Station to his house on Mair Hill, and that to him the idea of losing his way was too ridiculous to be annoying. So we wandered on together, and after tumbling over and upon each other several times, at last reached some by-path.

Well this was hopeful anyhow. It required very little logical acumen to conclude, that, being evidently a path, it must certainly lead somewhere; so we diligently prosecuted it, and finally emerged into one or other of the main avenues. Hereupon rose the question as to where the town lay, where the Heath. We stood a few minutes debating the point, when slowly and distinctly Greenwich parish church struck seven. With what delight we heard the sound! Face about; march. Straight a-head we went, and five minutes walking brought us to the Park wall. Then along the wall; and finally we passed out through the gate by the Naval school. Shortly afterwards my companion and myself parted. The fog was still too thick for us to have a look at each other; so we shook hands and separated. I kept close to the Park wall as long as my route lay that way, and then by dint of most careful navigation, gained the main road, and then got along without difficulty.

Such has been my worst experience of a London fog. It is not one of a very harrowing description; but still, when I reflect upon it, I invariably feel sorry that Fenimore Cooper never had the acuteness to place a Mohican or Delaware in a kindred position, for then I should consider myself as having, in at least this one microscopic particular, passed through a phase of the life heroic.

λαβυρίνθιός τις.





## THE CLOUD.

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BATHED in the glory of the west  
One cloud o'erhangs the couch of day,—  
Clinging, all wrinkled, grim and grey  
Upon the sunset's golden vest.

Ghost-like it hangs. Methinks it grieves  
Deserted of day's dying king;  
Sad, as the song the breezes sing  
To whirling dance of autumn leaves.

Pale spectre of a pleasure gone,  
Pale emblem of our mortal state  
Thou showest the sorrows that await  
Man's age. To wander grey and lone

Through darkening halls, that once were rife  
With clear-toned laugh and lofty song  
And Heaven's bright chariot rolled along  
From phase to phase of glowing life.

To tremble in a doubtful light  
'Twixt day and darkness, on the brink,  
To mark the last long beam, and sink  
Into the bosom of the night.

M. B.



## OUR CHRONICLE.

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THE object of the Chronicle of *The Eagle* is to record as simply and briefly as possible any information on past events which is likely to possess peculiar interest for the members of our College. Without any apology therefore for the disjointed character of his narrative, or for a brevity which places side by side class-lists and boat-club officers, church preferments and rifle-corps promotions, and in a word combines in these pages at once arms the toga and the oar, the Chronicler, imitating the style of the ancient annals, will simply put down fact after fact, in the hope that out of so many facts and all so different, some one at least may strike each reader's fancy.

To begin then by enumerating the successes attained by past or present Johnians; we have to congratulate Exeter for its gain, and to condole with Cambridge for its loss. The particulars of the appointment of the late Hulsean Professor to the Deanery of Exeter, and the high compliment with which it was accompanied, are two well known to require repetition here. Mr. Ellicott is succeeded in the Professorship by the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College.

Dr. Atlay, Vicar of Leeds, late Fellow and Tutor of this College, has been appointed to a Residentiary Canonry at Ripon.

The Rev. John Rigg, B.D., has been appointed to the Second Mastership of Shrewsbury School, and the Rev. H. G. Day to the Head-Mastership of Sedbergh. The late Head Master, the Rev. J. H. Evans, late Fellow of this College, retires through ill health from the post which he has ably occupied for twenty-three years.

The present vacancies of the Registry and the Professorship of Chemistry can scarcely be said to come under the head of Johnian intelligence, but as our College is not

unrepresented among the candidates\* for these offices, they may possibly, let us as true Johnians say probably, affect the interests of our society, and therefore the Chronicler may perhaps be pardoned for their insertion.

The following gentlemen have vacated Fellowships since the issue of our last Number :

The Rev. B. Williams, B.D.	The Rev. C. Elsie, M.A.
The Rev. W. F. Woodward, M.A.	The Rev. T. B. Rowe, M.A.
The Rev. J. F. Bateman, M.A.	The Rev. A. Holmes, B.A.
Mr. H. J. Roby, M.A.	Mr. W. Baily, B.A.
The Rev. W. T. Brodribb, M.A.	

The subjoined lists contain the names of those gentlemen who in their respective years succeeded last June in obtaining a first-class in the College Examination :

### Third Year.

Sephton.	Dinnis.	Williams.
Laing.	Whitworth.	Groves.
Main.	Taylor.	Fynes-Clinton.
Torry.	Jones.	Catton.

### Second Year.

Hockin.	Pooley.	{ Rees.
Stevens.	Cotterill.	{ Rounthwaite.
Rudd.	Warmington.	Austen.
Snowdon.	Falkner.	Johnson.

### First Year.

Stuckey.	Creeser.	Stobart.
Baron.	Clare.	{ La Mothe.
Archbold.	Meeres.	{ Lee-Warner.
{ Ewbank.	Tomkins.	{ Marsden, J. F.
{ Smallpeice.	{ Pearson.	{ Atherton.
{ Sutton.	{ Stuart.	{ Pharazyn.
Moss.	Tinling.	Reece.
Terry.	Hill.	{ Clay, E. K.
Horne.	Robinson.	{ Quayle.
Newton.	Wood.	

The following gentlemen were last June elected Scholars of the College :

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\* The Rev. S. Parkinson, Fellow and Prælector of this College, is a Candidate for the Registry, and Mr. G. D. Liveing, late Fellow and present Superintendent of the Laboratory, for the Professorship of Chemistry.

Third Year.

Fynes-Clinton, O.	Whitworth, W. A.
Gwatkin, T.	Catton, A. R.
Williams, H. S.	Dinnis, F. H.
Laing, J. G.	Sephton, J.
Spencer, D. H.	Torry, A. F.

Second Year.

Hockin, C.	Falkner, T. T.
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First Year.

Stuckey, J. J.

Messrs. Stevens, Rudd, Archbold, Sephton, Laing, Main, Jones, Bateman, Hockin, Stuckey, Burn, Groves, Ingram, Graves, J. D. Evans, Snowdon, Pooley, Cotterill, Ewbank, Sutton, Smallpeice, Moss, Cherrill, Warmington, and Berry were elected Exhibitioners.

Mr. J. C. Thompson has been elected to a legal Studentship on the Tancred Foundation.

The Minor Scholars were—

Mr. Cope, from Rugby School.

Mr. Roach, from Marlborough College.

Mr. K. Wilson, from Leeds Grammar School.

Mr. Wiseman, from Oakham Grammar School.

Messrs. Marshall, Cust, J. R. Wilson, Barlow and Watson were elected Exhibitioners.

Mr. H. C. Barstow and Mr. H. Beverley have passed their final examination for the Indian Civil Service; and Messrs. A. L. Clay, A. J. Stuart, F. W. J. Rees, and J. W. Best, the First Examination.

The total number of Freshmen hitherto entered on the College boards, amounts to about seventy.

In the year 1862 there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, besides the eight following Exhibitions:

Two of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships.

One of £40 per annum, tenable for four years.

One of £50 per annum, tenable for three years.

One of £40 per annum, tenable for three years.

One of £33 6s. 8d. per annum, tenable for three years.

One of £40 and one of £20, tenable for one year only.

The Examination of Candidates for the above-mentioned Scholarships and Exhibitions will take place on *Tuesday*, the 29th of April, 1862, at 9 A.M.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club are :—

1st Captain, T. E. Ash.	Secretary, J. R. W. Bros.
2nd Captain, C. C. Scholefield.	Treasurer, D. S. Ingram.
3rd Captain, J. H. Branson.	
4th Captain, F. W. J. Rees.	

Those of the Lady Somerset Boat Club are :—

1st Captain, Mr. A. T. R. D. Kennedy.
2nd Captain, Mr. J. F. Rounthwaite.
3rd Captain, Mr. W. P. Meres. Secretary, Mr. C. J. E. Smith.

An account of this term's boat races will be found on the cover of this number.

An antiquarian may take pleasure in remembering that from a time as far back as seven years ago the Lady Margaret has invariably rowed in the time-race of the four-oars.

A spirited race was rowed on the thirtieth of November last between two University Trial Boats. Messrs. Gorst and Alderson of the L.M.B.C., and Messrs. La Mothe and Stephenson of the L.S.B.C. were in the winning boat; Mr. Branson of the L.M.B.C. was in the losing boat.

On the second of November last, the new rifle-buttocks of the University Corps were opened, and a rifle challenge-cup, presented by the honorary Colonel of the Corps, the Prince of Wales. We regret to say that hitherto the number of recruits among the freshmen of this College has been but barely sufficient to maintain the credit of the Johnian Company, or requite the zeal and energy of its captain and officers.

The Rifle-Corps and the College alike, have to regret the absence of Sergeant Potts, who has been succeeded by Corporal Liveing.

The Prince of Wales' Challenge-Cup was shot for on the second of this month, and was gained by Private Ross of the Sixth Company. The competition was confined to six members of the Corps selected at a trial match; amongst this number were Corporal Marsden and Private Guinness, both of the Second (St. John's) Company.

Another fifth of November is past and gone, and has left behind it no details worthy the pen of the historian—even the historian of St. John's College. A few good blows were given and taken, a few gowns torn and caps lost, a few opportunities afforded for proctorial fortitude, a few butchers achieved a transitory but brilliant triumph—beyond this there took place nothing worthy of record. May the recorder's labour be as light next year.

# LIST OF BOAT RACES.

## THE FOUR OARS.

### NOVEMBER 11.

1 3rd Trinity	}	3 1st Trinity
2 Lady Margaret		4 Trinity Hall

### NOVEMBER 12.

1 Trinity Hall
2 1st Trinity
3 Lady Margaret

### NOVEMBER 13.

1 1st Trinity
2 Trinity Hall
3 Lady Margaret

### NOVEMBER 14.

#### *Time Race.*

1 Trinity Hall		2 1st Trinity		3 Lady Margaret
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A dead heat between Trinity Hall and 1st Trinity, Lady Margaret being 7 seconds behind.

## THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS.

### NOVEMBER 18.

1 Garfitt, 1st Trinity	}
2 Yearsley, 1st Trinity	
3 Dickinson, Lady Margaret	}
4 Gibbs, Christ's	
5 Pixell, 1st Trinity	}
6 Barker, Corpus Christi	
7 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity	}
8 Talbot, Trinity Hall	
9 Chambers, 3rd Trinity	

### NOVEMBER 19.

1 Garfitt, 1st Trinity	}
2 Pixell, 1st Trinity	
3 Chambers, 3rd Trinity	}
4 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity	
5 Dickinson, Lady Margaret	

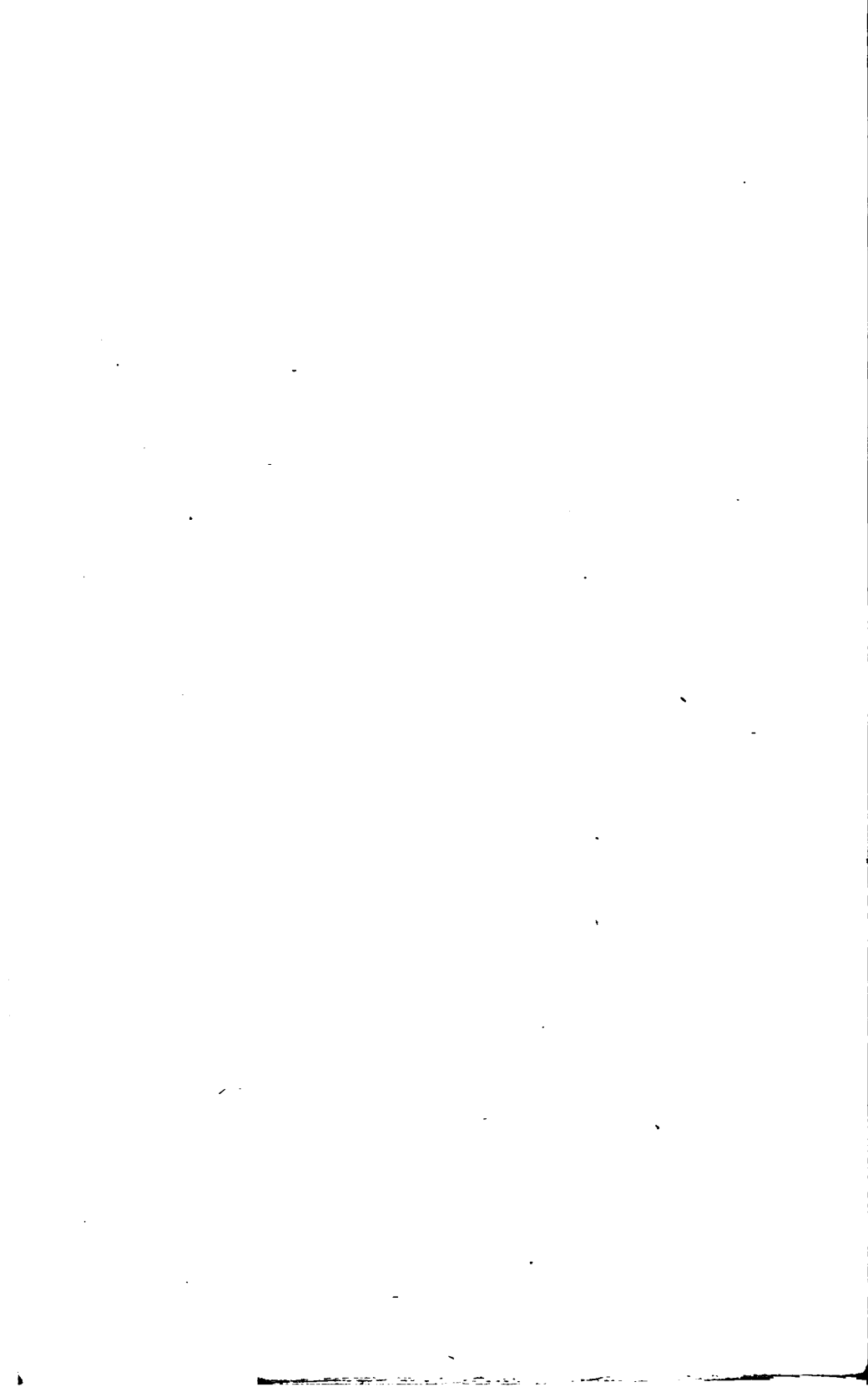
### NOVEMBER 20.

1 Dickinson, Lady Margaret	}
2 Pixell, 1st Trinity	
3 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity	

### NOVEMBER 21.

1 Pixell, 1st Trinity		2 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity
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Won by Hawkshaw by 11 seconds.





## NOTES, BRIEF, BUT MULTIFARIOUS, OF A WINTER IN MADEIRA.

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“WINTER in Madeira! all about diseased lungs, cod-liver-oil, respirators and hæmoptysis, I suppose: probably the writer, with but one lung and a bit, will take a miserably low and depraved view of all enjoyments, and give us a discourse on the ultimate advantage of early temperance and regularity. Who is to read such a melancholy article? But possibly it may be about wine, and if so, I withdraw my disparaging remarks, and will read it. In either case, it smacks strongly of consumption.”

Entirely wrong, my dear reader, you jump to conclusions in a manner, unbecoming a ‘practical’ Cantab, and even unpardonable in a member of St. John’s, the most attentive and successful worshipper at the shrine of the exact Sciences. Did you never hear of what you ‘might call, if you was anyways inclined,’ a tutor? and might not one, sound in lungs, reasonably spend some months in the balmy South in such a capacity? Might not the prospect of a warmer climate, and affection for that

‘Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast,’

not to mention a more substantial inducement, naturally combine to cause a B.A. to flit swallow-like and enjoy perpetual summer?—Then as to the wine, in 1852 a disease appeared which has almost entirely destroyed the cultivation of the grape, so that where formerly the yearly produce reached 25,000 pipes, now not a single pipe of Madeira, Malmsey, Bôal, Sercial or Tinta, is made fit for drinking.

But we must be off without further preliminaries, or we shall never traverse our 1300 miles of ocean. My



pupil (W), his mother, her maid, and my dog Joe (a neat sprinkling of possessive pronouns) were my voyage-companions; W also took a dog with him, a very old spaniel, but I omit him as he was not a favourite, and, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, (if he is not dead it is quite time he was). I was in fear and trembling as to the effect of the warm climate on Joe, and was strongly recommended to leave him at home; but the event proved the groundlessness of my anxiety, as he flourished amazingly: this I mention for the benefit of others in a similar position regarding pets. I hope I shall be forgiven for alluding to my dog, my excuse being that he is *almost* a Johnian, having often taken tea in various rooms in the New Court, without ever meeting with the cries that always greeted Crab of 'whip him out,' 'out with the dog,' 'whose cur is that?' or feeling the effects of a porter's wrath.

On Monday, October 8th, 1860, at 12 o'clock, we embarked on board the Sultan for Madeira, *viâ* Lisbon.

On first embarking, my nervous temperament received a severe shock, from which it took long to recover. A voice of authority was heard to call loudly, 'Give that dog to the butcher.' One look round was sufficient to prove the correctness of the agonizing thought that it was *my* dog who was to be treated in that barbarous manner. What cruelty! and what swindling! they had only just made me pay 15s for his passage and now were going to convert him into fresh provisions for the voyage. Imagine, if possible, my horror; there was no escape; the butcher persisted in having him, and all I could do was mentally to determine not to touch any meat pies till after we reached Lisbon. Fortunately however before my senses deserted me, I found that it was part of the butcher's duty to take charge of all live stock on board, and that I had no just cause for apprehension that Joe was about to meet with an untimely death. To Lisbon we had a very fast and prosperous voyage of three days twenty-one hours; the weather was fine, though rough in the Bay, and the 'Sultan,' a paddle wheel converted into a screw, famed for her rolling propensities, fully maintained her character. On Thursday morning we awoke in the lovely Bay of Vigo, having steamed in during the night for the purpose of landing mails; we took the opportunity of going on shore for an hour or so, and now talk of the time when we were in Spain. The same afternoon we touched at Oporto, and on Friday morning steamed up the Tagus. Here we paid our parting adieux to the 'Sultan,' and were introduced to a Portuguese Custom-House, badly managed

and extremely tiresome. On emerging from this place of torment, we were instantly surrounded by beggars, clamouring for alms, and insisting on calling us by the honorable title of Capitães (Captains.) Our commissioner settled these for us, and guided us to an hotel, and during our stay proved most useful. Lisbon did not impress us favourably, it was intensely hot, dirty, and crammed with beggars; so we were glad to escape. I should recommend all visitors to follow our example: visit S. Roque Church and that at Belem, Don Pedro and the Black Horse Squares, the Aqueduct and a few other celebrities, stroll up and down Gold and Silver streets, and then away to Cintra. It is a most dusty disagreeable drive of fourteen miles, but the reward is well worth the trouble. At Cintra is the summer residence of the king, and thither the nobility betake themselves when the warm weather sets in; the scenery is charming; a short range of rocky hills springs suddenly up from the plain without any apparent reason, the highest point being crowned with the Peña Convent. The climate is very different to that of Lisbon, and the relief of escaping from the baking streets to the cool luxuriant country is immense. Here we had an amusing excursion up the hills on donkeys, to see the Peña and Moorish Convents; we also visited the Palace, where the great joke is to induce visitors to enter a particular room, and then water them by touching a secret spring: 'at the magic touch of the guide,' small jets of water spurt out from numberless holes in the walls, and sprinkle the unwary to his intense astonishment. There is a capital hotel at Cintra, kept by a Mrs. Lawrence, who formerly was washerwoman to the English fleet at Lisbon; she chatters wonderfully, and will spin yarns for hours about any naval officer who was ever on the station. Our stay at Cintra lasted only from Monday to Wednesday: we had spent Sunday at Lisbon on account of the English Service; the Church is chiefly remarkable for its pretty cemetery thickly planted with cypresses, and for the dizzy height of its pulpit.

On Thursday, the 18th, we embarked on board the Portuguese sailing brig 'Galgo,' (Greyhound) of 248 tons. Our orders were to be ready for starting at 11 o'clock, A.M., and naturally we were not much behind time; but there was not a breath of wind, and we soon experienced the inconvenience of a sailing vessel: our only hope was to float down with the tide; this turned at 6, but as no ship is allowed to pass the bar at the mouth of the Tagus after sunset, it was

no use leaving our anchorage in the evening, and we were e'en obliged to wait until 6 o'clock the next morning for the second tide. The Custom-House officials having once seen us safely on board would not for a moment entertain the idea of letting us go on shore again, so we had the pleasure of passing eighteen hours in the little brig before we stirred. Even when we reached the open sea, matters did not much improve; we had nothing worthy of the name of breeze until we were very nearly at Madeira: at times we crept along at four or five knots, at other times we were quite still. Yet the weather being most delightful, we spent a very enjoyable time; and the sea being very smooth, we were not much troubled with sickness. The idiotic gambols of shoals of porpoises enlivened us, and the company of pretty little Mother Carey's chickens. We used to watch with great anxiety the catspaws coming across the sea, and hope they were the forerunners of the breeze, but were continually disappointed. However everything comes to an end, and so did our voyage; on the morning of Friday, the 26th, we sailed quietly into the Bay of Funchal; the weather was perfect, and our first view of our winter's home was charming; the lovely blue of the water, the light green of the young sugar-canes, the brilliant white of the houses, and the dark and lofty hills combined to produce a most favourable impression upon our minds, which a more familiar acquaintance did not destroy. We were soon on shore, and located at Miles' Boarding-house until we could meet with a private residence that would suit us; this we effected in a few days and then settled down comfortably for the winter.

Having now safely completed our voyage, and found ourselves once more on land, let us turn our thoughts to the position, history, &c., of our new home.

Madeira is situated between  $30^{\circ} 37'$  and  $32^{\circ} 47'$  North Latitude, and  $16^{\circ} 39'$  and  $17^{\circ} 16'$  West Longitude. It is about forty miles long, and thirteen broad, *i.e.*, about one-third larger than the Isle of Wight, and one-sixth less than the Isle of Man, but more thickly populated (population about 100,000) than either. The longer axis of the island lies almost due East and West, and is a ridge of mountains rising to 6062 feet, the highest point, Pico Ruivo, being nearly in the centre of the island; up to this central chain numerous deep ravines penetrate from both the North and South coasts. Funchal, the chief town, where all the English reside during the winter, faces the South; it con-

tains about 30,000 people of whom 600, equally divided between visitors and residents, are English.

For ordinary purposes, this account of the geography of Madeira will be sufficient; the ethnology will give us even less trouble. When it was first discovered by Zargo in 1419, the island was uninhabited, and we are thus saved the arduous inquiry as to the ancestral stock of the aborigines, whether their descent was from Hottentots, Patagonians, or Pelasgi (I place them alphabetically, not wishing to display any invidious partiality). There is a tradition which at first sight seems to contravene this fact of the island being uninhabited. Robert Machim and Anna d'Arfet eloped in 1846, preferring to meet the storms of the ocean rather than the lady's irate parent; in attempting to cross from Bristol to France they were driven by a violent storm which eventually landed them in Madeira, and when Zargo arrived at Machico (called after Machim)

Beneath four clustering orange-trees,  
A stone's throw from the surf,  
There rose a Cross of cedar-wood,  
And two fair graves of turf.

The question naturally arises 'who was the Sexton?' and we are inclined rashly to conclude that the island could not have been without inhabitants. However it is now generally believed that in some way unknown to the present race of man, they contrived to give *each other* decent burial. After drifting 1300 miles in an open boat, probably with a very scanty stock of provisions, nothing which they did need surprise us: possibly too, they came originally from Kilkenny.

I shall pass over the geology, natural history, and botany of Madeira; not from want of materials; for although I am not intimately acquainted with old Red Sandstone, the Miocene tertiary epoch, or even trap (except as it is connected with horses, rats, portmanteaus, and bat and ball,) nor do I know any more lengthy names for daddylonglegs or daffydowndilly, yet have I not a Hand-book to Madeira, which gives every particular of this and every other kind, which tells me that there are forty-one species of ferns in the island, thirty breeding birds, and sixty-eight stragglers, &c., &c.? But I dread the wrath of the other contributors to, and all the readers of the King of Birds, if I do not hasten onwards, and so hurry on at once to our employments.

And now a difficulty meets me; if I omit all mention of

work, some frequenter of the Senior Wranglers' walk or the Trumpington and Grantchester grind, will exclaim 'a lively tutor this, of whose employments work did not form a part.' Consequently, I mention it sufficiently to say that such inquirers must imagine the work; the secrets of the shop will not be disclosed; no one will be admitted behind the counter. I shall not say whether we made up doses of Euclid and Algebra, or whether we ventured on the stronger narcotics of Differential and Integral, or even whether I instructed my apprentice in the properties of the Osculating Plane, which seem to have taken so strong a hold upon the vivid, not to say voluptuous, imagination of a contributor to a late number of *The Eagle*. Our work which was a reality, must now exist only in imagination.

'Os Cavallos estão promptos, Senhori.' 'The horses are ready; come then, let's be off, and exhibit ourselves on the New Road.' This may perhaps require some slight explanation: saddle-horses are in great request in Madeira, for riding is the principal amusement of the Visitors, and the New Road is the only part of the island where a comfortable canter can be obtained. All the other roads are paved with cobbles, and most of them are very steep, whereas the Caminho Novo, or New Road, has been lately made for the express purpose of affording a good place for horse exercise: it is very like an ordinary English Road, only more dusty, and is two miles and a-half long; in the afternoons it is very lively, for it is the Rotten Row of Funchal, and from four to six the fashion takes its airing. Horses are hired by the month for thirty dollars (about six guineas); this includes keep and an especial attendant to each horse: these attendants are known by the name of burriqueiros (lit: donkey-drivers): they are a fine, active and clean race, who mostly smatter English to a certain extent: they are always in attendance on their horses, accompanying them wherever they may be taken; they keep up wonderfully, and in going up-hill hold on by the horses' tails. It is very rarely that they are left behind, except by Middies, whose first amusement on reaching land is to get a horse and gallop off to the Curral; the burriqueiros are then at times obliged to give in, but no one to whom it is of any importance in what kind of condition his horse is on the following day, will ever find his burriqueiro far away. They are most useful for holding the horses, for guiding strangers in excursions, and more especially for shoeing the horses or putting in fresh nails, when requisite; they always carry with them up the hills a spare

horse-shoe, some nails, and other necessary implements. There are not many four-wheel carriages in Madeira, owing to the steepness of the roads; but besides riding, the other means of conveyance are bullock-cars, palanquins, and hammocks.

Almost our daily employment was riding on the New Road; this was varied by occasional excursions to Camacha. Cama de Lobos, Campanaria, or the Curral; by three cricket-matches, a boat-race, and other amusements, of some of which I will give a short account presently. A military band used to play once a week in the Praça, the public walks in the centre of the town, and a subscription was raised for the purpose of inducing it to perform on Tuesdays at the beginning of the New Road; this proved a great attraction, for numbers of people used to collect to hear the band, and take canters between the tunes.

Memories of the past crowd so thickly upon me, that I hardly know which is to have the precedence: suppose we give the signal for the boats. The origin of our boat-race was this: the residents challenged the visitors to row a four-oared race on the day of the Regatta; the course to be from the landing-stage round the buoy and back. We naturally accepted the challenge, though, owing to the fact that the majority of the visitors were at Madeira for the benefit of their health, and could not venture to row a race beneath a broiling sun, the difficulty of getting a crew together was almost insurmountable; we had numerous changes, from laziness, illness, &c., and even when I went down to row in the race, I actually did not know who was going to take the bow-oar. However the race did come off, and moreover, under the eyes of the whole *élite* of Funchal; the *natural* result was, that the boat in which I was rowing stroke was not triumphant. Our opponents were accustomed to row in the sea, and together; we were accustomed to neither; our boat was what the Captain of the Lady Margaret would very possibly call an Ark, and the oars. . . . ; then what is a man to do, when during the race he puts on a spirt, and No. 3 requests him not to row so fast, as he can't keep it up? Never mind, at my time of life one has long since got used to being beaten; besides, we had the fun of it, and the exercise of rowing over the course every morning for a fortnight at 7 o'clock, was something most charming. But the grand consolation was the way in which we took the change out of the residents at Cricket; here I for one, felt more at home, and as it was not so great an exertion, it was easier to induce men to take part in a cricket-match than in a boat-

race; the result was, visitors one hundred and twenty-two, residents, fifty-two and twenty-eight; and the revenge was sweet, the only drawback being, that the cricket-match did *not* take place under the eyes of the fair beauties of Madeira. Our other matches were (1) against the crews of the 'Gorgon and Firebrand,' which had lately steamed into the bay; and (2) against the crews of the 'Victoria and Albert,' and 'Osborne,' when they came to escort the Empress of Austria to Trieste; we were victors in both, as we expected, and as is usually the case where the enemy wear blue-jackets. The ground is good for the part of the world, and beautifully situated, about eight miles from Funchal, and three thousand feet above the sea; it is at Camacha where the English residents spend their summer, and although so far away, we used to get a fair sprinkling of spectators, the rides there and back being very attractive and amusing.

The second highest accessible peak in Madeira is Pico Ariero; I chose a fine day and ascended it without a guide, my only companions being Joe and W's dog; it is generally thought impossible to take long walks in the island, owing to the peculiar climate, and for my rashness I earned the reputation of being a lunatic; luckily I have no fortune, or this might be made a strong case before Mr. Commissioner Warren. I was well repaid for my trouble, and succeeded to the astonishment of all in reaching the right peak. I was closely cross-questioned on my descent as to the peculiar features of the mountain and the general style of the scenery, and convinced the most unbelieving that I had really accomplished the ascent.

Another variety in the monotony of our life, was a picnic to the Achada at Campanaria; all went on horseback, with the exception of two less youthful ladies who preferred hammocks. The ride occupied about four hours, as we made a slight détour to visit Cabo Girão, a cliff of nineteen hundred feet rising perpendicularly from the sea. We were saved the usual trouble of picnics, that of providing the refreshments and necessary etceteras; Mr. Payne, the factotum of the English, provision-dealer and everything-seller, took all this responsibility, and when we reached the Achada, we found that every requisite had been brought up on mules. I have not space to give any description of our ride through the chesnut woods, but possibly you may find something to suit in G. P. R. James, about prancing steeds, young cavaliers, and gaily-habited ladies. Omitting this and other particulars of our picnic, I must hasten on to give but a rapid

outline of two trips I made to the north of the island, each lasting three days; of the numbers of English who spend the winter in Madeira, few ever visit the north; it is too cold for invalids, the weather is too variable and the journey too fatiguing, so that not more than three or four parties are generally made up each season; my first trip was made with one lady and four gentlemen, and the weather was perfect; in the second I had only one companion, and we got twice wet through in three days. I shall do little more than just mention the names of the places we visited, for the benefit of those who have already been to Madeira, and those who intend to visit it. First day,—to Mount Church, the Poizo, Pico di Suma, Lamoçeiros, and Porta di Cruz; the view of the Penha d' Aguia as we descended the Lamoçeiros is never to be forgotten; this immense rock, called the Eagle's Wing, rises perpendicularly from the sea to a height of nearly two thousand feet, and extending inland for about a quarter of a mile, with its outline nearly horizontal, suddenly drops again almost as perpendicularly as it rose out of the sea. The effect of this huge wall facing you as you descend to Porta di Cruz is most grand and unique. Second day,—to Fayal, the Cortade, and St. Anna; as soon as we had passed the Cortade, we struck inland and walked into the very centre of the island, our object being to visit the entire length of the Fayal Levada. The Levadas are water-courses which bring supplies of water from the very heart of the mountains, and by them the whole system of irrigation is managed; water is very valuable, and each owner of land has his particular days or portions of days in the year, during which the Levada is turned on to his property, while it is stopped back from that of others. The right to a supply of water is strictly looked after, and each Levada is under the management of a committee; the Fayal Levada is the largest in the island, it commences under Pico Ruivo (the highest mountain), and is built along the face of the cliff for a distance of two or three miles, where it reaches the open country. The walk along it is magnificent, through the finest scenery of the island; the only footpath is the outer ledge of the Levada, sixteen inches wide, and at times there is a sheer precipice beneath of four hundred or five hundred feet; this is rather alarming at first, but the top of the wall being very smooth and level, the walking is easy, and one soon gets accustomed to the position. We slept at St. Anna, and here in the Visitors' Book we found these lines, with the signature of an eminent scholar:



Venimus huc, vernos cum spirans blanda per agros  
 Panderet aura tuas, Insula dives, opes :  
 Venimus, et scopulos requievimus inter et umbras,  
 Egimus et lætos non sine sole dies.  
 O fortunatos, quæis sors hic degere vitam,  
 Inque tuo, felix terra, jacere sinu !  
 'Hic præsens Deus est' loquitur Natura : jugorum  
 Culmina respondent, 'Hic manifestus adest.'

A few pages farther on, in the same book, there were some lines in answer by a late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's, but they were much longer, and I was too tired to take the trouble to copy or even translate them. I say the trouble, not from any disparagement to the learned languages, but simply on account of my own ignorance. I never took kindly to foreign tongues, and I don't remember ever being an ancient Roman ; probably Sir Cæsar would know, and if I should happen to meet him, I would make the inquiry ; unfortunately, however, it may be difficult to discover him, for he may be anybody now ; perhaps he may inhabit the frail humanity of the Prime Minister of Honolulu. Instead of reading Latin, we settled down to a sleepy game of Whist, in which we were joined by our host Accaioli, a very pleasant and lively little man, who chattered French most glibly, which was more than some, at least one, of our party did. Third day,—we started at 5 o'clock for the summit of the island, Pico Ruivo, where we left a bottle (having indulged in Bass), with the names of the pedestrians, including Joe, secreted in a cavity, (I ought to have mentioned that the lady and one of the gentlemen would not venture upon this long day's work, and went home in hammocks by the direct road); then on by a desperate path, which is impassable for horses or hammocks, and very seldom traversed by English, to the Torrinhas, then down into the Curral and so to Funchal, this took us fourteen hours. The Curral, which is one of the principal lions of Madeira, is a narrow valley inclosed by walls of nearly two thousand feet, situated in the centre of the island. From the summit of Pico Ruivo we could discern the sea the whole way round, with the exception of two very small parts where the Torres and Pico Ariero hid it.

Our second trip was by boat to Calheta ; second day to the falls of Rabaçal, over the desolate Paúl da Serra, to St. Vicente ; third day along the north coast to Ponta Delgada, then inland over the pass of Boa Ventura, generally considered the grandest in the island, into the Curral, and so home.

I have long exceeded the space which I at first allotted myself, and must therefore leave out all mention of Ribeiro Frio, the Metade Valley, and other celebrities. I must omit to describe the manufactures of the island, such as inlaid wood, baskets and needlework; I must forbear to do more than hint at the extraordinary head-dress of the natives, like an inverted wine-strainer with a very long tube, which will never remain on an Englishman's head, and is probably only kept in its place by *capillary* attraction; I must leave to your imagination our very pleasant voyage home in the 'Derwent,' from the 16th to the 25th of May; our games at whist, chess, draughts, &c.; the jokes that were made, the riddles that were asked, and the happy good temper that seems to cling to everything and everybody connected with the sea; but yet before my dog and I bow our adieux, I must not omit strongly to advise any one in want of a pleasant tour to go to Madeira. I imagine you to be an incepting B.A., with enough spare cash for a six weeks' trip, and a need of some refreshing voyage after the Great Go; the mountains of Switzerland, the Fiords of Norway are closed to you by the time of year; then go to Madeira, take the packet of the 24th from Liverpool, this will reach the island by the 1st; a whole month will be well spent in seeing all that is to be seen, and the return packet from Africa will touch to take you home about the 1st or 2nd of the following month, landing you safely in England about six weeks after your departure. Perhaps you dread the sea-voyage, you would 'sicken o'er the heaving wave;' nothing more probable, although I don't mean in the least to imply that you are a 'luxurious slave;' but don't be alarmed, you will soon get over that, and then really enjoy the sea; a sound and healthy sleep, a fierce appetite will testify to the good the voyage is doing you after the trials of a hard Examination.

To those who have waded through these notes, I return my thanks for their patience, and hope they are not much fatigued; and feelingly drink to 'absent friends and I wish they were nearer,' the oft repeated but most hearty toast of

THE VERY OLD MAN OF MADEIRA.



## OUR COLLEGE FRIENDS.

(*Second Group.*)

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"— But you have climbed the mountain's top, there sit  
On the calm flourishing head of it;  
And whilst, with wearied steps, we upward go,  
See us and clouds below."—(*Cowley*).

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### I. CHAUCER.

QUIET in watch when all the board's astir  
With song and jest, when the wine freely flits  
From hand to hand, as combating in wits  
Each boon confrère unveils his character;  
Cheered by bright eyes that still demurely spur  
The flagging gallantries; he, as befits  
Some youthful vestal, there serenely sits,  
A guileless-hearted, silent listener:  
And, as the Pilgrimage of life wends on,  
Nor fails to read the soul, and prize the flower,  
Nor truckles to the proud, nor tramples down  
The bruised reed; but aye in court or bower,  
In field, or student's cell, or crowded town,  
Is unperturbed and true,—equal to every hour.

### II. SPENSER.

What on thy vision breaks, as thou dost peer  
Through the dark forest, where the gnarled trees  
Are intertwined with changeful phantasies,  
And sun-glints deck the turf and tangled brere?  
The saintly Una with her lion near  
Seest thou, O SPENSER!—with heart ill at ease,  
And golden tresses waving in the breeze,  
She moves, yet lingers—the lost voice to hear?  
There knightly forms crusading against wrong,  
And wanton fauns and donjon-walls arise,  
And dames of peerless charms thy visions throng;  
Dread spells of magic, bowers of Paradise,  
From faëry realms the gorgeous masque prolong:  
Nor scorns Religion's self to don the sweet disguise.

III. SHAKSPERE.

Early I saw thee,—in my boyish dream,—  
Circled with friends, king of that glorious throng,  
Sportive with laughter, crowned by jest and song  
In Mermaid Tavern; saw thee 'neath the gleam  
Of moonlight, seeking Avon's hallowed stream,  
Where fairies dance and revelry prolong :—  
Again, in riper age, I view thee; strong  
And calm in wisdom thou dost ever seem;  
With thoughts that pierce the heavens, with deathless love  
And sympathy for all; the mild sad gaze  
That would with mercy even vice reprove;  
Prizing all threads of good with life enwove:  
Serene, unhurt by plaudits or dispraise,  
With healing touch the world's heart thou dost move.

IV. MILTON.

A lonely student, rapt in antique dreams  
Of, heathen sages, loving cloistered aisles,  
O'er-lacing thickets, ivy-mantled piles  
And mystic haunts of fays by woodland streams;  
Pensive, pure-hearted, lovely, ere the schemes  
Of a harsh world banished his youthful smiles,  
Such MILTON was,—ere from unseen Greek isles  
And Poets' bliss recalled by Faction's screams.  
Yet lonelier, still unstained, when years of toil  
Have quenched those eyes; else neither adverse time  
Nor household grief could 'bate the midnight oil:  
The Patriot yields, but to a heavenly clime  
The Poet soars, viewing God's angels foil  
Satanic hosts—and Paradise becomes his theme sublime.

V. BURNS.

True manhood speaking in that fearless eye—  
That foot pressed on his native sod, whose flower  
His verse embalms, with gentleness and power,  
He stood before us in his majesty,  
Simple and brave and loving; the free sky  
Of Scotland smiling through the summer shower  
Had sprinkled sun-lit tears on Doon-side bower,  
And wakened on his lip fresh melody.  
Nature's pure joys, that haunt the fields and hills  
Where lowly men have laboured, 'void of blame,  
He sang—and blithely, as a wild bird trills:  
While servile Greed, Hypocrisy, and Shame,  
Shrank from his scorn, and yet his voice instils  
Affection and Content, wherever rings his name.

## VI. BYRON.

Than few less noble, and than few less proud,  
 A sad, lone spirit on the shores of Time,  
 Gazing with dauntless eye on themes sublime,  
 Yet quailing at the murmurs of a crowd ;  
 Gifted with all to mortal race allowed,  
 Yet dragged to earth, fitter to soar than climb,—  
 To dwell with gods, than act the praise-bought mime,  
 Loathing the self-wrought chain 'neath which he bowed :  
 On the sea-shore he stands, the winds' caress  
 Lifting the curls from off his brow, the foam  
 Kissing his feet as the waves onward press ;  
 But far across the blue Greek isles doth roam  
 That wistful gaze of deep unhappiness :  
 One who had life-long sought, but ne'er had found, a Home.

## VII. SHELLEY.

With dreams and whispering of oracles,  
 Faces reflected round thine own within  
 The glassing lake, the Muses sought to win  
 Thy heart, O star-eyed SHELLEY, in their spells :  
 Like Hylas to the river-nymphs, up-wells  
 Thy love to ministrants so fair, no sin  
 Suspected in the beauties that begin  
 To lure thee from where manly duty dwells.  
 Yet, soon the wild-wood echoes cease to hymn  
 Contentment to thy soul, and though ye cling  
 To Virtue, grief and wrong thy visions dim ;  
 Nature is mute when thou wouldst worship bring,  
 Mistaking her for God : while Seraphim  
 And saints would train thy voice His praise to sing.

## VIII. WALTER SCOTT.

Haunting the mouldering towers of feudal time,  
 Tracing their records, long obscured or lost ;  
 Decyphering quaintest legends, gravestones mossed  
 In lonely glen, old ballads where the rhyme  
 Of wandering minstrel told of love and crime,  
 Sere parchments that revealed how at the cost  
 Of peace and honour, by mischances crossed,  
 Ambitious men to power had dared to climb :  
 We see him !—mirth and shrewdness in his eye,  
 Warm human love and fellowship with all,  
 From courtliest knight to lowliest peasantry :  
 One whom misfortune's shocks could not appal,  
 Though they might shatter,—who in honesty  
 Toiled onward, brave and honoured in his fall.

“ J. W. E.”



## HOW TO DEAL WITH THE BUCOLIC MIND.

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### No. II. *Village Clubs.*

IN my last paper I spoke of Village Schools as the first means of influencing and improving the Bucolic Mind. Village *Clubs* of many different kinds, will, if judiciously managed, prove most useful agencies in following up that improvement, and I shall in the course of this paper mention one or two clubs that may attract those younger members of a country Parish, who have only just become too old to be under the humanizing influence of the National School. I of course allude to lads between the ages of thirteen and twenty.

The word "Club," to begin in the approved style with an attempt at definition, has a different meaning in almost every class of English Society. The "man about town" talks of "his Club" meaning thereby "the United Service," the "Carlton," or the "Oxford and Cambridge."—The country clergyman talks of his Clerical Society and Book Club.—The St. John's man prides himself on belonging to the Lady Margaret Boat Club, and if he meets a fellow-undergraduate in the country, enquires if he is "in the Club." The village labourer speaks of being "on his Club" when he is ill, and "off his Club" when restored to health. In fact there is something in the very idea of a *Club* that suits the English mind, and harmonizes with its notions. There is something very attractive to our countrymen in that uniting together for a common cause, that combination of free and independent persons to promote their own profit or pleasure, which makes sturdy plain-spoken merry England a country of clubs. Whether it be for pleasure, or profit,—and of course it will be "profit" in its best sense that this paper will chiefly deal with,—I think that the country clergyman or squire will do well to promote the formation of Village Clubs. And I think it will be universally admitted that if

any society of persons constantly remember the uncertainty of life, and the changeableness of men's characters and dispositions, common sense will suggest habits of self-reliance. Common sense will teach the inhabitants of an English village that they ought not to habituate themselves to lean upon any *one* person, whether it be the Squire or the Rector, but that they ought to encourage that feeling which leads men, after asking God's blessing on their own individual exertions, to strengthen their position still further, not by seeking the protection of any one person, but by combining, with those of their own rank, for mutual assistance and support. In entering into such combinations there is no sacrifice of independence. There is indeed an apparent sacrifice of freedom of action, for of course so long as a man is a member of a club he must obey its laws, but then it must be remembered that he has a voice in framing those laws, and moreover he can free himself at any time by leaving the society.

The first kind of club on which I will remark shall be the *Benefit Club*, the village society for mutual assistance. These clubs have many fantastic names, but whether they be "Odd Fellows;" "Ancient Druids;" "Foresters;" "Rechabites;" "Crimson Oaks," or the like, their professed object is, the relief of members or their relatives in times of sickness or old age, the payment of funeral expences for a member or his wife, the assistance of members when travelling in search of work, and various similar objects.

The "Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows" is the most extensive Friendly Society in the world, and I think the Clubs or Lodges connected with it, are the most sound and solvent of any Village Benefit Clubs, though there is no reason why other clubs should not be equally secure *if they are properly enrolled and certified*. These two terms "enrolled" and "certified" are often supposed to be identical, but there is an important difference between them. An enrolled *and* certified society is one registered so as to be under the protection of the law, and governed by rules which an Actuary has declared to be sound, *i.e.* that the payments into the club bear a proper proportion to the probable payments out.

A Society "enrolled" but not "certified" is under the protection of the law, but its rules may be so faulty as to ensure a certain break-up before long. A Society neither enrolled nor certified, places its funds at the mercy of any designing knave who may have the key of the strong box, or

if their funds are in the hands of any honest though unfortunate man who becomes bankrupt, they can only claim a *share* of his estate with the other creditors, instead of being entitled to have the whole of their money returned *first*. Mr. Hardwicke in his valuable work on Friendly Societies gives the five following conditions of security, which he considers to be essential :

1. The rates of contribution for the assurance of any specified benefit must be determined from a knowledge of average liability, and not by benevolent impulse, or capricious and fortuitous legislation.

2. If these institutions are to be founded upon equitable as well as upon secure principles, the rates of monthly or other payment for each benefit promised must be graduated in accordance with the ages of members at the time of entrance, or an equivalent initiation fee must be paid to compensate for equality of periodical contribution.

3. The number of members over which the joint liability extends must, not in name only, but *de facto*, be sufficiently large to ensure a reasonable approximation to a working average of liability.

4. Legislative protection to the funds, and their regular and judicious investment.

5. A quinquennial or other periodical revision or investigation of the state of the assets and liabilities, with a view to the adjustment of any irregularity which the preceding conditions may have failed to provide for.

Of course it is impossible within my present limits to prove by actual argument the necessity of these five points. I simply give my authority for them, and I hope this paper may have the practical effect of inducing those among my readers, who have the means and opportunity, to do what they can to support any well-ordered benefit-club not only with their money but with their advice.

One great evil to be spoken against is the prevalent habit of meeting every month at the public-house, especially where, instead of renting a room, the club pay the landlord by consuming a fixed amount of beer. For instance, in a village I am well acquainted with, it is the custom of an "Odd Women's" club to have a certain quantity of beer up every lodge-night: those present to divide it among themselves. Some of them indeed take jugs, and carry home their share to their husbands, but I am told that many, who have no husbands, drink it all themselves, and in consequence behave very *oddly*, to say the least of it. I think there is no doubt



that though the village publican may very properly be employed to provide the dinner at the Anniversary, the monthly meetings for payments, &c., ought to be held either in the school-room or in some public room or building. I should like to see in all large villages and small towns a neat "Odd Fellows' Hall" for this purpose, and it might be most useful for many other purposes, *e.g.*, a reading-room, adult school, or mechanics' institute. A room of this sort would be very useful for a club, such as we established last year in my late Parish, and which, for want of a better name, we called a "*Young Men's Evening Club*." Its object was, to provide "three evenings a-week the use of a well-warmed and well-lighted room, newspapers and periodicals of various kinds; fire-side games of skill, such as chess, draughts, &c., together with improvement in general knowledge, by means of classes and occasional Lectures." Chess soon took a decided lead among the games, and I think our three boards were always in use. We concluded our season early in March, with a sale amongst the members of the periodicals that had accumulated, and the other fragile property of the club. The competition was very spirited and amusing; and one of the chess-boards sold for a penny more than it cost when new. The proceeds of the sale, and some donations from honorary members, amounting to about two pounds, enabled us to wind up in a solvent state, though our ordinary members had only paid sixpence entrance and one penny a-week.

In the summer-time most of our members joined the village *Cricket Club*. This is an institution which the clergyman of a country parish may support, I am sure, with great advantage, and he may do much good by joining in the game and in a friendly match with a neighbouring village, *provided he can play sufficiently well to avoid making a fool of himself*. Take the hint, my undergraduate friend, and make good use of the advantages offered you by the St. John's Cricket Club!

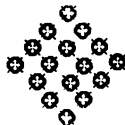
The principles on which we managed the cricket club were the same that we observed in keeping up our other "village clubs." We required a small subscription from each member; a Committee of management was elected annually; and no respectable person was excluded on any sectarian grounds. Our motto was "self-support, self-management, and freedom from party." On these principles we kept up our "*Rural Library*." A Committee of management—amongst whom were small farmers, shop-

keepers, and labouring men—were chosen annually at the Anniversary Festival; and the new books were from time to time decided on, at a committee meeting, out of a quantity obtained on approval by the Secretary. Our aim was to introduce standard works of every variety, religious and secular, avoiding only books of religious controversy, and any whose price exceeded five or six shillings. As a sample of our books, I may mention "Blunt's Reformation," "English Hearts and Hands," "Settlers in Canada," "The Power of Prayer," "Historical Sketches," "Pickwick Papers," and "Ten Thousand a Year."

At our Anniversary meeting in January, after the indispensable "Public Tea" (tickets 7d. each), we had a musical performance, vocal and instrumental, by village amateurs, and various addresses from friends of the institution.

The last kind of club I will mention is the village "*Clothing Club*," the object of which is to collect a small weekly payment from each member, and at the end of the year to provide clothing according to the amount received. The treasurer will, of course, add a small bonus to each deposit, if he is able, either from his own purse or by the assistance of charitable parishioners.

"J. F. B."





## A FEW WORDS ABOUT SOME OF THE EARLIEST INHABITANTS OF EUROPE.

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THERE appear to be four stages through which a nation would naturally pass, in its progress from a state of barbarism to one of civilization. In the first, its cutting tools and weapons would be formed from the stones lying about, without the aid of any metal. In the next, some metal would be used, probably copper, which occurs not rarely in its native state and the ores of which are conspicuous and readily smelted. After this the copper would be hardened by some amalgam, such as tin, and then bronze\* would come into general use; and finally the dull, unpromising ores of iron would be made to yield up their treasures, and supplant all the other materials. Through such a progression most of the European nations have passed. In many parts of Europe relics of two of the first three ages are abundant, and tell us somewhat of those ages of stone† and bronze on which history is silent. My object in the following paper is to give a brief account of the chief facts that have up to this time been discovered about these periods. I make, of course, no claim to originality; I have but put together the facts which have been collected by others—still I trust that the reader may feel some interest in the story of an age, unknown to history, and not be sorry to gratify it without the trouble of hunting through the volumes of Transactions of various Societies from which my information is mainly derived.

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\* In the bronze found in Europe there are generally about nine parts of copper to one of tin. There is, however, considerable variation in the proportions of the metals.

† No distinct trace of an age of copper is found in Europe; the race that brought the bronze appear to have discovered it before their emigration (probably from the east). Instruments of copper have been found in Hindustan.

Three districts in Europe have especially supplied us with information upon the stone age—the north-west of France, Denmark, and Switzerland. I shall consider them separately, because there does not appear to have been any immediate connexion between the inhabitants of these three localities.

The history of the discovery of what are probably the earliest relics of man in Europe, affords a useful lesson to enquirers. From time to time, during the last twenty years, rude stone instruments have been found in caverns and other places, associated with the bones of animals, supposed to have become extinct long before the appearance of the human race. For some time these facts were very generally neglected or scouted, as being so little in accordance with the theories commonly received. At last, however, Mons. Boucher de Perthes announced that he had discovered instruments, wrought from flints, lying in strata apparently undisturbed, and associated with the bones of extinct animals. The most searching examination, conducted by the most competent persons, has fully confirmed the accuracy of his statement, and the following are some of the results that have been arrived at. The wrought flints have been discovered in several places along the valley of the Somme, in some cases twenty feet below the present surface of the ground, and covered by two distinct deposits.\* There is not the slightest evidence that the surrounding earth has been in any way disturbed since they were buried; the localities are in some cases ninety feet above the Somme, and one hundred and sixty feet above the sea; with the instruments are found the bones of *Elephas primigenius*, *Rhinocerus tichorhinus*, *Bos primigenius* and other extinct mammals. Several species of fresh-water shells are also found and a few marine. The in-

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	<i>Average thickness.</i>
* Section (1) Brown brick earth (many old tombs and some coins) no organic remains	10 to 15 ft.
(2) Marl and sand with land and fresh-water shells, mammal bones and teeth occasionally	
(3) Coarse subangular flint gravel, remains of shells as above. Teeth and bones of elephants, &c. Flint instruments	2 to 8 ft.
(4) Uneven surface of chalk strata.	
	6 to 12 ft.

struments\* vary considerably in size, perhaps the commonest are about three or four inches long, two wide, and one thick;—there appears to be about three distinct types.—They are very rudely fashioned, but in some cases considerable pains have been taken in their manufacture. The surface is left chipped and rough, without any attempt at producing a level edge or surface, but even to do what has been done must have been no easy task when metals were unknown. There cannot be the slightest doubt that they are the work of man.

Besides the above named place they have also been found in various spots in the vallies of the Seine and Oise. France, however, is not the only country where they have occurred; they were discovered at Hoxne, in Suffolk, so long ago as 1797, associated with large bones (probably of *E. primigenius*), but the discovery did not meet with the general attention it deserved. The place, however, has been recently visited and some more have been obtained.† Specimens were also found in 1858 in a cave at Brixham, Devonshire, mingled with the bones of extinct animals. In France also a human jaw and a separate tooth were met with in a similar position in a cave at Arcy;‡ and in a cave at Massah,|| three feet below the surface, on which lay a bed of cinders containing fragments of pottery, an iron dagger, and two Roman coins, was another bed of cinders and charcoal containing an arrowhead of bone and two human teeth, together with bones of the Tiger or Lion, *Hyæna* (*H. spelæa*), Bear (*Ursus spelæus*), &c. Marks have been noticed in bones of extinct animals collected in different parts of France, which appear to have been made by sawing them with a sharp stone.§

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\* There are now a good number of specimens in England. Three (presented by the late Professor Henslow) in the possession of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. Some very fine specimens are in Jermyn Street Museum, London; and there was a magnificent series exhibited at the Crystal Palace last summer.

† Since the above was written I have read an account of the discovery of some of these flint weapons in Bedfordshire, and seen one found near Burwell in Cambridgeshire.

‡ Between Chalons-sur-Maine and Troyes, Department de l'Aube.

|| In the department of Ariege, Pyrenees.

§ Since writing the above my attention has been called to a paper in the *Natural History Review*, No. V., giving an account of a cave at Aurignac, Haute Garonne, in which human skeletons were

These are the principal facts at present known about this early race of men. We have not as yet sufficient data to enable us to speculate on their history and antiquity. For the present we must be content to wait till more facts are accumulated. We are, however, I think justified in asserting that, either changes, far greater than have hitherto been imagined, have taken place in the configuration and fauna of Europe during the last six thousand years; or that the period during which man is popularly believed to have existed on the globe is much too short.

The race which I take next in order seems, so far as we can judge from its remains, to occupy an intermediate position in civilization (and possibly in antiquity) between the one I have just described and that which I shall mention last. Its chief haunt, so far as we at present know, was the coasts of Denmark; and our two great sources of information are the tumuli and kjökkenmöddinger. Their skeletons lie buried beneath the former in chambers formed of huge slabs. They are in a sitting posture with their hands crossed on their breasts; buried with them are found axes and other weapons of stone, but no trace of bronze or iron. The kjökkenmöddinger (*anglice*, kitchen middens) are heaps of shells, the refuse cast out from their huts, mixed with bones of fish, birds, and quadrupeds, among which are found stone axes and other weapons. There is some difference between the weapons that have as yet been found in these heaps and those from the tumuli. The former are rude and unpolished, the latter have been carefully finished off by polishing them on a whetstone. This difference, though remarkable, is susceptible of explanation, and indeed future exploration may shew that the law does not hold universally.

The Savants, who have examined these relics of a bygone age, have come to the conclusion that there once dwelt on the shores of the Danish Archipelago a race of men of short stature, round heads, and overhanging brows, resembling in appearance the Laps of the present day; that they lived on shell-fish, fish and such birds and quadrupeds as they could obtain by hunting; that they did not possess any of the metals, were ignorant of the cultivation of cereals, and had no domestic animal except the dog. Two

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found with the bones of *Ursus spelæus*, *Felis spelæa*, *Hyæna spelæa*, *Elephas primigenius*, *Rhinocerus tichorinus*, *Megaceros hibernicus*, and other animals no longer existing in Europe.

of the birds whose bones have been found are worth special notice; one is the great Auk (*alca impennis*) which is now extinct in Denmark, and so nearly so in the world that a specimen commands a very large price.\* The other is the capercaillie (*Tetrao urogallus*) still common in Norway. The occurrence of this bird is very interesting because it gives some slight clue to the antiquity of the remains; it feeds on the buds of the pine, consequently, during the stone age, Denmark must have been covered with pine forests. Now in the peat bogs are found hollows which have been filled up by the trunks of trees which once grew round them, and when dead fell into them. These trunks belong to three kinds of trees; the lowest are pines of great size, and tall in proportion to their diameter, shewing that the country was densely covered by them; above them lie oaks; and above them are beeches which flourish in Denmark in the present day. Stone instruments are found among the pines, bronze among the oaks, and iron among the beeches. Since the stone age the pines have been replaced by oaks and these again by beeches, which last were flourishing there at least eighteen hundred years ago; we, therefore, may fairly suppose that the stone age cannot have concluded much less than three thousand years ago, and possibly belongs to a still more remote period.

Lastly, we come to the stone age of Switzerland. This I consider last in order, not so much because I think it of necessity more modern than that last named, but because the links uniting it to the historic period are less broken here than elsewhere. The relics found in the Swiss lakes tell us of three distinct periods during which stone, bronze, and iron were respectively used by the occupants of the country. Before examining into the testimony of these remains I will briefly describe the manner of their discovery. In the winter of 1853-4 the waters of the lake of Zurich were much below their ordinary level; a number of black waterworn stumps were observed projecting out of the mud thus left exposed, among which lay hearthstones, calcined by fires long ago extinguished, fragments of charcoal, broken bones, weapons and other instruments.

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\* The last specimens were killed at Eldey, a small island near the S.W. corner of Iceland, in 1844. Since then there has not been any well authenticated instance of its occurrence. See an interesting paper in the *Ibis*, Vol. III., p. 374.

The hint thus given was not neglected; search was made in other places; similar discoveries were made in the lakes of Neufchatel, Bienne, Geneva, and Constance; and a vast number of objects were amassed by dint of careful search, aided by the dredge. It was evident that the first inhabitants of the country had not occupied houses upon the shore, but had constructed their villages on piles driven into the mud, grouping them together on esplanades, and linking them to one another and to the land by light bridges, which in many cases, no doubt, were so constructed as to be easily removed.\* In this manner some of the tribes in Papua and New Guinea still pass their lives, and so in old times did some of the nations in Mexico and the Pæonians† on Lake Prasias. These villages were constructed in the following way: at some distance from the land, the exact distance depending on the average depth of the water and the nature of the bottom, strong piles were driven into the soft mud; on these an esplanade was formed of transverse beams fastened to the piles and to each other with withes, pegs, and interlacing boughs, constructed, of course, so as to be always about the level of the water. In some cases it consisted of two or three floors of wood separated by layers of clay, so as to be of considerable strength and thickness; on it were placed the cabins built of poles, interlaced with small branches, and plastered internally with clay; these were probably circular in form, since several masses of their inner coating have been found, hardened by the fire that destroyed the houses, which are arcs of circles from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. These villages must often have been of considerable size: their inhabitants supporting themselves by hunting, fishing, and agriculture. To procure wood or food, or as weapons of offence or defence, they had smooth wedge-shaped axes fixed in handles of stagshorn or wood, chisels, arrowheads, and knives of flint, and saws formed by teeth of flint fixed in a handle of bone. They sewed their garments, made of a rude tissue woven from some

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\* These lake houses are not confined to Switzerland, though at present most that have been discovered are there. Recently similar remains have been found in Italy on the Lago Maggiore and in other places. Remains of piles have been found also in Holland, Denmark, and England. In Ireland the lake house seems to have been represented by the "crannoge," or small fort, built with timber and stones upon an islet or shoal.

† Herodotus, v. 16.



vegetable fibre, with needles of stags-horn, some of which closely resemble our packing needles; they manufactured a coarse kind of pottery, and wove osier baskets. Wheat and barley were their grain; apples, pears, cherries, plums, (perhaps only the wild varieties) their fruits, besides the nut, the beech, the blackberry, and others, which grow in the woods. A long list of animals, wild and domesticated, has been made out from the remains discovered. Space does not allow me to transcribe this catalogue, but we learn from it that the natives had domesticated the dog, the horse, the ox, the pig, the sheep, and the goat. In their age too the urus was not, as now, extinct; the bison not confined to the forests of Lithuania, nor the bouquetin to the lonely fastnesses of the Graian Alps.

From the occurrence of amber among the remains we may perhaps infer some kind of intercourse with nations on the shores of the Baltic, from that of coral, with the Mediterranean, from that of nephrite with the East, from that of flint with France.

Nothing certain can be ascertained about their religious belief. Like the inhabitants of Denmark they buried their dead in a sitting posture, the knees bent up to the chin and the arms crossed on the breast, in tombs about three feet long, and rather less in breadth and height, built of rude slabs.

From what has been said it will be evident that the civilization of the race inhabiting Switzerland was of a much higher order than that of the old inhabitants of Denmark. The identity in their mode of burying the dead certainly points to a common origin, in all probability in the East, possibly from the great Phrygian family, of which the Pæonians are considered a branch.\* In that case the northern family may, as did the Celts afterwards, have travelled in a north-west direction till they reached the shores of the North Sea, and there, meeting with a cold inhospitable climate, have degenerated and lost the arts of agriculture, which they had once practised, while the southern family, going westward and settling down on the sunny shores of the Swiss and Italian lakes, retained and perhaps pushed to a higher degree the arts of pastoral and agricultural life; or, which is perhaps more probable, the northern family migrated from the east at an earlier

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\* Tombs have been discovered under the most ancient buildings of Babylon, in which the corpses are buried in the same position.

period than the southern, when civilization was less fully developed.\*

It remains only to say a few words on the probable antiquity of the remains of the lake-people. Although of course we can do little more than conjecture, yet we have a few data to guide us. For instance, the neighbourhood of Yverdun, on the lake of Neufchatel, supplies us with some useful facts. About two thousand five hundred feet from the present margin of the lake, on a little ridge, of raised ground stand some Roman remains. Between this ridge and the shore is a tract of ground evidently deposited by the waters of the lake, and in this no Roman remains have been found. It has, therefore, in all probability, been formed since the commencement of the Christian era. Now, if the waters washed the foot of the ridge above mentioned in the fourth century, it has taken about one thousand five hundred years to form this tract, two thousand five hundred feet across; but beyond the ridge is another tract of flat alluvial land, and in this, some three thousand feet beyond the ridge, are piles and other remains of the stone period. If then we suppose, as we should naturally do, the rate of increase of the ground to be approximately uniform; we cannot refer these remains to a date later than 1500 B.C., and they may of course belong to a much earlier period than this.

Towards the conclusion of the stone age another race begin to make their appearance, bringing with them a new metal. In the later habitations of the stone age a few bronze weapons are found, which must have been brought in by another nation, for, had the art been home-born, the use of copper would have preceded bronze. The invaders, commonly called Celts, appear to have come from the east, and to have divided into two streams, one pressing towards the northern sea, the other passing by the Black and Mediterranean Seas, to the countries of central Europe. These races burned the bodies of their dead, and inurning the remains, buried them beneath a tumulus; they were armed with weapons of bronze, and the remains we find denote a state of civilization far above that of the old inhabitants, who were conquered by them, and their lake

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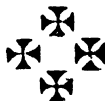
\* A tribe when migrating would naturally go back in civilization. Thus the art of working in metals might be lost, if the tribe rested during two or three generations in a country in which the necessary ores were not to be found.

villages stormed and burnt. The invaders, however, do not appear to have retained possession of the whole of Switzerland, for, while on the shores of the eastern lakes the ruined towns were never restored, but were left to the slow destructive action of the winds and waters, those on the western lakes were again rebuilt, but at a greater distance from the land than before, as though experience had taught the builders the need of greater precautions to guard against the more formidable weapons of the invading race.

Among the remains in these towns we find bronze weapons and ornaments mixed in large quantities with those of stone, shewing that the conquered race, partook in some degree of the civilization of their conquerors. But another age, that of iron, succeeded, and a new race and a new metal came in together, the towns that remained were again destroyed to be no more rebuilt, and the stone weapons of the first inhabitants and the bronze arms of the Celts were equally powerless against the iron swords of the Helvetii. With the invasion of this race the construction of lake dwellings entirely ceases, and we approach the period of written history.

*Note.* My principal authorities in compiling the above paper have been, for the first part, a paper by Mr. Prestwich, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, Vol. 150, Pt. 2; several papers and notices in the *Journal of the Geological Society*, and the *Geologist*; for the second, a paper by Mr. Lubbock, in the *Natural History Review*, No. 4: for the third, Mons. Troyon's admirable and interesting work, *Habitations Lacustres des temps Anciens et Modernes*. I should also state that the last part of my paper was written before I saw the article on the same subject in the *Saturday Review* of March 1st. The author of that paper has obtained all his information from the same source as myself, but has *unfortunately forgotten* to acknowledge the obligations he is under to Mons. Troyon.

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## ROME IN 1862.

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ROME,  
*January 28th, 1862.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It has been hinted to me that a letter from Rome would be of some interest to your readers; that the *Johnian Eagle* would rejoice to hear how fares the ancient bird out here.

In writing from a place like Rome, with such a crowd of interesting subjects around one, it is difficult to know what to select particularly, as a six weeks' residence can give but scanty information on any one. I shall not go into questions of art or archæology, as it might be but a poor repetition of Smith or Murray, or some other such book, which is to be seen in the hands of every excited 'Inglese' rushing madly about the ruins of this Eternal City, and their contents are I dare say well known to most of your readers.

There has been so much of interest written on the existing ruins of Rome, and their history through different ages so well traced and so well connected, that it would be presumptuous on my part to attempt, in so short a space, what has taken others much careful study to make at all explicit. In the course of a few months there will be a real fresh subject for all who delight in antiquities, but at present it is useless to say anything about it, as the work has as yet made so little progress. I allude to the excavations of the Palatine, which were commenced about six weeks ago under the directions of the French Emperor—the whole undertaking is put in the hands of St. Rosa, who has already distinguished himself by several interesting discoveries. I have visited the works with him by special leave (for the public are strictly prohibited from entering); what little they have found promises well, for instance, a road leading from the Arch of Titus to the summit of

the Palatine, a large hall belonging to some Baths, &c. &c. If the Emperor only carries out what his great namesake contemplated, he will lodge no little claim against many of our sightseeing fellow-countrymen. Since the Palatine always was, from the earliest days of Rome, adorned with the finest buildings, and art and money were expended there in the most unheard of and lavish manner, the expectations of an excavator you can imagine are naturally great, and I have no doubt they will be well gratified. Interesting as this work is, it is too much a matter of speculation to say any thing decided upon at present, and the purport of my letter will be more to acquaint you with any little particulars going on at Rome. A discussion about any debated ruin, or an attempt at reconciling any of the trite and hackneyed difficulties, would, on my part, be impertinent. I shall not attempt anything of the sort.

As far as political news is concerned it is no easy matter to get at the real truth; however, from conversation with the people here, and resident English, one can get a fair idea, certainly more to be depended on than the ever changing rumours of the papers.

There is, undoubtedly, much that pleasingly surprises one here, and many who have not visited the place have I fancy false ideas as to the general management and public order of Rome. The streets of a night instead of being the rendezvous of assassins and cut-throats, as one has heard, are far quieter than those of moderate sized towns in England, the cafès all close at a very early hour, and the standard of order and morality is certainly high. To an outward observer Rome presents the most peaceable appearance possible, and what contributes still more to this, is the general backwardness of the people to speak on the subject of politics; unless you draw them out, they never volunteer their opinions. There always was, and ever will be, a great love of the "*dolce far niente*" which forms a main ingredient in the essential character of an Italian; and it is this, coupled with the fear which an absolute government enforces, that makes them so silent even in a critical moment like the present. The battle really going on in their mind is between freedom with its requisite costs, and an ease undisturbed save by the fretting restrictions that must attend upon an absolute government, and these are no paltry ones. Of these two conflicting powers, there is no doubt which would get the mastery in

a moment of excitement, or some unusual crisis; and they would then hail a free government and Rome as their Capital with great glee—but there is a fear that this might be only the working of a sudden impulse. In the excitement of the moment and in the heat of revolution no one would fight with more spirit and patriotism than an Italian—but has this patriotism got any last in it? When the storm is over and the passion lulled, and a ministry settling upon a sober form of government, then there is a fear that the old feelings of Rienzi's time might spring up again to light, and they would shrug their shoulders with meaning disapprobation when asked to support with their money what they had but lately clamoured for so eagerly. Taxes are mysteries to an Italian; so short-sighted are they that unless they can see an *immediate* result, they will not open their purse in a hurry; let them have their quiet enjoyment, their hands in their pockets and cigar in their mouth, their Lung'Arno or Corso to stroll along in the afternoon, their opera and theatre in the evening, and it makes little odds to a great many whether 'Papa' is at the Vatican or Victor Emmanuel in the Capitol.

There is no doubt that in the last two years a very great advance has been made: the representatives of the Neapolitan states show up with far better grace in their Parliament, or rather, I would say, are not the *disgrace* to it that they were—but still, improved as they may be, has the time for their entire freedom yet arrived? The 'pro's' and 'con's' are very evenly balanced, even supposing the change of government could be upheld. Rome would become a finer, cleaner, and more open city, and we should not twist our ankles on such miserable pavement and through such wretched streets as we do now; we should not be left to the mercy of 'vetturini' and other like impostors without any tariff or possibility of redress, and that most ancient evil and nuisance, the beggars, who infest the streets and even the churches, might in some measure be done away with: but there would creep in other multitudinous evils, to counterbalance these improvements. And if the time is not come for Rome to be the Capitol, no more is the time come for Italy to be united—for Rome must be the Capitol, Turin is not central enough and Naples out of the question—it can be nowhere else than at Rome, and when the time comes here it will be.

Beneath the quiet surface there is a strong undercurrent, and this in time will make its way in spite of all obstacles,

but at present it flows too deep to carry the floating mass quickly with it. The secrecy and dissimulation of the people in some instances are very amusing—you go into their shop, and after a while they stealthily pull out of some drawer behind the counter a splendid mosaic likeness of Garibaldi, or a fine cameo of 'Il nostro Re.' The Pope drives by, and in the same breath they give him a cheer and tell you how they long to see the others fill the place of his Holiness. However they are rarely as open as this, there are too many spies at work to allow their confiding to you their real sentiments. This is the sort of spirit that works unseen, particularly among all who are engaged in trade, as they know well the benefits that would accrue to them, if the change were effected, for commerce now is perfectly at a stand still; however, there is no head of any importance to guide or concentrate this opposing power—there exists 'a committee,' but all is kept so quiet that I fear it is but of little influence. The change is therefore but a very gradual one, and, working in such an isolated manner it will take a long time before it has any general effect.

Whatever the French Emperor's motives may be in keeping his troops here, there is no doubt that the delay is of essential service to Italy, if ever it is to be united, provided that delay is not extended too far; had Rome fallen to Victor Emmanuel when Naples did, and a united kingdom been attempted then, a disastrous failure might have accrued; from trying a free government in other cities they have learnt the disposition of the people they have to deal with, the troubles, as well as the advantages—the experience has been of the utmost service. Thus Rome, hitherto, instead of being an obstacle, has in reality been the cause of making the work more perfect, and has let people into the secret that there is a mighty difference between the patriotism of an Italian in the heat of revolution and that of one sobered down under a steady government.

Their patience now has been sorely tried, and I know, for a positive fact, that the chief families in Rome feel the existing state of things most keenly; some young Italians are even leaving Rome at the expense of banishment; but will there not be good arise out of this, provided it is not prolonged too far—what they will earn by suffering they will appreciate the more, and when they *have* earned it, they will be more circumspect than they would have been had their wishes been gratified all in a moment. Again, many

of the more influential and educated have been drawn over from this delay to see the necessity of a change, and their weight thrown into the scale will be sure to give matters a better face. There are but two or three of the great Roman families who support the temporal power, such as the Borghese, Doria, and Colonna; and these chiefly from the reason that they have relations in close connexion with the Pope.

Again, if Rome is to be the centre of government, there is another enemy that she has to contend with, most unseen, and most mysterious—the malaria, no ideal or imaginary evil: but is this to baffle all human skill and energy? Surely the great remedies remain yet to be tried—if better inhabited and better cultivated, there might be a great difference. The population certainly is on the increase, but it is a very gradual increase. Rome in its original grandeur extended really from the Capitol to Ostia, but where are the millions to come from that peopled it then?

The railway is now open to the Neapolitan frontier, and will soon be complete to Naples; this is a great epoch in the history of modern Rome; but they are painfully and miserably slow about it; the Pope is to open it, but then if he is to turn out for such a job, we must wait until the warm spring weather comes, and when the warm weather comes we must wait for a particularly fine day, and when that very fine day arrives there will probably be some particular mass which will detain him; so whichever side we look to, the advancement in either direction is slow; the one is contributing however imperceptibly to the furtherance of the other, and the fear and caution of the one act as a corrective to any premature attempts on the part of the other.

Our fellow countrymen abound here—in fact where do they not? Go where you will, the hotels and lodgings are always full of English—mammās with families of all dimensions, delicate daughters and desperate daughters and daughters of every degree, strong minded maiden ladies, elderly batchelors, worn out officers, etc...The majority of these people, especially the feminine portion, seem to come here for the ‘season,’ and the real interests of Rome take but a subordinate place in their minds—the showy ceremonies in St. Peter’s and other churches have far greater charms, and they rush to *them* with frantic excitement, sit there for two or three hours before the time so as to secure a good place, and then when the Misses Smith go to the Misses Jones’s ‘at home’ in the evening, these ceremonies afford

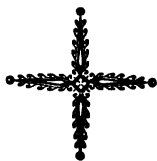


topics for delightful conversation. These 'at homes' form the chief society in Rome, and the only way that the English meet together; about half-past eight of an evening some select thirty or forty blunder up a Roman lodging staircase to a 'terzo piano'—tea, coffee, and small talk form the amusement—dancing in most houses being strictly prohibited, for being built so shockingly bad, there is reasonable fear that the vibration of some fifteen couple in motion would cause the 'terzo' to subside into the 'secondo piano' and so on. I know a lady who attempted it, but a couple of gendarmes appeared in the room after a very short time with drawn swords—accordingly we have recourse to small talk which is of a decidedly trifling description—some patronising mamma or simpering girl with an aim at a classical air will ask some vague question about Phocas or Gallienus, as they remember the 'brave Courier' having pointed out a fine Column erected to the one and an Arch to the other, as they were driving along in their carriage: and as about all that is known of these men is that "they were notorious for their profligacy, and debauchery, and their vices knew no bounds," it requires a stretch of the imagination to depict them in glowing colours—and so with a sonnet and then an ice, an ice and then a sonnet beautifully intermingled, the small talk goes on with redoubled vigour, a spell comes over our dear wanderers, Rome and its ruins fade away, and they really feel themselves once more, to their delight or—shall I say it—to their shame, transported to their own long regretted metropolis. Such then is the diversion for the evening; and for the day, something perhaps not so very dissimilar, and so they manage to eke out a couple of months, the Carnival always affording a bright prospect in the distance; when this is over, they hail the return of Lent with great glee, because they then *retire* to Naples, and spend the time of penitence in seclusion! returning to Rome for the Easter festivities.

However, to those who have any appreciation for Rome's interests, however long their stay may be, time never hangs heavy; after making an acquaintance with all that is known of the important ruins, there remains the still more interesting work of finding out something fresh, or at all events of giving the imagination the benefit of a good free range, and this is quite lawful where so much is veiled in uncertainty and doubtfulness. Those who take less delight in ruin hunting, find plenty of amusement in riding—the Campagna is a splendid place for such recreation—the gates are invariably locked,

but the fences are easy. The fashion is to ride out in parties, some twelve or fifteen together. These parties form the remnant of the old hunt which was kept up in great force here, until two years ago two 'faithful children' of the Pope met with accidents from their shamefully bad riding, and an order was issued by his Holiness forbidding this innocent amusement; the meets were very numerous attended, and hundreds of carriages belonging to the Roman aristocracy joined and formed a most interesting scene. Foxes abound round the city, and in the neighbouring woods the 'Laurens aper' must be as common as ever it was, for we get well supplied with it at table. Game generally is tolerably abundant; and the game market presents the most peculiar appearance; if any ornithologist wishes to increase his collection, I should recommend him to pay it a visit. Every miserable little bird of every description is caught and set out for sale, even robins tied up in bunches, plucked and ready for the spit; down by the sea coast snipe and woodcock shooting must be good, judging by the prices here, woodcocks being only 10*d.* a couple. There is considerable difficulty I believe attending shooting, a decent gun and a licence being no easy matters to obtain. I cannot speak from experience; my stay here is limited, and there is so much of interest within the walls and the immediate environs that at present I have not found time for anything else.

This letter will I fear be of but little interest. Naples and its neighbourhood may suggest something more manageable. Suffice it to add that the Old Bird is flapping his wings again and has good hopes for the future.



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## STURBRIDGE FAIR.

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"Expositas late Cami prope flumina merces,  
Divitiasque loci, vicosque, hominumque labores,  
Sparsaque per virides passim magalia campos  
Atlantis dic magne nepos."—

*Nundine Sturbrigenses.*

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EVERY one who has taken the trouble to wade through Barnwell, must have noticed, on crossing the railway-bridge, an old building on his left, which, at some period or other, has evidently been used for religious purposes. It is a good specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture, and deserves, even from the most incurious, something more than a mere passing glance; and I have no doubt it would receive more notice, were it not for the innumerable patches of every description of stone, slate, rubble, brick and mortar, which adorn its roof and walls, and give it a decided smack of the adjoining village. It is long since the building has been used for other than the most secular objects, but it once was the chapel of a hospital of lepers, and was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. It is not known when the hospital was founded, but as the chapel I believe belongs to the period of Henry I., we must at least date it back to the beginning of the twelfth century. The first mention I can find of the hospital is in the year 1199 A.D.\* Shortly after this, about the year 1211 A.D., king John granted to the lepers a fair in the close of the hospital, on the vigil and feast of the Holy Cross† (September 14th). This is undoubtedly the origin of Sturbridge Fair, of which I purpose, in this article, to give a short history and description. *Sturbridge*, or *Steresbrigg*, which has also been corrupted

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\* Palgrave. Vide Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, Vol. i. 31. I am indebted to Mr. Cooper for most of my references, and sometimes, as in this case, where I have been unable to verify the reference, I have quoted directly from the *Annals*.

† Cooper's *Annals*, i. 34; *Rot. Hun.*, ii. 360.

into *Sturbitch*, takes its name from the brook, which crosses the road near the chapel, and flows into the Cam near the railway-bridge. Blomefield, however, in his *Collectanea Cantabrigiensiæ*, says, that "*Sturbrige* Fair takes its name from the toll or custom that was paid at it for all steres and young cattle that passed here." Fuller gives the following legend as to the origin of the fair: "A clothier of Kendal casually wetting his cloth in that water in his passage to London, exposed it there to sale, on cheap terms, as the worse for wetting; and yet, it seems, saved by the bargain. Next year he returned again, with some other of his townsmen, proffering drier and dearer cloth to be sold; so that within few years hither came a confluence of *buyers*, *sellers*, and *lookers-on*, which are the three principles of a fair."\* He adds that Kendal-men, in memorial whereof, challenge some privilege in the fair.

As the hospital was at the disposal of the burgesses of Cambridge till about 1245, when the Bishop of Ely unjustly obtained the patronage, we may fairly assume that the fair from the very first was to a great extent in the hands of the Corporation. The University, however, about the reign of Richard II. was entrusted with the management of the weights and measures used in *Steresbriggs* Fair, a right that has been exercised from that time down to the present century.†

The earliest records of the fair have reference principally to dishonesties practised in it, and to disputes concerning the occupation and transfer of booths. We may, however, find proofs of the rising importance of this fair during the fourteenth century. For instance, in 1376, "The Bishop of Ely granted licence to the vicar and parishioners of the parish of the Holy Trinity to change the feast of the dedication of the Church to the 9th of October, on the ground that the then feast fell in the time of *Sterbrige* Fair, when the parishioners were much occupied with the business thereby occasioned."‡ Again a petition presented in the Parliament of Henry VI., 1423, stating that "diverse werkes of brauderie of insuffisaunt stuff, and undewly

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\* *History of Cambridge University.*

† *Dyer Priv. Univ. Camb.*

‡ *Vide Hist. and Antiq. of Barnwell Abbey and Sturbridge Fair*, App. IV. in *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and Cooper's *Annals*, i. 113.

wrought" were offered for sale at *Sterresbrugg*, and praying that such spurious works might be forfeited to the king, shews that this fair was then a celebrated mart for works of embroidery. In the same reign the monks of the priories of Maxtoke in Warwickshire, and of Bicester in Oxfordshire, laid in their stores of common necessities, which consisted of nearly everything, from a horse-collar to a silk-cope, at this mart, which was at least one hundred miles distant, and notwithstanding that Oxford and Coventry were in their immediate neighbourhood.

I have already alluded to the connection between the fair and the town of Cambridge. In 1411 it was settled by the court of exchequer that the Custos of the chapel had the right to the stallage in the chapel-yard, and it appears that the bailiffs of the town received the rents for booths on the other lands.\* In 1497 Master John Fynne, Perpetual Chaplain and Incumbent of the Free Chapel of blessed Mary Magdalene of Barnwell, commonly called *Sterbridge* Chapel, demised all lands, liberties, profits, rents, services, &c. to the said free chapel belonging, except the chapel itself, the oblations and fourteen feet of ground round it, to the mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses, for ninety-nine years, they rendering £12 yearly for the same.† Again on the 27th of September, 1544, the Bishop and the Dean and Chapter of Ely, and Christopher Fulnely, Incumbent of *Styrrebrige* Chapel, demised to the Corporation of Cambridge the aforesaid chapel with all lands, tenements, booths, &c. for sixty years, for £9 per annum.‡ It appears that in February, 1596-7, Elizabeth, in consideration of the surrender of the previous lease, granted *Styrbridge* Chapel, with all glebe lands, booths, rents, &c. to the Corporation for the same annual payment.|| But in 1605, the sixty years lease having expired, the profits of the hospital were granted by James I. to John Shelbury and Philip Chewte, gentlemen.§ What became of the land and chapel after this I know not, but suppose it must have reverted to the Corporation.

The original grant to the Corporation to hold the fair does not appear, but in a controversy between the prior and convent of Barnwell and that body, concerning the

\* Cooper's *Annals*, i. 153.

† Ibid, i. 248.

‡ Ibid, i. 416.

|| Ibid, iii. 148.

§ Blomefield, *Coll. Cantab.*, 171, 172; *Hist. and Antiq. of Barnwell and Sturbridge*, p. 76.

fair, it was ordered on the 20th of August, 8 Henry VIII.—“That the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses, for evermore shall hold, enjoy, and maintain the fair from the feast of St. Bartholomew unto the feast of St. Michael.”

In Hilary term, 1538, the attorney-general filed an information in the court of King's Bench against the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses, charging that they had misused their privileges and liberties in *Sturbrigg Fair*. The Mayor was required to answer this information, and in default, the liberties, &c. were seized into the king's hands. The Corporation then agreed to pay the king a fine of 1000 marks for the grant of the fair.\* During the last year of the reign of Edward VI. the Corporation tried to raise this sum, agreeing that the town and the possessors of the booths should each pay half, and they sue for a new charter. The charter, however, was not obtained, although 200 marks were paid that year. The Corporation seem to have been unable to raise the remaining 800 marks, and in the meanwhile the University are struggling to get the fair into their hands, and thus we are led into half a century of quarrelling; the legal part of the business being enlivened every now and then, especially during the fair time, by the most delightful town and gown rows, the authorities on both sides conniving at them. The sparring between the University and Town must have commenced at least as early as 1525, but we do not notice anything very decided till 1534, when the lords in council decreed that the Vice-Chancellor or his commissary might keep *courte cyvyll* in the fair for pleas where a scholar was the one party. At the same time it is mentioned that the University had “the oversight, correction, and punishment of all weights and measures, of all manner of vytayll, of all regraters† and fore-stallers.” The consequence of this was, that the Mayor would not allow the Vice-Chancellor to use the Tolbooth, (the prison which had previously been used by both): and we find in a letter from Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, and Thomas Cromwell, Secretary of State, to the town, written in the following year, that a breach of the peace was expected at the fair; and they beseech the Mayor and Burgesses to settle their disputes with the University.

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\* Cooper, i. 393; *Hist. of Barmoll Abbey, Sturbridge Fair*, p. 76, and App. No. V.

† A regrater is one who buys up any commodity for the purpose of charging an exorbitant price for it.

This letter kept things quiet for a while, but, in 1547, we find\* "the heads making application to their patron the Archbishop to befriend them at court against their old enemies the townsmen, who were wresting from them their ancient privileges." During Sturbridge Fair the Proctors going their rounds one night had taken "certain evil persons in houses of sin," and had brought them to the Tolbooth in order to commit them. Having sent to the Mayor for the keys, he refused to part with them, and they were compelled to take the prisoners to the Castle. Fortune, however, befriended the *evil persons*; as the Mayor's son-in-law, who was then under-sheriff, let them out. The University requested that this insolence might be punished, and as we might expect the Lords of the Council enjoined the retraction of the Mayor and his son, and "that the Mayor in the common hall shall openly among his brethren acknowledge his wilful proceeding."†

It is evident that about this time disturbances at the fair were very common, as in 1550 it was ordered that the Colleges were to send twenty watchmen nightly to the Proctors, and besides to have twenty-four others in readiness;‡ and, in 1555, Sir Edward North and Sir James Dyer addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor and Mayor, requesting their joint exertions for the preservation of the peace in "*Sturbridg fayre* wherto the resort and confluence ys from all parts of this realme." Allusion also is made in the letter to the differences between the University and Town with respect to the fair.|| These differences, however, continued to exist, and again came to a head in 1559, when, one night during the fair time, the Vice-Chancellor would not permit the University night-watch to join that of the Town, and when the Mayor sent for it, the Vice-Chancellor informed him that he was not prepared with a watch that night. Consequently the Town-watch set out to the fair alone. And, when the watchmen were returning from the fair, between 11 and 12 o'clock, they were met by the Proctors with a body of sixty men, and deliberately attacked by them. An engagement of course ensued, but the Town-watch being much the weaker body,

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\* Strype, *Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*, Bk. II., Chap. VI.

† Dr. Lamb's *Original Documents*, p. 78; *vide* Dyer's *Privileges of the University of Cambridge*, I., p. 112.

‡ Dr. Lamb's *Documents*, p. 151.

|| Cooper, *Annals*, II., p. 98.

the Proctors obtained an easy victory. After this we are not surprised to find the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors winking at, if not encouraging, some very serious town and gown rows; rows, which in these degenerate days of policemen and active Proctors we can have but a faint notion of. It is satisfactory to find that on the whole the gown was victorious, as we read that the *scollers* nearly killed a man called John Dymmoke, a name, by the way, which is as well known to the *scollers* of the present day as it must have been three centuries ago. These little events not only elicited a letter from the Lord Chief Justice and Lord North, but brought those gentlemen to the spot.\* It is to be presumed they pacified the combatants for a time, as we find no mention of the disputes for fifteen or sixteen years, but they appear to have come to no decision with respect to the fair.

In 1574 the Vice-Chancellor in a letter to Lord Burghley, then Chancellor of the University, suggested that Sturbridge Fair should be granted to the University, they letting the booths to the townsmen at a reasonable rate. Lord Burghley appears to have done his utmost for the University, and Lord North on the other hand took the part of the town. The former at this time was more successful, as, according to Strype,† he procured, in 1576, the settlement of the benefit of the fair upon the University, and, moreover, obtained from the Queen a declaration that no petition from the Townsmen respecting the fair should be received to the prejudice of the University: so that in the following year when the Townsmen again petitioned for a grant of the fair, the Queen gave answer, "that she would not take away any privileges that she had granted the University, but would rather add to them." For this reply the University wrote her a letter of thanks.

After this the disputants negotiated between themselves respecting the charter for the fair, and, in 1584, they were agreed on all points but three. Two years later, however, the old jealousies again blazed forth, but fortunately only for a time, as, in 1589, the rights of both parties were settled. The tolls and government of the fair were given to the Corporation, while the University retained all their old privileges. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors were to hold

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\* Cooper, *Annals*, II., p. 154.

† *Annals of the Reformation*, Vol. II., Bk. ii., Ch. V.; vide Cooper, *Annals*, II., pp. 349, 358.



a court in the fair, with the same power as the Mayor in his Court, the former having cognizance in suits between strangers and where a scholar is one party, the latter having the judgement connected with the townsmen. The Proctors were to have the inspection, searching, and trying of all victuals and gauging of all vessels, and the forfeitures, fines, and profits coming therefrom. Also a special grant of the clerkship of the market; the assize of bread, wine, and ale; the punishment of all forestallers, regraters; and several other similar privileges and rights were given to the University.\* It was also settled that the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars, and the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses should proclaim the fair in alternate years, the former commencing in the year 1589. The reason of this no doubt was that both parties had been in the habit of proclaiming it, and disturbances ensued from such a custom. The importance in the eyes of the University of the proclamation, and indeed the fair itself, appears from the following:—On the 17th of January, 1577-78, a grace was passed for the better observance of scarlet days, and a fine of 10s. was imposed on all Doctors who should not appear in red at Midsummer and Sturbridge Fairs.† And again on the 7th of September, 1586, the Heads made an order that yearly the Vice-Chancellor, with such Doctors as accompany him, shall upon their *foot-cloaths* ride to the fair and there make their solemn proclamation on horseback.‡ It is just as well that the University has relinquished these rights, as imagination fails to conceive a Vice-Chancellor of the present day riding through Barnwell in scarlet. The day of proclamation was changed from Holyrood day to the 7th of September,|| the birthday of Queen Elizabeth. The old form used by the University at the opening of the fair is very curious, but it is too long for insertion here.§ It issues injunctions to buyers, sellers, and visitors, and regulates the price of bread, &c. To brewers, for instance, we have the following: “that they sell no *longe* Ale, no red Ale, no ropye Ale, but good and holsome for man’s body under

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\* *The Egerton Papers*, p. 127—130; Dr. Lamb’s *Original Documents*, p. 311; *Hist. and Antiq. of Sturbridge Fair*, App. X.

† *Stat. Acad. Cantab.*, p. 353.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 467.

|| At present it is the 18th on account of the alteration of style.

§ *Vide* Cooper, *Annals*, II., p. 18; and for a more modern and corrupted form of it, *Hist. and Antiq. of Sturbridge Fair*, p. 84.

y<sup>e</sup> payne of forfeiture." A gallon of good ale was not to cost more than 4*d.*, nor a gallon of *Hostill Ale* more than 2*d.*

A fortnight before the proclamation, the fair is set out by the Mayor, Aldermen, and the rest of the Corporation, who formerly went to the fair on both occasions in procession, preceded by music, and followed by the boys of the Town on horseback, "who, as soon as the ceremony is read over, ride races about the place; when returning to Cambridge, each boy has a cake and some ale at the town-hall."\* The procession of the Corporation was abolished in 1790, and the fair has since been set out and proclaimed by the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Town Clerk, alone.

Gunning, in his *Reminiscences*,† gives the following amusing account of the ceremony of proclaiming the fair in 1789: "At 11 A.M., the Vice-Chancellor, with the Bedells, and Registrary, the Commissary, the Proctors, and the Taxors, attended in the Senate-House, where a plentiful supply of mulled wine and sherry, in black bottles, with a great variety of cakes awaited their arrival. Strange as it may seem the company partook of these things as heartily as if they had come without their breakfasts, or were apprehensive of going without their dinners. This important business ended, the parties proceeded to the Fair, in carriages provided for the occasion. The proclamation was read by the Registrary in the carriage with the Vice-Chancellor, and repeated by the Yeoman Bedell on horseback, in three different places. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the carriages drew up to the *Tiled Booth*, where the company alighted for the dispatch of business—and of oysters." They afterwards dined, and he informs us that the dishes and their order never varied. "Before the Vice-Chancellor was placed a large dish of herrings; then followed in order a neck of pork roasted, an enormous plum-pudding, a leg of pork boiled, a pease-pudding, a goose, a huge apple-pie, and a round of beef in the centre," the same dishes recurring in inverse order, the whole being terminated by the Senior Proctor. The oysters and dinner were repeated on the day that the Court was held. In 1803, however, the Proctor transferred the first dinner to the Rose Tavern in Cambridge, and after a time both dinners

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\* Carter's *History of Cambridgeshire*, p. 23.

† Vol. I., p. 162.

were discontinued. On the 2nd of July, 1842, a grace passed dispensing with the entertainments theretofore given by the Proctors at Midsummer and *Stourbridge* Fairs.

I have as yet attempted no description of this Fair, which Camden calls "the most famous in the whole kingdom," and which Defoe says is the greatest in the world, and that the fairs at Leipsic, Frankfort, Nuremberg and Augsburg are not to be compared with it. Fuller also remarks,—“that it is at this day the most plentiful of wares in England; (most fairs in other places being but markets in comparison thereof;) being an amphibion as well going on ground as swimming by water, by the benefit of a navigable river.”

If any one has taken the trouble to read so far, he will perhaps be willing to follow me while I try to recall what *Sturbridge* Fair was like in its palmy days, (say the beginning of last century).\*

In wending our way towards it, our ears would no doubt be affected some time before our eyes, and I think to give due effect to the remainder of this article, it ought to be read with a gong or kettle-drum accompaniment. On leaving, Barnwell, attention would be first drawn to the shows on the left of the road, where no doubt, tame tigers and wild Indians would be found in perfection, where the lion would lie down with the lamb with two heads, and where infant prodigies would be on the closest terms with prodigious pigs. Besides these we very probably should find a good company of comedians, although divers acts have been passed prohibiting plays. The authorities however winked at them, and in Gunning's time, the Vice-Chancellor and heads after the proclamation and dinner, adjourned to the theatre. On the other side of the road is the cheese fair, where we should not only find dealers from Cottenham† and the other villages in the county, but also traders from Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Cheshire and Gloucestershire. The farmers also from the adjoining counties used to bring butter and cheese here for sale, and in return buy their clothes and other household necessities.

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\* There is a description of the Fair in De Foe's *Tour thro' the whole Island of Great Britain*, which seems to have been followed and in some parts, word for word, by most of the writers on the subject, for instance Carter's *History of Cambridgeshire*, and the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*. There is however an independent description given in Hone's *Year Book*, p. 1539-48, and a slight one in Gunning's *Reminiscences*.

† Cottenham cheeses are, or were celebrated.

"At Bartilmewtide, or at *Sturbruge* faire  
 buie that as is needful, thy house to repaire;  
 Then sel to thy profit, both butter and cheese  
 who buieth it sooner the more he shall leese."\*

"Cheese row" terminates opposite to where the road branches off that leads to Chesterton ferry. This road in fair-time is called Garlick row, and the Newmarket road is called Cheapside. Behind Garlick row on both sides, but more especially on the east are other rows or streets formed with the booths, devoted to different trades, for instance Cook row; Shoemaker's row; Ironmonger's row; which was in the neighbourhood of the chapel; and Bookseller's row, concerning which I may remark from Strype† "that *Styrbrydge*-fair time (in the reign of Elizabeth) was the chiefest time for selling books, at least prayer-books and Bibles."

These rows are formed by the different booths being built so as to make a continuous line. The principal portion of each booth is the shop, a room about thirty feet by eighteen, with shelves containing the goods for sale, and counters for serving the customers; behind this is a smaller room used as a keeping-room and bed-room. In front of the booths is a colonnade, extending throughout the whole length of the row, and covered in with hair-cloth to secure passengers from sunshine and rain. The booths themselves are roofed with planks, and over that roofing is stretched a tarpaulin.

The west side of Garlick row is the Regent street of the Fair. Here are the silk-mercens, linen-drapers, furriers, stationers, silversmiths, and in fact most of the higher class of tradesmen, and moreover many of the booths are occupied by important London dealers, few of whom take less money during the fair than £1000, and several take more.

On the south of Cheapside is an important portion of the fair called the Duddery.‡ This is a large square, eighty or

\* Tusser's *Husbandrie*. Vide Drake's *Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. i. 215.

† *Annals*, vol. iv. No. LI.

‡ Dudge an old word signifying cloth. "Duds" in the north of England is the ordinary word for clothes. Some writers place the Duddery of the north of the road, and some describe Cheapside as being parallel to the main road and not coinciding with it. No doubt in early times the road was not so decidedly marked as now, and the rows might have been set out differently at different periods. The Duddery was however at the south east corner of the fair. Gunning remarks that in his time that portion of the fair was on the decline.

one hundred yards long, containing the largest booths in the fair, and set apart for the wholesale dealers in woollen goods. Many of the booths here are divided into several compartments, and Defoe says he saw one with six apartments in it, all belonging to a dealer in Norwich stuffs, who had there above twenty thousand pounds value in those goods alone. He also states that one hundred thousand pounds worth of woollen manufactures have been sold here in less than a week, exclusive of all orders for goods; and that more trade is transacted by orders than could be supplied by all the goods actually brought to the fair.

To the north of the Duddery and near the chapel are the hop and wool fairs, which at one time were perhaps the most important part of the whole fair. The price of hops in England was regulated by what they fetched at *Stirbitch*, and the northern and western counties were supplied with hops from that mart. The importance of the sale of hops may be learnt from the fact that the University and Town were for a long period quarrelling as to which had the right of weighing hops. In 1733 the Commissary of the University and recorder of the Town decided in the favour of the former, but in 1759 the Corporation ordered the collector of the tolls to provide weights and scales for weighing hops and other goods at Sturbridge Fair, and agreed to indemnify him against any suit in relation to the weighing of such goods. What was the result of this I know not. With respect to the wool-fair, I may notice that fifty or sixty thousand pounds worth has been sold during one fair.

Besides these manufacturers of every description are here represented, from Birmingham, from Manchester, from Sheffield, from Nottingham, and retail dealers of every trade that is known in London. The day of greatest hurry and confusion is the 14th (new style 25th), the day of the horse-fair, which is held on the common, and at present is best known by the name of "Charon's Common."

Space will not permit me to dilate on the eating and refreshment booths, in which the supplies consisted principally of hot and cold roast goose, pork and herrings, nor on the officers who preserved order in the fair, the *red coats* as they were called, nor yet on the "Lord of the Tap," another official who looked after the beer. I must content myself by remarking that nearly all these things have passed away; the fair had declined in importance in the middle of last century, and by the end of the century one street held all the

booths. Last year we were told\* that the proclamation of the Mayor was a mere farce, that the amusements were limited to a "few dancing booths, a swinging-boat, a shooting-gallery, and some cheap photographic establishments." The Horse Fair day is still an important one, and many good animals are shewn and sold, but it is about the only day on which much business is transacted. Two or three firms still sell hops; and there seems still a demand for onions and besoms; but the glory of the place has departed, and it is no doubt well that it is so. No one could possibly think of uttering a regret that Mac Adam and Stephenson have brought to our very doors the necessities and luxuries which our forefathers could only purchase at such places as Sturbridge† Fair.

P.S.—A friend has drawn my attention to the fact, that Newton purchased the lenses with which he performed his experiments on light at Sturbridge Fair.—Vide Brewster's *Life of Newton*.

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\* Cambridge Chronicle, September 7th, 21st and 28th.

† Every one must have noticed the number of different ways I have spelt this word. I have generally spelt it in the same manner as the authority I am then quoting. Besides the seventeen various spellings given above, the following may be noticed, viz. *Sturberige*, *Stirberch*, *Styrebridge*.





## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

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### *I.—Alexandria.—Cairo.—Aden.*

WE came in view of the lights at Alexandria soon after sunset on the fourth. As there is some danger in crossing the bar, we were compelled to stay out till daylight, when we took in our Arab pilot and entered the harbour. We were received by the Company's agent, from whom we learnt to our dismay that the Transit Railway having been destroyed a day or two previously by the inundation of the Nile, we should in consequence have to prosecute our journey to Cairo by steam-boat up the river. Pleasant news certainly! as we seemed to foresee all the delay and discomfort—the heat and the filth of the proposed trip. Now however, our dangers surmounted, our discomforts at an end, I am inclined to think we were singularly fortunate in arriving at that critical moment. For besides the fact of our thus seeing more of that noble river than we otherwise should have seen, and at a time too when it had overflowed its banks and inundated a larger tract of country than usual; besides all this, we were enabled to make some stay at Alexandria and Cairo, instead of being hurried through Egypt in less than thirty-six hours according to contract. There is the satisfaction too, such as it is, of having seen something worth writing home about, and of being able to send one's friends a true and veritable history of this lamentable catastrophe from the pen of an eye-witness.

What a stirring drive that is from the Port to the Hotel—the European's first glimpse of Oriental life! I should doubt if any one could give an exact description of their first impressions. The wonder and amazement excited by the grotesque pictures which assail his eye, national pride with a sublime contempt for the half-civilized beings which surround him, the idea that he is treading ground so famous in history, sacred as well as profane. Yes! his feelings are

certainly of a very mixed character. The streets are narrow, the widest not exceeding twelve feet, yet they are crowded to an extent which always astonishes the stranger. Every shop-keeper assumes a right to sit outside his shop, some even extend this right to their journeymen tailors or cobblers. Thus on either side stretches a long line of picturesque figures, arranged in every colour and smoking every variety of pipe or cigarette. Look! here is a string of camels, laden with firewood or merchandize; here again a native waggon drawn by a pair of stout oxen, and there goes some grandee or other, mounted on a magnificent Arab. Now we are stopped by a drove of donkeys, their owner quite unconscious of the fact, till aroused to a painful sense of his position by sundry hard words and harder blows from our excitable Jehu, when he proceeds to hoist his quadrupeds successively by their hinder quarters out of our path. But what are those odd figures so completely shrouded in drapery? Those are the Egyptian ladies. Stare as much as you like, you can see nothing but a pair of flashing eyes. A mantle of rich silk, black or white,—black is the prevailing fashion at present,—is thrown over the head and extended by the arms like wings, and thus Madame waddles along in her red or yellow slippers, a hideous spectacle. The lower classes are still more disgusting objects. Their only garment is of blue cloth, and as they cannot spare their hands to hold it, it is fastened by a piece of brass or a string of beads over the nose, so as to leave a gap for their killing eyes to pierce through. Now and then we meet one mounted à la Turque on a donkey, attended by her husband's servants.

At length we reach the Hotel d' Europe, where the crowd is even greater and the jabbering more confused than elsewhere. At the entrance are congregated innumerable carriages drawn by horses that would not disgrace Rotten Row, donkeys and donkey-boys, a crowd of filthy beggars, the lame, the blind, and the halt, supplicating for "Baksheesh," and wily dragomen looking out like vultures for their prey. A pretty set of fellows those dragomen are! Reader, if ever you go to Egypt, keep a tight rein on them; you can't possibly do without them, but beware, they will tell you lies as fast as they can. I was amused at the first specimen I had of this. Mustapha was a fine handsome fellow, and evidently thought no small-beer of himself. He coolly took himself off for some hours in the middle of the day, and when I rebuked him on his return for his desertion, the lying scoundrel stroked his beard with pious horror, laid his



hand on his heart and called Allah to witness he had been sent for to interfere in a domestic quarrel between his daughter and her husband. His brother had told me he had gone to dinner! At Cairo the ladies wished to see a real Turkish bath; our dragoman told the proprietress they were coming to bathe next day and wanted to inspect the baths first. "Why did you tell a lie, sir?" "Because I cannot do anything better," was his impudent reply, and I don't believe he could.

We drove past the Mussulman cemetery, a bare tract without enclosure of any kind, to inspect Pompey's Pillar. We were rather disappointed; the column is about one hundred feet high, and consists of four blocks of granite, brought from above the first Cataract, some seven hundred or eight hundred miles away. For further particulars, vide Murray. Hard by are some catacombs lately discovered, apparently as far as I could make out from the inscriptions late Greek. We drove on by the side of Mehemet Ali's famous canal to the Pasha's gardens; gardens never equal one's expectations in Egypt; these are no exceptions to the rule, but the drive is pleasant as affording almost the only shade in Alexandria. It is indeed a lamentably bare country, dazzling with its inches of white dust, with only here and there a group of palm trees or an avenue of sycamores. We saw Cleopatra's needles of course. Only one obelisk is standing at present, on the edge of the sea, a fine object from the harbour; the other is prostrate, covered with some feet of earth, a small aperture being dug to assure European visitors of its existence. The Pasha's Palace was the next object of our curiosity; it is situated at the west corner of the Port, of which it commands an exquisite view; with the exception however of the inlaid floors, which to some extent repay the trouble of a visit, the internal arrangements are tawdry and insignificant in the extreme. French paper and French gilt! that is all! Another peculiarity with all the Oriental "lions" is this—once erected, they are forgotten and utterly neglected, their pristine glory soon falls into decay. The grand Mosque at Cairo is the only exception to this rule, to be accounted for perhaps by the amount of English perquisites.

At nine P.M. we were at the railway station, a ride of ten or fifteen miles brought us within a few hundred yards of the canal. So away we had to scramble, nearly two hundred of us, for the ladies came in half-an-hour after us; away we scrambled, lighted by some scores of torches, held aloft by figures who seemed to have made a nocturnal trip from the

infernal regions for the purpose; away we scrambled with these imps of darkness yelling and jabbering, as if to impress us more fully with their origin. And what a scene on board the Nile boat! no larger than a Thames steamer, it was intended to accommodate us for two nights and a day: certainly they were rather taken by storm, but if the passengers by the next mail are not better treated, shame on the Transit Administration Company altogether! That night I slept or tried to sleep on deck, for vermin and cold are strong antidotes to repose; there was a saloon which might have held half the ladies, and a fore-cabin which might contain a fourth of the gentlemen, lie as thick as they could. The majority like myself had to brave it out on deck, though unlike myself they had mostly a good supply of rugs.

We reached Atfih at dawn, the point where the canal joins the Nile. This was our first view of the sacred river! Ah! honoured stream! worshipped as the fertilizing principle by thine ancient devotees, appearing to us rather as a mighty engine of destruction! Stretching away far as the eye could reach, thou had'st washed out nearly every trace of humanity! And what waters! surely the Naiads of thy stream must bear a striking resemblance to the swarthy people that crowd thy banks! Water in its natural state like pea-soup, when filtered a trifle better than ditch-water. But what of that? thy fertilizing properties consist in thy dregs. The current was so strong as to carry us half a mile out of our course on emerging from the locks, and we were able to make but little progress against it, our speed never exceeding from four to five miles an hour. As we proceeded, the scenes of the late devastations successively burst upon our view; fields of cotton and Indian corn hopelessly immersed, villages swept away, while the unfortunate population were collected on the embankments with their flocks of camels and buffaloes, a long line of misery on either side of Egypt's mighty river. To be sure the towns and villages spared by this Egyptian Vishnu, did not give us much cause to regret those which had fallen victims to his divine wrath. Half-a-dozen palm trees, a minaret, and some scores of square mud-houses, like so many unburnt brick-kilns, and you have the facsimile, they are all alike. But notwithstanding the scene of devastation which everywhere met our eyes, there was something inexpressibly grand in stemming the current that had wrought the woe, and casting a glance upon the vast expanse of water, darkened here and there with the sail of a native boat, or the carcase of a drowned buffalo. And this was

Sunday too! may I never spend such another! I don't know how the day passed, much of it I know was occupied in eating or in scrambling for something to eat, for the arrangements in the commissariat department were lamentably deficient. At one o'clock we reached Kafr Zayat, where the railway crosses this branch of the Nile. We stopped here to coal and take in water, while the shore was crowded with the wondering natives offering fruits for sale; the limes and pomegranates are good, but the melons inferior to our own. There lay the railway several feet under water, and there actually a train stopped in its progress by the waters. What a sketch for the Illustrated! The bridge was considerably damaged, only one point was considered navigable, so we were detained till the Pasha's boat had passed safely through. We left Kafr Zayat at five o'clock; another wretched night, with the same discomfort, but rather more sleep, for I managed by entering at half-past six to secure the last place on the floor of the cabin. Soon after dawn,—by the way, sunrise and sunset on the Nile as we saw it are very grand and impressive sights,—soon after dawn we were at Cairo. There lay the city on our left, with its citadel rising far behind, while the dome and minarets of the mosque towered to the skies; far away to the right stretch the plains of the Desert, bearing the mighty Pyramids. Now we feel we are in Egypt, in the land of History and Antiquities!

After a bath and a good breakfast at Shepheard's Hotel, both of which the reader will imagine we thoroughly enjoyed, we drove to the Shoobra Gardens. The road leads down a long avenue of sycamores, shady as well as picturesque; the gardens are not much, but within them is a large quadrangular colonnade of marble, containing a huge basin of Nile water with a superb fountain in the centre. At each corner of the building is a small boudoir magnificently fitted up for the ladies of the Pasha's harem. We met a coach full of them on our way, with the requisite number of attendant eunuchs, riding magnificent horses.

After tiffin we paid a visit to the different bazaars, Frank, Turkish, and Egyptian. Here we were struck for the first time with the *reality* of the "Arabian Nights." What interesting scenes! Just the same barbers, just the same tailors, just the same dervishes as lived a thousand years ago! The long labyrinth of alleys, the houses nearly meeting overhead, the little square pigeon-holes, set out with scarfs and tarbooshes of the brightest colours; the rich merchant smoking his fragrant hookah in placid uncon-

sciousness of what is passing around him ; the various groups as they throng the streets, all remind us forcibly of the good old times of Caliph Haroun al Rashid.

But if we linger too long we shall not see the sunset from the citadel. Allons ! The ascent from the town is decidedly steep, but our horses pull us up famously, and here we are on the summit. What a view ! Below us lies the fairest city of Egypt with its countless minarets, beyond flows the mighty stream of this great river, still further stretch the vast plains of the desert, and stay ! we can count seven pyramids. On the other side lie the fertile fields of Goshen, recalling sacred memories—I do not think I ever gazed on a more extensive or a more magnificent landscape, revealing as it does the milk and honey as well as the nakedness of the land.

The Citadel contains the Pasha's Palace and the grand Mosque. As a fortress I believe it is considered of little practical use, except to command the town. The Palace we did not explore, the Mosque certainly did entice us ; so, clothing our infidel feet in the consecrated shoes, we entered a spacious quadrangle containing a handsome fountain and surrounded by a marble colonnade. One side of the quadrangle is formed by the Mosque, and here we entered. The building consists of a large centre dome resting on four marble pillars, from which eight semi-domes branch out. The interior is not only well ornamented, but kept in good repair. Hard by, the scene of the "Mameluke's Leap" is pointed out. Every one knows the bloody tale—why should I repeat it ?

We left Cairo on Wednesday morning ; the rail took us across the desert to Suez in three hours and a-half—we dined at the Hotel there, and were on board the 'Bengal' at 6 P.M. Suez is a miserable little place—the Hotel being by far the finest building—there is nothing in the world there to see ; there was, as I suppose there always is, considerable discussion as to the exact point where the Israelites crossed, but I believe according to the best authorities it is much higher up—the gulf formerly extending much farther than it does at present. The rocks at Suez are rather fine, of a dull reddish colour.

We weighed anchor at midnight, and the routine of the next few days contained little worth mentioning ; the heat of course was intense, as long as we were in the Red Sea, the thermometer generally standing at 94°—97° in the afternoon. The 'Bengal' is a screw steamer of nearly

two thousand two hundred tons with four hundred and sixty-five horse power; we are quite full, one hundred and twelve first class passengers feeding every day together in the saloon. The crew is composed of upwards of one hundred Lascars, superintended by a few Jacktars. They are as weak as kittens, so we require a good many, but they are of little use, I believe, in a storm.

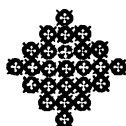
On Sunday we had Divine Service morning and evening on deck; some little diversion was caused by our meeting the 'Colombo' with the Calcutta mails. Next day we passed Perim and that other island so fatal to the 'Alma.' At 9 A.M. on Tuesday morning we anchored in Aden harbour.

Aden is the key of the Red Sea, and consequently a most important position for our trade with the East. It consists of a very mountainous peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow flat neck of land, and enclosing a magnificent harbour. The rocks are volcanic and contain a large amount of lava—the town itself is built in the crater of a volcano. The outline of the hills is very jagged; a flagstaff is erected on the highest peak, and a gun has been dragged up with immense exertion. The fortifications are chiefly on the land side and facing the straits; the cantonments being placed in two small bays connected with each other and with the town by tunnels through the rock. A long line of wall and scraped rock render the fortifications impregnable from the land side. The town and cantonments are two miles at least from Steam Point, the entrance to the harbour, where we landed. The entrance seemed to me hardly sufficiently protected, there being only one small battery commanding it; but other authorities have judged the place impregnable. Above the town some large tanks are being constructed for the maintenance of a supply of water during the dry season, for the heat is intolerable, and all the water at present has to be brought in skins on the backs of camels. We hardly saw a green plant there, the wants of the population being supplied either from Africa or the interior of Arabia. I understand there is a very fertile tract, about thirty miles broad, lying just underneath the range of mountains you see in the distance; for I should say, though Aden itself is so rocky, the mainland is a flat arid desert.

Many persons do not think Aden worth the trouble of exploring, the heat certainly is excessive, but I was well satisfied. The place may play an important part in the world's history one of these days.

We left Aden at six in the evening; on Thursday the 17th passed Cape Guarda Fui about 10 A.M., and are now fairly in the Indian Ocean. Reading and writing with an occasional rubber are our only amusements. But writing on shipboard has to be carried on under difficulties not experienced in the Old College. My readers then will charitably excuse my many deficiencies, if I have at all succeeded in interesting them; I write as much to amuse myself as them—unwilling to lose sight of old associations and *The Eagle*.

“H. B.”





## BRIDAL SONG.

(*Catullus.*)

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### YOUTHS.

VESPER is rising, fair youths, my good youths: look, afar, on  
Olympus,  
Waited so long for, he comes, very pale, with a tremulous glimmer.  
This is the time, the sweet time: leave the feasting: the maiden is  
near us.  
Sing we the song, as is meet, for the beautiful bride at her wedding.  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
Hymen!

### VIRGINS.

See ye the youths, true girls, still unwedded? Up! hasten to  
meet them!  
That is the star of the night in the gold by the summit of Cæta.  
Yonder, indeed, is the star! See the youths! how they leap to  
the contest!  
Not to no end are they eager; they seek to win praise with their  
singing.  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
Hymen!

### YOUTHS.

Easily think ye, fair youths, ye shall carry the prize of this singing?  
Look, how the virgins advance! how they whisper, they ponder  
together!  
Not to no end do they muse,—we shall find by the charm of their  
music.  
Well it may charm, when they give the best of their powers to the  
making.  
We have divided our ears to the song, and our minds to the answer:  
E'en may they bear off the palm; for victory favours the striving.

Youths, have a care, and be ready!—why, shall the fair maidens surpass us?  
Hark, they begin, as is meet; when they cease, we shall answer the challenge.  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet Hymen!

## VIRGINS.

Hesperus, dull is thy star! what star, looks can gaze on, is sadder?  
You, that so ruthlessly snatch a fair maid from the arms of her mother!  
Ruthlessly snatch her, reluctant, and loth, from a parent's embraces!  
Yielding her, virgin, untainted, at once to the arms of a husband!  
What could a victor do worse, in his rage, when he plunders a city?  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near, near us, good Hymen, sweet Hymen!

## YOUTHS.

Hesperus, bright is thy star! what star, looks can gaze on, is gladder?  
Binding at last, with thy beams, the beautiful bond of the wedded!  
Promises, vows, those sweet pledges of lovers and parents aforetime,  
Doubtfully waiting, not bound, are made strong in the dawn of thy sweetness.  
Is there an hour we would have, which the gods can allot us, more happy?  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet Hymen!

## VIRGINS.

Hesperus, maids, of the maidens another true maiden has taken.  
Star, they set watch at your advent. Mad lovers, like robbers, lie lurking!  
They,—in such watch never tired! Till you mix with the morning they linger.  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet Hymen!

## YOUTHS.

Hark, how the maids, those unwedded ones, love to be loud in their chiding!  
What! do they chide you, pale star? yet and how would they grieve if you came not!  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet Hymen!



## VIRGINS.

When your new flower, from its birth, in a well-guarded garden  
grows hidden,  
Safe from the browsing of cattle, nor bent by the bruise of the  
harrow,  
Fed with the rain, and the sun, and the delicate air of the Zephyr,  
Gladly the youths gather round it, the maidens are proud of its  
beauty ;  
But if you pluck it,—but pluck it,—just sever the stem of your  
blossom,  
Little the youths will desire it, and little the maidens care for it.  
So will a virgin be loved, if she live still a virgin, unmarried.  
But if she give her sweet self to the resolute arms of a husband,  
None of the youths will take trouble to praise, nor the maidens  
to love her.  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen ! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
Hymen !

## YOUTHS.

As a wild vine that is set, by some chance, in the soil of the furrow,  
Never can lift up itself, nor be clad in the pride of its clusters ;  
Stooping its delicate length to the ground with the weight of its  
burden,  
Stooping its head to its root, and trailing the pride of its beauty,  
Cannot be dear to the hind, nor be dear to the hearts of the  
herdsmen ;  
But if it cling, by good hap, to the cherishing elm with its branches,  
Then it is dear to the hind, and the hearts of the herdsmen joy  
in it ;  
So will a virgin grow old, and be little desired, if unmarried :  
Who, if she wed in her youth, in the bud of her prime, as is fitting,  
Then is more dear to her lord, and less to her parents a trouble.  
Prithee, sweet maiden, no more ! why so timid ? so willing to dally ?  
Dally no more,—such a lord as your lord ! and your parents  
approving !  
Father and mother alike ! it is fit that a maiden obey them.  
Maidenhood is not your own : you may claim but a share in it only.  
Still to the mother a third is allotted, a third to the father :  
So to the maiden a third,—but a third. You, be willing ! obey,  
then !  
Have they not yielded their right to your lord, and a dowry  
beside it ?  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen ! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
Hymen !

“ T. ASHE.”



## OUR CHRONICLE.

LENT TERM, 1862.

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WE are glad to present to our readers this term an abundant answer to our appeal of last Lent Term. They will find in our pages communications from our friends in different parts of the globe,—letters from Rome, from Madeira, from the Pacific,—which we hope will not fail to keep up a feeling of mutual kindness between those of us who remain here, and those who are scattered over the face of the earth.

The year has opened upon us but mournfully. The loss which the nation has had to deplore in the death of the Prince Consort, has doubly affected us, who lose thereby our former Chancellor. It is not for us to add anything to the tribute of praise which has been paid on all sides to his memory : but as regards his work as Chancellor, we believe that his merits have been underrated, and that the interest which he took in University affairs was deeper and more frequently manifested than many imagined. The election of the Duke of Devonshire as his successor we need scarcely put on record here.

In some respects the chronicle of this term is cheering to us. Though our neighbour has again carried off the “blue riband” both in Mathematics and Classics, St. John’s is in both cases successful in claiming “proximos honores.” The Mathematical list shows the now almost usual six in the first ten, while of the thirty-two wranglers, St. John’s has thirteen ; of the remaining six candidates, four are senior optimes and two junior optimes. In the Classical Tripes also we have four in the First Class.

Other successes which we have to record are (1) the Craven University Scholarship awarded to Mr. H. W. Moss, (2) the Second Smith’s prize awarded to Ds Laing, and (3) the Chancellor’s Medal for Legal Studies adjudged to Ds Freeman.

Subjoined are the lists of the First Classes at the Christmas Examination :—

First Year.

*Arranged in the order of the Boards.*

Watson	Vawdrey	Wood, A.
Sanders	Baynes	Whalley
Cope	Noble	Clarke
Kemphorne	Earnshaw	Huntly
Smith, R. P.	Selby	Peachell
Levett	Meyricke	Waterfield
Isherwood	Smythies	Yeld
Marshall	Beebee	Walker
Roach	Masefield	Keeling
Cust	Knowles	Russell
Robson	Cooper	Shackleton
Wilson, K.	Langdon	Geare
Wiseman	Blanch	Coutts

Second Year.

Stuckey	Archbold	Newton
Baron	Moss	Pearson }
Ewbank	Creaser	Tinling }

Third Year.

Hockin	Rudd	Pooley
Snowdon	Stephenson	Rounthwaite
Warmington	Cotterill	

It is our melancholy office to record the death of our late Senior Dean, the Rev. Basil Williams. Mr. Williams entered in June last upon the College living of Holme on Spalding Moor, and died on January 5th. The living is consequently again vacant. We believe Mr. Williams' successor will be the Rev. W. C. Sharpe, the present Senior Dean.

Since our last, Mr. G. D. Liveing has been elected to be Professor of Chemistry in the place of the late Professor Cumming. The post of Registrary is filled by the Rev. H. R. Luard of Trinity College, who was nominated by the Council together with Mr. Power of Pembroke.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. G. G. Scott has been requested to submit to the Master and Seniors plans for a new Chapel.

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The account of the Boat Races will be found as usual on our fly leaf. The Lady Margaret, it will be seen, has had considerable success.

The officers of the two Clubs are :—

LADY MARGARET.

Rev. A. Holmes, *President*.  
 E. A. Alderson, *Treasurer*.  
 J. R. W. Bros, *Secretary*.  
 T. E. Ash, *First Captain*.  
 C. C. Scholefield, *Second Captain*.

LADY SOMERSET.

Rev. J. R. Lunn, *President*.  
 C. J. E. Smith, *Secretary*.  
 J. F. Rounthwaite, *First Captain*.

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One Member of our College, Mr. Gorst, is now pulling in the University Boat.

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The Lady Margaret scratch-fours were rowed on Saturday, March 8th. There were nine boats entered, which rowed four races. The time race was won by Mr. W. J. Stobart's boat, Mr. S. B. Barlow's boat being second. The crews in the time race were :

1 A. Cust	1 A. M. Beamish
2 W. F. DeWend	2 F. C. Wace
3 J. Snowdon	3 T. E. Ash
4 C. C. Scholefield	4 H. S. Beadon
W. F. Meres (Cox.)	S. B. Barlow (Cox.)

1 A. Ll. Clay  
 2 H. H. Allott  
 3 E. A. Alderson  
 4 P. F. Gorst  
 W. J. Stobart (Cox).

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The College Rifle Company still maintains its numbers and efficiency (more than fifty having been present at the last parade) although the Recruits out of the Freshman's year have not been so numerous as might fairly have been expected. A match which took place on March 15th between the 2nd (St. John's) and 5th (Trinity) Companies resulted in a tie; on the tie being shot off the 5th Company won by four points.

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Upwards of £50 has been subscribed during the present Term to provide a Challenge Cup, to be shot for by those members of the College who are also members of the C. U. R. V. A very handsome Cup has been procured from Messrs. Smith and Nicholson of London. The first competition took place on March 22nd, when Private Clare succeeded in making the highest number of points, viz. twenty, Drum-Major Bigwood making nineteen.

A Code of Rules has been drawn up to regulate the shooting, from which we extract those of most general interest:

RULE 1. That the Cup be competed for towards the end of every Term, on a day to be fixed by the Captain of the Company, by members of St. John's College being also members of the Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers.

RULE 3. That the Cup be shot for with the Government pattern Long Enfield Rifle at the following ranges:—200, 300, 500, 600 yards, 5 shots at each range, minimum pull of trigger 6 lbs.

RULE 8. That on a day towards the end of the Easter Term in each year, to be fixed by the Captain of the Company, the winners of the three Terms in that year contend for a small silver cup, of uniform pattern, value £3.

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We hear that the Cambridge University Volunteers intend meeting the Oxford Corps and the Inns of Court Corps in Hyde Park on Whit Monday. This is an important event for the Volunteers generally, as there will no doubt be a large concourse of foreigners drawn to London by the International Exhibition, who will form their estimate of the efficiency of the British Volunteers from the manner in which these three Corps acquit themselves. We have

no doubt that the University, and our own College, will be ably represented on this occasion.

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LIST OF BOAT RACES.

*Second and Third Division.*

On account of the increase in the number of boats this year it was found necessary to make a third division. The third division rowed down from the Railway Bridge.

*February 26th. Third Division.*

40 Caius 3	47 Jesus 2
41 Sidney 2	48 Peterhouse 2
42 Christ's 3	49 Caius 4
43 1st Trinity 6	50 Trinity Hall 4
44 2nd Trinity 4	51 Lady Margaret 6
45 Queens' 2	52 1st Trinity 7
46 Lady Margaret 5	

*Second Division.*

20 Pembroke	30 Christ's 2
21 Jesus	31 Queens' 1
22 1st Trinity 4	32 2nd Trinity 3
23 2nd Trinity 2	33 Clare 2
24 3rd Trinity 2	34 Lady Somerset 2
25 Catharine	35 Emmanuel 3
26 King's	36 Corpus 3
27 Lady Margaret 3	37 Lady Margaret 4
28 Emmanuel 2	38 Trinity Hall 3
29 Corpus 2	39 1st Trinity 5
	40 Caius 3

*February 27th. Third Division.*

40 Caius 3	46 Queens' 2
41 Sidney 2	47 Peterhouse 2
42 Christ's 3	48 Jesus 2
43 1st Trinity 6	49 Caius 4
44 2nd Trinity 4	50 Lady Margaret 6
45 Lady Margaret 5	51 Trinity Hall 4
	52 1st Trinity 7

*Second Division.*

20	Pembroke	}	31	Christ's	2	}
21	1st Trinity		4	32	Clare	
22	Jesus	}	33	2nd Trinity	2	}
23	3rd Trinity		2	34	Lady Somerset	
24	2nd Trinity	2	35	Trinity Hall	3	}
25	Catharine	}	36	Lady Margaret	4	
26	Lady Margaret		3	37	Emmanuel	3
27	King's	}	38	Corpus	3	
28	Emmanuel		2	39	1st Trinity	5
29	Corpus	2	40	Caius	3	
30	Queens'	1				

*February 28th. Third Division.*

40	Emmanuel	3	}	47	Queens'	2	}
41	Sidney	2	}	48	Jesus	2	}
42	1st Trinity	6	}	49	Lady Margaret	6	}
43	Christ's	3	}	50	Caius	4	}
44	Lady Margaret	5	}	51	Trinity Hall	4	}
45	2nd Trinity	4	}	52	1st Trinity	7	}
46	Peterhouse	2	}				

*Second Division.*

20	1st Trinity	4		30	Corpus	2	}
21	Pembroke		}	31	Clare	2	
22	3rd Trinity	2			32	Christ's	2
23	Jesus	1	}	33	Lady Margaret	4	
24	2nd Trinity	2			34	Trinity Hall	3
25	Lady Margaret	3		35	Lady Somerset	2	}
26	Catharine		}	36	2nd Trinity	3	
27	Emmanuel	2			37	Caius	3
28	King's		}	38	1st Trinity	5	
29	Queens'	1			39	Corpus	3
				40	Sidney	2	

## ERRATA IN No. XII.

Page 2, line 27, for "east" read "west."  
 " 65, " 18, " "two" " "too."  
 " 66, " 7, " "Elsie" " "Elsie."  
 " 66, " 8, " "W. F." " "E. H."  
 " 66, " 10, " "W. T." " "W. J."  
 " 67, " 12, " "Burn" " "Baron."  
 " 67, " 14, " "Berry" " "Terry."



## A FORTNIGHT IN SICILY.

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DEAR MR. EDITOR,

As you have done me the compliment to insert a previous letter in your valuable periodical, I venture to hope that a subject less hackneyed and probably more interesting, may also find a place in the lighter portion of your pages.

On the 24th of March, our party, consisting of five gentlemen and one lady, left Naples on board the 'Vatican' for Sicily.

To get out of the noisy, dusty, hot town of Naples, must be a matter of rejoicing I think to any traveller, particularly when on leaving he can sit in peace and quietness, and enjoy the lovely view which that bay and town afford. It was a beautiful bright clear day, the boy and girl in the little boat moored close by us had finished their Tarantella dance, and wished us a 'buon viaggio' when we bid adieu to the noisy quay of Santa Lucia and the picturesque Neapolitan fishermen. A forest of shipping passed, we were soon steaming quietly along, looking back at Naples and its environs edging that blue bay with their white line of houses, Castel St. Elmo above, and still towering higher the hill and monastery of the Camaldoli. The islands had quite a fairy appearance through the blue mist which always veils those enchanted waters. As we were bound for Messina, our course lay between the Isle of Capri and the promontory of Sorrento; off the Sorrentine foreland lie the Three Sirens, no longer 'multorum ossibus albos,' but none the less interesting for that. 'Difficiles quondam.' Capri is a lovely spot, the rocks and rocky mountains are tossed about in unusually wild and picturesque shapes; a favourite retreat for the English artist, there to paint and fall in romantic love with the island's pretty daughters; and so this fairy scene gradually faded off, the sun set in gorgeous colours, nature's curtain was drawn, and nothing remained but an unpleasant night in a small steamer.



In the early morning we passed Stromboli, and were fortunate enough to see the volcano in a very active state, the flames finding a vent some little way down on the north-east side of the mountain. Soon afterwards we found ourselves between Scylla and Charybdis, the former a huge rock on the Calabrian coast, the latter now marked only by the meeting of the currents round the north-east headland of Sicily; of these, as of the Sirens before, '*difficiles quondam.*' About nine o'clock we entered the '*Zancle*' of Messina; the town extends along the beach, a widish row of white houses with a low line of volcanic cliff and hill behind, Etna's snowy mass rising high to the left. We were soon on shore. '*Douane*' troubles in these parts are now no more. It was Lady-day, and the town in a state of '*festa*' and great ado. The '*brave*' national guard marching in strong force, with a decided '*tiro*' step; ladies in silks and mantillas hurrying to the churches, and lazzaroni feeling a decided right in demanding one's '*grani*' on the Santa Madre's morning. I went to the church of the Annunziata, where the chief service was being performed, the music and singing were most peculiarly operatic. There is very little to interest in Messina; we accordingly took a carriage the same day and started off along the eastern coast, ringing and rattling away merrily. Across the blue straits, on our left, lay Rhegium and the Calabrian Coast; on our right, most picturesque lines and ridges of low mountain scenery, with frequent peeps of Etna; the villages we drove through presented the most miserable appearances, houses one-storied, windowless, and filthy; the road was unmistakeably Sicilian, taking us across a succession of dry torrent beds, and our travelling not of the easiest description; however the scenery was ample compensation for these little troubles, and as we approached Jiardini, a village lying under Taormina, the soft evening views were very beautiful. At Jiardini we arrived just as it was dark, and were deposited at a place which our vetturino called an hotel. No one who has not travelled in Sicily can form a just and fair idea of a Sicilian hotel in an out-of-the-way part of the country. The outside gave no signs whatever of life or lodging within, not a soul was moving; after we had threaded our way, one at a time, up a very narrow dirty alley, and then up a still narrower and still dirtier row of steps, we came to a low roofed cottage and knocked at the door; a being with a lantern appeared at the door, and was thunderstruck at seeing six '*forestieri.*' We asked the way to the hotel, and found to our surprise we

were already at it. There was no other place of refuge, so we were obliged to take it for better or for worse; on asking for bed-rooms, he informed us he had one where he would immediately arrange six beds; there was one other in the house, but that was occupied by four of his own countrymen. When the being, whom I suppose I must call the landlord, found disgust getting the better of our amusement, and that there was a lady in the party, he suddenly bethought himself of a clever plan, and disappeared lantern and all in order to carry his idea into effect, leaving us in darkness, solitude, and amazement; in the course of a few minutes a grating door was heard gradually to open, and four ghost-like beings in night-shirts slunk across the passage in the direction of the kitchen, followed by the lantern'd Mercury, who acquainted us with the now not surprising intelligence, that another room was vacant; the four 'contadini' having been turned out in the most merciless way to seek a pillow where they could find one; four of us occupied those four deserted beds,—*proh nefas!*—and the other gentleman and his wife the other room. It was in vain I took our landlord and showed him the small animals hopping about in empty search after their departed sleepers; he brushed them off on to the floor, *unkilled*, with a 'niente, niente, caro mio!' and off he ran to prepare *dinner*. A table was found, and a rough towel thrown over it in the passage; maccaroni prepared, enough to last a poor English family for a week, and afar off we saw a weird shaggy old hag fanning some blazing sticks, and over the sticks hanging in the smoke the last poor old hen, that ten minutes ago had gone off snugly to roost; this with black bread formed our repast, and I will only add that we laughed heartily over it. The night—'vate caret. *non illacrymabilis*.' The next day was bright and lovely, and we set off to walk up the mountain to Taormina, the ancient Tauromenium; a stiff hour's ascent brought us to the old picturesque town; the people stared as though not much accustomed to tourists; the pigs that lay at the cottage door-steps even got up and grunted: one of the barbarians escorted us to the ancient theatre, which ranks as the next interesting sight in Sicily after the ruins of Girgenti, not only on account of the comparatively perfect state of its seats and orchestra, its pilasters and proscenium, but the grand and extensive view commanding the old town picturesquely situated on the mountain slope, Etna perfect and uninterrupted, below the blue bay, and far, far away the coast-land melting away in blue haze; besides this, the old toms and

the church of S. Pancratius are of interest. We descended to our ever-memorable hotel and started off to Nicolosi, a village at the foot of Etna, a drive of some thirty-five miles. The views of Etna were grand, but the immediate country comparatively wanting in picturesque scenery; the route crossing streams of lava of various ages, through villages built entirely, houses, walls, churches, and everything else of lava, and by roads strikingly barbarian. Nicolosi is a miserable looking village, with a refuge but little better than that at Giardini. I went off at once to Dr. Gemellaro, who is a sort of honorary guide, undertaking the arrangement of parties who ascend Etna, a well-informed kind fellow, whose aid and experience I would advise any one to take advantage of: he was glad to see 'Inglesi' once again, greedily snatched at any news we could tell him, and told us all would be ready at four o'clock the next morning.

Accordingly, early the next morning we started. I must tell you the usual time for ascending is in mid-summer at midnight, so as to see the sunrise from the summit; at that time of the year you can ride to the 'Casa Inglese,' which is a small refuge, only one hour's distance from the top, sleep there, and so make easy work of the excursion; but in early spring it is a far different matter, the Casa Inglese being entirely buried in snow, and the cold at night on the mountain intense. We accordingly started early, our company consisting of eight on mules and one on foot, with an escort of enquiring peasants until we were some way out of the village. The sunrise was splendid; we rode for three hours up a part of the mountain called the 'Bosco,' covered with scrubby oaks and a few pines, when the depth of the snow obliged us to dismount; here we fortified ourselves with cold fowls and eggs, and left our mules to await our return.

For three hours and a half we toiled up ridge after ridge of snow, passing over the left shoulder of Monte Agnola, the views getting gradually more extensive, not perfectly clear but extremely grand; this brought us to the bottom of the cone, and now the worst was to come, the ascent being very steep and slippery over mixed snow and ashes, with a furious wind blowing. In fifty minutes we were at the lip of the crater, and heartily did we congratulate our heroic fair one on the feat she had accomplished; we were the first to tread those snows this year, and I doubt if any lady at all has ever made the ascent so early as the month of March, saving the Two Unprotected Females who have published their exploit.

We could not stay long at the summit, as the wind and storm of ashes were intolerable, but soon made a rapid descent. The crater of Etna is somewhat larger than that of Vesuvius, with a great deal of snow-drift inside, and a small current of sulphurous steam much less fitful than that of Vesuvius. The last eruption of any importance was that of 1852. The lava streams are on a far larger scale than those of Vesuvius, very broad and extending into the country in some cases a marvellous distance; all round the base of the mountain are numerous conical hillocks, each with its extinct crater in the centre, and from its shape very unmistakeable. I would strongly advise every one, from the painful experience we have had, to protect his face against the Etna winds; in fact, the excursion is much better made from Catania than from Nicolosi, as at the former place better guides are found and every necessary attentively supplied; the landlord of the Corona hotel knowing the mountain well.

From Nicolosi we went down to Catania with faces blistered and swollen; the peasants knew well enough what we had done, and I heard some remark as we passed "*Eccoli dal fuoco.*" Catania is a large town, with a population of sixty-five thousand, so that here we found more civilized accommodation. The place has suffered much in various ways, and has a wretched look about it; they say it never escapes thirty years without being visited either by a lava stream, an earthquake, or a plague; and certainly the houses with their cracked walls and columns declining from the vertical, speak very plainly of their contiguous enemy. The town was in a great measure destroyed by the eruption of 1669, when the present mole was formed by the lava stream pouring down into the sea.

The cathedral and churches are too much spoilt by white-wash to be interesting. The old Greek theatre is tolerably perfect, its seats made of lava telling of Etna's performances in olden times. The shape of the Odeum is quite traceable, and some small part remains. The amphitheatre they say was on an enormous scale, larger than the Coliseum at Rome, but it is so built over, that now it is difficult to form an opinion. The Monastero de' Benedettini is worth a visit; its escape from the lava was almost miraculous, the stream having changed its course just as it reached the walls of the building. The organ and carved wood in the church are very fine.

From Catania we drove to Syracuse, a distance of forty-five miles. The scenery down the southern half of the

eastern coast is not so fine as the northern; here and there isolated spots are very picturesque, but there is a great deal of plain and marsh land; we crossed the Simæthus, and saw Theocritus' oleanders and prickly pears flourishing in all their primæval beauty; our road lay through Lentini, the ancient Leontini, but here we did not stop, as there is nothing of interest saving one old ruin of which little or nothing is known; crossing the ridge of hills at the back of Lentini, and leaving Augusta to our left, we soon came in sight of Syracuse. The high road runs straight across the site of the ancient town to the Island of Ortygia, on which stands the modern city, a mass of white houses, and narrow streets with a thickly crowded population, surrounded by fortifications with a network of wall, and drawbridges between the island and the mainland. Of the other four great divisions of ancient Syracuse, Acradina, Epipolæ, Tycha and Neapolis, nothing scarcely remains but one vast barren plain of a very rocky nature, partly cultivated, partly like an English common. The relative situation of these I remember is given in Col. Leake's maps, that are annexed to Arnold's Thucydides. The distance from Ortygia to the 'Εὐρύηλος at Epipolæ is about three miles: taking 'Εὐρύηλος as a centre and this line of distance, (viz. from Ortygia to 'Εὐρύηλος) as a radius of a circle, of which another radius would be the line of hills running from 'Εὐρύηλος to the 'Porto Trogilo' with the coast line as the circumference cut off, you would have a 'sector'-shaped piece of land containing the four old cities; Epipolæ occupying the part at the angle, Acradina the largest of the four, extending widely along the circumference, and Neapolis and Tycha filling up the remainder, separated from one another by a slight valley; only let it be remembered that Neapolis did not exist at the time of the Peloponnesian war. To the south of this piece of land lies the great harbour about five miles in circumference, the entrance to it one thousand two hundred yards wide, being between Ortygia and the piece of coast land called Plemmyrium. There is a 'custode' who still points out the ruins of 'Εὐρύηλος, some scattered fragments of wall for Labdalus, and the quarries where the Athenian prisoners were put to death; on the right bank of the Anapus, just where the two branch streams meet, stand two gigantic Doric columns of the temple of Olympian Jove, and on Plemmyrium, opposite Ortygia, the so called remains of the "Campo e Castello degli Ateniesi." Besides these, there are many ruins of minor importance; an amphitheatre hewn out of the solid rock; the theatre which Cicero calls

'maximum' that held forty thousand people; this stands in Neapolis, which was the finest of the five divisions; an aqueduct running from *Ἐυρύηλος* in the direction of Acradina—a street of tombs—a so-called tomb of Archimedes—the Ear of Dionysius, a peculiar shaped hollow in the rock, so cut that the least whisper down below can be heard distinctly above, where they say 'fort ridiculement' that the tyrant listened to the murmurs of his captives—several stone quarries and catacombs. In the Island of Ortygia, now modern Syracuse, is the fountain of Arethusa; but what would Alpheus' feelings be, could he see the object of his affection reduced to a tank for washerwomen? The present cathedral contains some fine remains of a temple of the Doric order originally consecrated to Minerva.

However, the general appearance of ancient Syracuse, as I said before, is one vast rocky waste; one walks over miles of barren country, and nothing strikes the eye, save here and there a piece of tomb, or street with its old ruts half hidden under wild flowers; the goats run up and down the few grass-covered steps that led to the aula of some Dionysian lord, and the swallow flits across the curved pool of water that once was the orchestra of an Odeum. Such is the perfect state of silent desolation, it is indeed a marked spot and tells its own tale, "all has passed away."

We embarked on board the "*Archimede*," a small steamer from Alexandria, for Messina en route to Palermo.

On leaving Messina, the weather was extremely rough and stormy, and Charybdis threatened to assume her wonted form. However as it is often very rough in the straits, and tolerably calm in the open sea beyond, the captain thought good to start; in the straits we rocked about terribly, and not much less so when we had turned the north east promontory and got into the open. For an hour we went fairly enough; when a heavy storm came on and lashed us about in a furious manner; first on one paddle-box, then on the other, with the waves dashing clean over us; every moment we felt our danger increasing: the like had not been known there for twenty years, and had we not happily got under the lee of one of the Lipari Islands and there waited until the storm had vented its fury, our miserable little boat might have perished: we found out afterwards that the "*Archimede*" had been condemned as unseaworthy, so that our escape was indeed a fortunate one. On account of this delay we reached Palermo in the evening instead of early morning. However "the barbarous people shewed

us no little kindness," and I fear we fared at the Trinacria hotel in a very different way to what the poor apostle did at Melita.

Palermo is situated on the bay of that name, extending for some distance in a curved shape along the beach ; behind lies a wide plain thickly planted with orange and lemon groves, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills of a ragged and rocky nature, on which the olive and prickly pear contrast well with the darker tints of green below. It certainly is an extremely picturesque place and presents a most marked foreign and Asiatic appearance. The influence of Greece, Rome, and Carthage once were great there, but these have died out, and the traces of later conquerors, such as the Arab, Norman and Spaniard, take their place in a most striking manner. The two main streets intersect at right angles, and are narrow, with tall houses and projecting balconies of iron, wood and stone. The shops are endless and occupy all the ground floors, even of private houses ; and the street is alive with human heads. The first day I was there was the anniversary of the late revolution, and the old town was of course decked out in an extra bright holiday dress. The upper windows all along the streets have a peculiar appearance, they are inhabited throughout by nuns, and accordingly cased over with a projecting bow-shaped grating ; looking down the streets one catches a fine view of mountain scenery, which with the strip of deep blue sky over one's head is very effective. The churches are very interesting, especially in point of architecture ; and the exterior of the cathedral is delightful to an eye that has been surfeited with the heathenish Italian style : this building, erected towards the end of the twelfth century, after the Saracen power had been destroyed by the Normans, is apparently Gothic in architecture, but when you look into it there is a great medley of the Sicilian, Arab and Norman : possibly from the Arabic inscription discovered there it once was a mosque : the exterior is splendid, but the interior is entirely spoilt by whitewash. The 'Martorana' is a very costly beautiful church, light and elegant, a mixed style of Arab and Norman, rich in marbles and precious stones. There are many others of minor importance, whose chief interest lies in their costly ornaments of lapis-lazuli, verde antique, etc., and I will leave it to guide-books to describe them ; but of all the sacred edifices, the little Capella Palatina or Royal Chapel is the most unique and striking, its walls and arches covered with richly coloured mosaic work have the most sombre appearance, and their dimly

lit up gorgeousness a most imposing effect. The many public gardens of Palermo are a pleasant addition to the town—an enjoyable retreat from the bustle and noise of the Toledo—flowers and eastern shrubs grow there in perfection,—even in the beginning of April they were beautiful. We of course went up Monte Pellegrino and paid a visit to Santa Rosalia, the Patroness Saint of Palermo; on the top of the mountain is a grotto where she lived and died at the early age of sixteen: mass is celebrated there daily, and commanding a perfect view of the bay and town stands a colossal statue of the Saint, covered with a robe of solid gold, her right hand extended as though blessing the fair scene that lies below: her great day is kept in July, when there is a grand procession of all the dignitaries of the church, state officers, and military through the streets of Palermo; a silver statue of the saint is carried in a great triumphal car, seventy feet long and thirty broad, adorned with orange trees and filled with bands of music. An account of different excursions would be uninteresting; but every one should drive up to Monreale and see the splendid Byzantine mosaic work in the cathedral, also pay a visit to the palace of the Zisa, a real Saracenic edifice with its Moorish hall.

The people at Palermo are much more civilized than in the parts we had been in previously, and a railway is actually in construction from Palermo to Catania. The lighting the gas lamps invariably caused a great excitement, a crowd collecting at each one, and gesticulating fiercely when the magic flame appeared.

There are various accounts as to the state of discontent and brigandage in those parts; we saw nothing of the sort, and I am inclined to think that the English papers draw an exaggerated picture; there are many too glad to seize hold of a report and pass it on for fact. Let those who condemn what is going on reflect whether they are not condemning a noble attempt that is being made to promote civilization, education, peace and religion. If good is at work, there must be a conflict with evil; and it is only prejudice and short-sightedness that makes a certain class of people so severe in their censure. Poor fated country! she has known many conquerors and many changes; all who have travelled in her bright sunny land will ever take deep interest in her lot:—may her new government be lasting and prosperous, and a more civilized and enlightened generation steer safely between the Scylla of tyranny and the Charybdis of revolution.





## THE PICTURE.

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'Tis strange:—sad stories linger in the heart  
Until their very sadness becomes sweet;  
E'en as the lineaments of those he loved,  
Treasured in sacred memories, still heal,  
With their own sorrowful spell, the aching wound  
Of one who, in great loneliness of soul,  
Waits ever for a voice he may not hear,  
And listens for a step that cannot come.

Ah sad sweet picture! I have gazed on thee,  
And pored upon thy tracery, and mused  
Upon thy story till the mournful lines  
Grew bright with heavenly radiance, and a sense  
Of pain not pain, of joy not wholly joy,  
Tempered itself within me, and I grew,  
Rapt on the past, to love thee reverently.

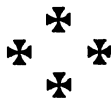
And surely 'twas an instinct half divine  
Guided the hand that wrought material things  
To such a wondrous beauty! for the eye,  
Clear with a sudden inspiration, bears  
Into our inmost hearts the whole sad scene,  
With an all-vivid power that fools the ear,  
And mocks the art of poets.—

For what words  
Can paint the terrible agony, that dwells  
In the closed hands and mutely eloquent eyes  
Of that grief-stricken Lady and pure wife,  
Kneeling beside her lord, 'twixt those stern walls,  
To taste the cup of blessing ere he die,  
And the sweet bonds be snapt?—Methinks the rite  
Hath lifted for a while her sinking heart,  
And, blotting out the page of time, borne up  
Her wingèd soul unto that purer world  
Where separation is not, and the voice  
Of cruelty vexes not the quiet air,  
And love abides, and peace; till, suddenly,  
Earth claims her own again, and in the glance,  
Sidelong, that fears to move his calm rapt soul,

Dwells all the dear heart-hunger of long years,  
Known in one bitter moment,—dwells the woe  
And desolation of a breaking heart,  
That, breaking, still beats on, each pulse a pang,  
That, killing, will not kill.—

But he the while,  
With reverent knee and fair untroubled front,  
Bends o'er the emblems of His dying love  
Who died that death might be the gate of life;  
A sweet majestic meekness crowning him  
With a divine humility, more grand  
Than haughtiest glance shot from the eye of pride.  
And if there be some human woe for her  
Whose love hath crowned his manhood, lo, his eye  
Half pierced, methinks, the dark mysterious veil,  
And half the pang sinks in the bright to come,  
And the fixed hope of a believing soul  
That conquers, and not scorns, the sting of death.  
Go, ponder, ye who tell us Love shall die;—  
Go, see love stronger at the gates of death,  
Strong when man's ruthless voice would bid it cease,—  
Strong in the dreadful parting hour to raise  
The spirit to those sacred heights, where love  
Shall breathe at length its proper air, and drink  
Large draughts from the pure fountain whence it flowed  
To bless and cheer the parchèd wastes below.

“C. S.”





## TRANSLATIONS, NEW AND OLD.

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FEW will be found to deny, and fewer still perhaps to explain, the marked inferiority of modern English prose translations from the classical authors of antiquity, to those rich racy works of North and Hobbes, and other authors of the Elizabethan and subsequent age, full of point, force, and vigour, for the most part truthful even to accuracy, at no time false to their author's spirit, or tame or chargeable with weakness, which differ from our present bald and servile copies about as much as a tragedian's verses excel the scholiast's explanations. No doubt such works as Mr. Kennedy's Demosthenes and Davies and Vaughan's rendering of Plato's Republic form striking exceptions to this rule—but translations like these are very rare, and even of these two the latter, graceful and accurate and powerful as it generally is, can certainly not be acquitted of betraying throughout its classical original. The Greek limbs move uneasily cramped and confined under their English dress. Take up even the tenth book, where there is little of that dialogue which gives so wide a scope to untranslatable Greek particles, and read the adventures of Er—you could be under no danger whatsoever of supposing that the narrative sprang originally from an English brain.

What may be the causes of this backward movement, whether it be that the classical authors have now fallen into so great contempt and desuetude that at this time they are not, either in the original languages or in translations, read by any but professed scholars, having come to be regarded merely as convenient machines for educating the young and giving them a somewhat useless but not ungentlemanly occupation, let others determine. It would undoubtedly seem that in the times when Lady Jane Grey read Plato, Catharine Parr is recorded to have written in Latin, and Mrs. Hutchinson to have translated Lucretius, the English people must have fed upon more substantial food than is afforded by the

Railway-libraries, the Cornhills, the Macmillans, and the Temple-bars of the nineteenth century.

Be it so—"tempora mutantur." The first course, nay the second, third, fourth courses are over; the nineteenth century is the age not of dinner but of dessert; therefore let us say grace for the first blessing and apply ourselves thankfully to the second.

Indeed, the decision of this question is not our present business. To decide whether it be the changed tastes of the nation or an over fastidious desire for literal accuracy, or the decay in vigour of the English language, that has thus enslaved our translators, would require more space and time than are at the writer's command. But what are the causes which among our candidates for the classical tripos are wont to make their translations so miserably unenglish, what may be the reasons which in our attempts to express the sense of the classical poets deprive Æschylus of all his grandeur, Virgil of all his beauty, Sophocles of all his perfectness, and even Aristophanes of half his wit, or again, in our endeavours to render historical authors, what it is that makes speeches spiritless, campaigns unintelligible, and the deaths of heroes ludicrous; this is a subject on which a conjecture may be expressed and it may be a hint given.

Several causes might be assigned for these failures, as first, the want of taste on the part of the translator and a defect in his appreciation of the classical originals, which, as it is a thing in many men incapable of being remedied, and in others only by a patient and careful study of the best models both in their own and in the ancient languages, we pass over with this remark in order to proceed to other causes. Some might be inclined in part to lay our charge to the door of Mr. Theodore Alois Buckley and other like translators, whose works are at once easily procurable and esteemed by some convenient for the purposes of self-education. They would be wrong. We are much indebted to the circle of classical scholars whom Mr. Bohn has collected around him: we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Buckley the translator of Sophocles, to Mr. Davison for his literal prose version of Virgil, and to Mr. Watson for his labours on the works of Lucretius; they have been our pioneers to a better path, they have hastened a new era of English translation, they have been the first to indicate and example the baldness, the ungracefulness and servility to which our language may be degraded, they stand self-appointed beacons to warn us against these dangers, and in a great

spirit of self-sacrifice to light others upon a fairer and more attractive road than it has been allotted to them to follow.

A third and more potent reason is, the strong fear felt by men who are perpetually called on to shew what they can do in examinations, lest the examiners should think a free translation a token or gloss of ignorance. To meet this difficulty seems the express purpose of the allowance of annotation in our examinations; and further, these very points which make the difference between English and English-Greek or English-Latin, are those, which if expressed, would least hinder a translator from manifesting a knowledge of his subject. But the fourth and most cogent of all causes seems to be, that Englishmen in general are unaware of the full power and scope of their own language, having never studied its varieties and diversities of expression, and the points of inferiority and superiority in respect of the ancient languages; and in this ignorance seems to lie the real ground for our complaint.

Now it would be impossible within these narrow limits to do anything more than allege some evidence for the truth of this statement. To account for it thoroughly and satisfactorily would be a work of no little labour. There is evidence at hand to prove, that English translations may be so written as to read like English, evidence that will come home to every one who is a member of the Church of England. For in our daily service, what critical ear discerns between the collects that have Latin and English originals? Who feels the Gelasian twang perceptible through the English of the sixteenth century? It is a matter of undoubted truth, that upon ordinary ears the translated Latin of the Gelasian Sacramentary works no other nor more jarring effect than the words of our own English Cranmer. Then wherein lies the secret of our Reformers' Alchemy? Whence their transforming elixir? I answer, their art consisted, next to their living sympathy with the spirit no less than the words of the Latin prayers, in their knowledge of the rich variety of their language and in the application of this variety to the chaste simplicity of the Latin original. And here, at the risk of being tedious, or even quoting Latin in a Magazine designed for the sole perusal of Members of St. John's College, I must bring forward some testimony to the truth of what is here stated.

Who then would prefer a literal version, such as "the author and lover of peace in knowing whom men live, in serving

whom men reign," to our well-known commencement of the Collect for Peace; "the author of *peace* and lover of *concord*, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom," in which it is as certain that the words "of concord" are necessary for the English rhythm and harmony, as it is, that they are absent from the Latin of Gelasius? Mark again the two different English constructions which represent one in the Latin, "*quem nosse vivere, cui servire regnare est*;" necessary, because the English language cannot render, nor the English ear endure, the naked simpleness of the plain antithesis. The same variety, the same longing to express the meaning in a number of words where one is insufficient, may be found in the Fourth Collect after Advent. Instead of "that by the help of thy favour that which is clogged by our sins may be hastened by the kindness of thy mercy," we have "that whereas, through our *sins* and *wickednesses*, we are sore *let and hindered* in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful *grace* and *mercy* may speedily help and deliver us."\* Here have we three couplets, if I may so say, of English words, to express three single Latin words. Further, on account of the great excess of metaphor in English above Latin prose, the very suspicion and mere hint of such a thing in the original is developed into a finished picture in the English Collect: rightly, if it is the business of the English translator to say what his Latin author says, just as an Englishman would most naturally express it. And of these two translations, as there is no doubt the first is the more literal, so none can deny the latter to be the more intelligible and, as regards the spirit of the prayer, the more truthful also. A third instance of the application of English variety to Latin simplicity may perhaps be sufficient. In the Collect for the Second Sunday in Lent, we read "that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may *assault* and *hurt* the soul;" as a translation of "*ut ab omnibus adversitatibus muniamur in corpore et a pravis cogitationibus mundemur in mente*," an example of curtailment as well as development, and, as in the other instances, of the use of copiousness and diversity, and the avoidance of simple antithesis.

But because it might be said that we are unable impartially to judge of words which from our childhood upwards

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\* Ut, per auxilium gratiæ tuæ, quod nostra peccata præpediunt, indulgentia tuæ propitiationis acceleret."

we have so often heard, that even were they most harsh and most unnatural, custom would give them a second naturalness to our ears, it may be useful to bring forward one or two passages translated from works less known, and to compare the ancient versions with such a rendering as in our times an ordinary Englishman would give. Whether then will the reader prefer as a rendering of the words of Aristotle "For one who is above measure beautiful or powerful, or well-born, or wealthy, or on the contrary, above measure poor or weak, and held in great contempt, it is not easy to follow reason,"\* or, "Men over high exalted either in honour or in power or in nobility or in wealth, they likewise that are as much on the contrary hand sunk either with beggary or through dejection, or by baseness, do not easily give ear unto reason"? Which, as a rendering of Basil, "He mingled the delight that comes from melody with the teachings of the church, that by the smoothness and softness of the hearing, we might unwittingly take in the profit that came from the words;" or, as Hooker has it,† "It pleased him to borrow from melody that pleasure which mingled with heavenly mysteries causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey, as it were by stealth, the measure of good things into men's minds"? Lastly, whether of two interpreters would Seneca prefer, the one who should translate his words into such English as this: "A great number of sins are removed if a witness be standing by those who are on the point of sinning. Let the mind have some one to fear, by whose authority it can make even its secret thoughts more holy; choose Cato then, or if he appear to you too severe, choose some man of a softer mettle, choose him whose life and words have attracted you, and carrying before you that man's mind and features, ever be shewing him to yourself either as a guardian or as an example;" or would the following version gain greater approval.‡ "Witnesses at hand are as a bridle to many offences;

\* Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, v. 76, 5. Arist. *Polit.* iv. 11, "Υπέρκαλον, ἢ ὑπέρισχυρον, ἢ ὑπερσυνεπῆ, ἢ ὑπερπλούσιον ἢ τάναντια τούτοις, ὑπέρπτωχον, ἢ ὑπερασθενῆ, καὶ σφόδρα αἰμιον χαλεπὸν τῷ λόγῳ ἀκολουθεῖν."

† Hooker, v. 38. 3. Bas. in Psal. [1, p. 125.] "Τὸ ἐκ τῆς μελωδίας τερπνὸν τοῖς δόγμασιν ἐγκατέμιξεν. ἵνα τῷ προσηνῇ καὶ λείψ της ἀκοῆς τὸ ἐκ τῶν λόγων ὠφέλιμον λανθανόντως ὑποδεώμεθα."

‡ Hooker, v. 65. 6. Sen. *Epist.* lib. 1, Ep. 11. "Magna pars peccatorum tollitur, si peccaturis testis adsistat. Aliquem habeat

let the mind have always some whom it feareth" (a slight inaccuracy here), "some whose authority may keep even secret thoughts under awe. Take Cato, or, if he be too harsh and rigid, choose some other of a softer mettle, whose gravity of speech and life thou lovest ; his mind and countenance carry with thee, set him always before thine eyes, either as a watch or pattern."

The inferiority of our modern versions may be perhaps in part explained by the present disuse of many excellent and useful expressions current in older times. These convenient words "whereof," "whereto," or the like, have gone seemingly never to return, and in consequence of their absence we are so often thrown upon "whom" and "which," that there has arisen an aversion to the use of the relative wherever it can be avoided ; and writers, rather than employ it, prefer to make two sentences instead of one. The nominative absolute is almost lost. We should say now "where," or "if necessity urges," not "necessity urging, it is no fault," and so also in the passive voice we rarely find, as a translation of the Latin ablative absolute, such a phrase as "his work done, he rested," but "after he had done his work," or some equally verbose equivalent. We can scarcely now venture to say with Milton, "when a temple is building," for fear of being thought to write vulgarly, but must content ourselves with "during the building of a temple." We have lost, too, that convenient adjunct of verbs "does." How constrained it sounds to say "upon whom the light of the gospel shines not yet," how natural and rhythmical the alteration to "doth not yet shine !" We must also regret the loss of the old sense of the preposition "of" in the phrase "of thy mercy grant," which has no exact modern equivalent. Such a sentence as the Latin "qui scis nos in tantis periculis constitutos non posse subsistere," we should invariably render "who knowest that we, placed as we are," or "in that we are placed in so great dangers cannot stand," instead of "in that" or "for that we are placed," or, as in the Collect "who knowest that we are placed in so great dangers that, &c."\* These terrible particles *μὲν* and *δὲ*

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animus, quem vereatur, cujus auctoritate etiam secretum suum sanctius faciat. Elige itaque catonem ; si hic videtur tibi nimis rigidus, elige remissioris animi virum : elige eum cujus tibi placuit vita et oratio, et ipsius animum ante te ferens et vultus, illum semper tibi ostende, vel custodem vel exemplum."

\* Why do we not make more use of our privileges in accumu-



cannot always be rendered by "firstly," "secondly," still less by "indeed" and "but," and though we may sometimes express them by saying, that "*while A is doing x, B is doing y,*" yet the monotony would be less if we still retained the old antithetical "as" and "so." Further, some useful words have deserted without leaving us their substitutes. Where is the modern equivalent of "towardly"? We seldom use the adjective "backward," except in conversation, and yet a periphrasis is necessary to express the meaning both of this word and the deceased "froward." "Colourable" is a better word than "plausible," and not exactly synonymous with the latter: "ought" has expelled, "it befits," "it beseems," "it behoves;" we miss also the impersonals "it contents," "it moves us—that," and many other various expressions which have by their departure made our language at once more regular and less vigorous. But besides the loss of these turns and phrases which are compensated at least in some degree by modern additions, once more we must repeat, that it is the want of variety and fulness which is the fatal cause of the badness of our modern translations. Let the reader turn over the master-piece of English prose, Milton's *Areopagitica*, and he will find that upon his apt use of what we called above "couplets," hangs the marvellous fascination of his style. What else is the charm of the following sentence, "that out of many *moderate varieties* and *brotherly dissimilarities* that are not vastly disproportional arises the *goodly* and the *graceful* symmetry that commends the whole *pile* and *structure*;" and again, "what could a man require more from a Nation so *pliant* and so *prone* to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a *towardly* and *pregnant* soil, but *wise* and *faithful* labourers, &c.," and lastly, "revolving new *notions* and *ideas* to present us with their *homage* and *fealty* the approaching Reformation"?

The compilers of our Prayer-Book thoroughly understood or, however, felt the genius and demands of their language: with them "nullum" and "ullum" are in two consecutive lines, "no" and "any kind of;" "qui" is at one moment "which," at another "that," at a third "such as," and so on; such a phrase as "a quolibet cuilibet datum," is "given unto any man by every man that listeth." These are little

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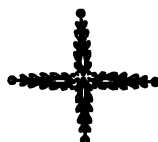
lating adjectives? "Diu acriter pugnatum est; neque Indi, &c." should be translated "Throughout the whole of this sharp contest, the Indians, &c."

things, but so are Greek particles, and Greek particles rightly placed are not more effective in making Greek out of English-Greek, than these little minutiae of variety and diversity have power to transform Greek or Latin-English into our own true genuine and idiomatic language. That such men as will make good English translations must, whether willingly or unwillingly, follow this rule is most certain. The causes are not the subject of this paper, but one of them is not far to seek.

In every derived language there is a certain indefiniteness about the meaning of words. The Roman had a clear notion of the manly rigorous "virtus" as soon as the word was pronounced, while the Englishman must gradually acquire his idea of "virtue." Hence it follows that an English writer, whether author or translator, not quite certain that by any one word he is expressing the idea he wishes to express, must sometimes resort to two or even more words to indicate his meaning. The German would have no such difficulty. It is for this reason that, in translating Homer, we should have no occasion for these couplets which we find so useful in versions of prose-writers; for inasmuch as no word of Homer can fail of finding its Saxon mate in our language, his poetry can be rendered word for word into homely English, nor need either truthfulness or spirit be sacrificed in the process.

Finally, the classical languages, with their ready power of manufacturing new words to suit new purposes, their delicacies of order, their apt inflexions and artful links of connecting particles possess a serenity and dignity that we cannot hope to equal. Alter two words in one of Plato's sentences, and what would become of the rhythm? Our sentences would fare better under such an ordeal, for it is not the outward mould that makes their excellence. Theirs is the beauty of form, ours the beauty of colour: they have grace, we picturesqueness: theirs is repose, ours vigorous life; theirs the marked order of ruling law, ours the quaint blending of feudality; unity stands eminent in the Greek, the meaning enshrined as in some Parthenon, where basement and pillar, capital and architrave and frieze follow on and on in regular succession, the cold lines distinct and clear and uniform, whereon the eye rests with calm delight as on a whole perfect and self-complete, while within, in her single cell, the Ivory Athene holds supreme sway, with nought around to decoy the attention from the spectacle of her chaste majesty, nothing to distract the brain and intellect from their enforced adora-

tion ; ours are the never-ending upward infinite lines, which, in a Grecian mind, to whom the infinite does of itself savour of somewhat evil, excite aversion and disgust, in us a vague and mysterious longing, better far than any satisfied desire ; dashed with deep shadows, broken with bright sharp lights, enlivened with many a quaint carved corbel, whence look forth placid angels and peeping fiends, and bare-head friars, while within some twenty chapels hold their twenty several saints, claiming each his lesser worship, and the dim purpled lines of coloured light, and the rich full varied organ-notes, and the awful and the grotesque, and the infinite and the finite working in sharp opposition on the kindred emotions of the heart, half shape forth and half stifle in the birth, that indefinite indefinable something which we call religious feeling.





## THE SCENTLESS ROSE.

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IN wintry climes, 'tis said, the rose  
Forgets her sweets to pour,  
And scentless lives and scentless dies,  
To bloom again no more:  
She dies, and who her fate can rue,  
Though soft her leaf, though bright her hue?

Ah proud and obdurate! ah cruel and cold!  
What availleth thee all this fair show,  
If thine eyes only gleam the hard glitter of gold,  
And the livery thou wear'st is of snow?  
Soon, soon in a breast that no summer can move,  
Will wither and fade the sweet blossom of love.

But if to soil more genial  
That rose transplanted be,  
The perfume-laden air will faint  
In conscious ecstasy:  
For sun and rain break winter's chain  
And call the flower to life again.

I'll seek me another less sullen than thou,  
Whose smile, like the tropical sun,  
Will quicken once more the frost-bitten flower,  
Undoing the work thou hast done;  
And the rain of whose tears, pity-fraught from above,  
Will cherish and foster poor perishing love.

M. N.



## REVIEWS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

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IT requires a little nerve, and some of the readers of *The Eagle* may possibly think no little assurance, to set about writing a critique of criticism. And yet I suppose most of us do, more or less, criticise the opinions of current literature which form one of the staple commodities in the periodicals of our time. Our philosophical neighbour at Trinity says somewhere that people, from the very fact of their human nature, must have a tendency in them to metaphysical thought, and that the assertion that they are no metaphysicians, or do not believe in metaphysics, is generally the preface to some very bad specimen thereof. It is perhaps in some measure the same with the subject now proposed for consideration. If men read, and think about what they read, a necessity of their nature compels them to pass some verdict upon the judgments of others, which have set them thinking for themselves. All that the writer asks is the reader's patience, while they attempt together the solution of some such questions as the following: What is the general tone of modern critiques? What is the influence of this department of journalism upon modern thought? Can any remedy be found for existing imperfections? For to assume that modern criticism is not without its failings is only to assert its human origin. Perhaps the writer may be permitted to add, that he has not yet taken the urgent advice of "R.," which appeared a few terms back in these pages, and that, consequently, he has not had the advantage of attending a recent memorable debate in the Union upon a kindred subject to this now proposed.

To trace the reciprocal influence between the worlds of sense and thought, to note how far man is the moulder of what a Carlyle would probably call his 'surroundings,' and how far himself only the plastic recipient of external powers—these are problems which though they have been often proposed, and have often served to excite the genius and concentrate the energies of the deepest thinkers, have,

notwithstanding, never been accurately solved. Of equal interest and difficulty is the attempt to search out the connection between mind and mind, and to enquire how far the manifold apparatus of nineteenth century education leaves the subject of its processes an independent identity, or only a fainter impress of alien intelligence; in other words, how far it helps to *think*, and how far it only fills with *things* ready thought.

Here then we come in contact with journalism: to which of these ends is its influence directed? Mankind may, with more or less accuracy, be divided into two exhaustive classes—the leaders and the led. The middle classes—neither despots nor serfs in the empire of thought—have scarcely thriven so well there as in the lower spheres of commerce and politics. Men, who are at once free from the ambition which longs to found a school and the coward docility which is content wholly to yield its mind to a master, are not nearly so abundant as is to be desired. There can be no doubt that in a vast majority of cases the passive tendency remains through life predominant; and it is, therefore, fortunate for the world that now and then “a towering mind” should step forth from the ranks and direct the otherwise useless energies of more ordinary mortals.

Life is a contest with opposing elements, in which, as we must all learn sooner or later, every man is compelled by the law of his being to engage. Some start in the struggle with a noble independence of spirit, ready to echo Fichte’s manly declaration—“To truth I solemnly devote myself at my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party or reputation, I shall always acknowledge that to be truth, which I recognise as such, come whence it may; and never acknowledge that which I do not believe.” How many have ever honestly made such a resolution as this? How many have kept it? It argues no lack of charity to suppose that with an overwhelming majority of mankind the case is far otherwise. They need the gay colourings and attractive flutterings of a banner to inspirit them for their share in the fight. If their latent energies are but called out by the insinuation of an *ite* or an *ism*, they are forthwith prepared to do battle to the last. If the philosopher had been defining truth instead of virtue when he spoke of a mean between two extremes, his phrase would perhaps more nearly have expressed the fact. For her abode lies ever between the poles of party warfare, and therefore—being unseen by zealous partisans—she be-

comes to them a vague and indefinite abstraction, and her champion runs great risk of being denounced as a spiritless proposer of half-measures.

Of all the various shapes which this zealous partisanship assumes, one of the most common is a steadfast and unflinching coherence to some party organ. And yet, upon slight consideration, it seems no less unreasonable to prefer the vane of a weathercock to a compass for the guide of a homeward voyage, than it is to trust to the pilotage of a newspaper in our search for the fair haven of truth. This virtual despotism of the press is, I think, one of the greatest faults in its present working. Instead of belonging to a clan, as of old, men belong now-a-day to a party: and just as the spirit of feudalism was embodied in the feudal lord, so is that of party in the party organ. If we look at the question from a politico-economical point of view, the absurdity of this organolatry will be yet more evident. The French proverb—quoted by Professor Kingsley in his inaugural lecture—introduces to us a sadly unromantic aspect of things, "*La bouche va toujours.*" The establishment of a periodical is a speculation which, like other speculations, must if possible be made to pay. If one course does not bring to the desired El Dorado, another tack must be tried. There need be no modesty about the change. The system of anonymous writing—though attended with many counterbalancing advantages—helps very considerably to do away with the feeling of personal responsibility. A man might feel disposed to blush with consciousness of vacillation: unhappily for journalistic consistency, paper and type are not much given to blushes.

The purveyors to the literary tastes of the people must bend to the same unyielding law of supply and demand, which regulates production in other departments of the commercial world. Although he may flatter himself that he is one of the moulders of public opinion, a critic is often quite as much moulded by that potent agency. The mutual action and reaction between the tone of thought generally prevalent among a people and the literature which it regards with favour, must affect the self-appointed Public Censor, as well as other authors. In one respect he is even more dependent upon the judgment of his contemporaries, for, unlike the writers of more solid works, he is unable to appeal from the opinion of one age to that of another. If a review be not read *now*, the most probable alternative is that it will be *never*.

If we judge the taste of review-readers by the character of the food provided for their gratification, they must certainly be allowed to have a very unmistakeable preference for the highly seasoned. It appears as though a reviewer could scarcely hope to please his patrons better than by the thorough castigation, and—if his breath be of precarious tenure—annihilation, of any luckless wight who has the misfortune to cross the editorial path without the tolerably secure protection afforded by previous fame. Have you ever read De Quincey on "Murder as one of the Fine Arts"? If so, apply his conclusions to "Reviewing as one of the Fine Arts," and you will have a tolerable clear idea of the predilections which I am attempting to describe. The truth is that good people, who would be at once astonished and horrified at an invitation to proceed to the nearest exhibition of muscular barbarity, contrive nevertheless to reconcile literary sparring to their convenient consciences. So that the arena be cleared and the spectators on the alert, the subject of discussion—the bone of contention—is a matter of minor import. Biblical interpretation, metaphysical subtleties, ethical theories, disputed points in ethnology, philology, geology, &c., &c., may each assert their importance as the occasioning causes of many a fierce battle. To watch the learned athletes is an amusement which enjoys the reputation of being at once genteel and exciting, and has, moreover, the additional recommendation of savouring somewhat of the scholastic. Search after truth—historic, scientific, or moral—is of course for the time out of the question. *That* must wait till the heat of party strife be past. A similar account might be given of present tendencies to the jocose treatment of serious subjects. Of course we have all heard the old tale of "No case: abuse the plaintiff's attorney." If the "legal adviser" had recommended ridicule instead of abuse, it admits of question whether, under the circumstances, he would not have shewn a deeper discernment. Wantonness and triviality are alien alike to the motives and method of the genuine truth-seeker, however useful as light arms in a skirmish. There is a world of meaning in the opening sentence of Lord Bacon's essay "Of Truth." "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness,"—a statement which we cordially recommend to the careful consideration of various metropolitan friends.

But having noticed the despotic tone—the party spirit—



the flippant style—too often exemplified in recent critiques, we have by no means come to the end of our catalogue of grievances. One of their most noticeable peculiarities is the prevalence of what may be termed *particular* criticism. They too often display an inability, or at all events an indisposition, to grasp the entire scope of the works of which they treat. This failing is probably owing to the desired facility of the critic's task. It requires a much smaller mental effort to pounce upon a particular stanza of a poem or a page in a history, and at once come to a verdict of weak, fine, eloquent, or sentimental, than to read a book as a whole, think about it as a whole, and comment upon it as a whole. We may perhaps be reminded—in the familiar language of one of "Our College Friends"—that a whole is invariably made up of its several parts, and that we cannot, therefore, adopt a better means of ascertaining the character of the whole than by an examination and analysis of its several parts. Granting the axiom, the proposed conclusion cannot be admitted to possess an equal universality. A beautiful mosaic, for example, is often composed of pieces, which taken alone would appear uninteresting and unmeaning. So is it to some extent with books. It is unfair to judge by isolated passages, as they are compelled to do who depend solely upon their weekly or monthly messenger. If talk rather than thought—the acquirement of a smattering for conversation, and not the liberation of mind from the thralldom of error—be the object of study, then indeed by all means read reviews and not books. If your taste be theological, the briefs and speeches of ecclesiastical lawyers, in cases of suspected heterodoxy, will serve your purpose almost as well; as they would also have served mine, since they furnish some of the most glaring instances of the particular species of injustice, to which reference has just been made.

An examination of the very slender foundations, upon which serious charges of plagiarism have rested, would in itself afford abundant materials for several articles. Critics sometimes appear anxious to vie with the ingenious versifier, who, for the sake of a slashing review of Milton, wrote sundry Latin poems, from which he represented the blind bard to have derived his inspiration.

The treatment which the much-abused Coleridge received at the hands of his earlier critics would open a very wide field of interesting research. One can easily imagine how—to quote the words of a contemporary biographer—a mind

like his would be affected by "that confusion between things floating in the memory and things self-derived, which happens at times to most of us that deal much with books on the one hand, and composition on the other." It should too be remembered that in the abstruse speculations, in which he took a deep interest and prominent part, discovery of external phenomena has no place. Having to deal with the universal forms of all knowledge, rather than with the subject-matter of special physical sciences, the truths which the metaphysician elucidates carry with them their own proof; and the more powerful the elucidation, the clearer is their self-evidence. So, too, the highest task of the moralist is not to *discover* virtue, but to convince mankind of its intrinsic beauty, and to clear away the mists of passion and prejudice which are ever powerful to hide that excellence from mortal gaze. On such subjects as these, we should therefore be careful of admitting a charge of plagiarism. The true study of the noblest philosophy is the universal consciousness of man—a book which lies open for the perusal of all, and from which he who copies, copies from the works of God.

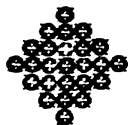
Once more, modern criticism evinces a decided preference for all forms of the concrete, accompanied by a corresponding impatience of the abstract. And since it is the power of abstraction that enables us to glean those lessons of social and political wisdom, which the annals of our race—the history of facts—are calculated to afford, this inordinate love of the concrete becomes in effect an attempt to smother the didactic element in history, and so to deprive her of her high title of "Philosophy teaching by examples." But it may be asked, are not facts and truth synonymous? In gathering facts, are we not treasuring truth? Not necessarily; truth is one, facts are diverse. It requires a higher exertion of mind to grasp the great unity of the one, than to collect fragmentary specimens of the other. Facts are the medium, it is true, but only the medium, through which to attain truth: they are the necessary—not seldom tedious and uninteresting—route, which our limited faculties must traverse, if we would ever reach the promised land beyond. To accumulate facts is a great thing, to make just deductions from them is a greater, but the noblest task of the three is to trace general principles in gradual developement. No philosophy of history need be looked for, "except we can discern the region where the eternal and the immutable beams through the outward veil of the actual and visible: where

experience gives reality to ideas, and ideas give universality to the truths we gather from experience."

This statement may, perhaps, be illustrated from the history of the fine arts. In studying, for example, the sculptures of a past age or nation, it were surely a vain philosophy which would confine us to mere dimensions, and forbid an attempt to trace the mental concept moulded into "things of beauty" by the magic power of the artist's hand. If viewed aright, they become to our eyes unwritten treatises on the historic Sublime and Beautiful—impersonations of what was once considered the standard of the ideal perfect. Thus are they monuments, not merely of skill, but of mind, which, by the instrumentality of its bodily organs, leaves its signature upon the objects of sense around. The aim of the student is to read aright the mystic impress. Just so is it in history, except that here the idea is conceived in the mind of no human artist. Moral results, we are taught to believe, will remain; when special phenomena, indicative of their present existence and influence, have been merged in the abyss of the forgotten past. The former are permanent and general; the latter, temporary and particular. Remains of ancient nations, whether in marble or in chronicle, and records of modern ones, are important as indices of mental and moral progress; if unfortunately, they are viewed as the ultimate objects of study, many of the uses of such communion will be entirely lost.

Let not criticism effect this abandonment of the search after something deeper than the surface, and in due time that era shall arise upon the world, which to all honest truthseekers shall be the dawn of an eternal brightness, while—to every form of criticism with lower aim than this—it shall be but the oblivion of an endless night.

P.





## OUR COLLEGE FRIENDS.

(*Final Group.*)

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"They often came about me while I slept,  
And brought me dreams, none idle, none profane."  
W. S. Landor's *Hellenics*.

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### I. VIRGIL.

A SUNSET glow rests on him, each dark curl  
Crowned by the wreath of laurel, whose robes hung  
Graceful in servitude, as though they clung  
With willing touch, nor clasped by gold nor pearl:  
A mild, sad smile, lovely as when a girl  
Her latest maiden hymn at evening sang;  
A brow serene, where still some olden pang  
Had graved a furrow from Youth's maddening whirl.  
A voice not loud, but clear; fitted to theme  
Of earlier days, when gods and men combined  
For deeds which linger long in Poets' dream:  
Yet joys of Peace, more loved, attuned his mind  
To rustic labours, where his Mincian stream  
Like his own verse from charm to charm doth wind.

### II. DANTE.

With mystic fascination in his eye  
Rose the stern-fated Florentine, on whom  
Prophetic task was laid to pierce the tomb  
And scan the secrets of Eternity;  
Worn by long years of exile, gloomily  
Passing from land to land, without a home,  
Seeking that Peace which ne'er in life might come;  
With wounded pride that rankled inwardly,  
E'en at the outward scars and miseries;  
Till with avenging scorn his foes he hurled  
To Malebolge's horror-fraught abyss,—  
Branded throughout the torture-realm of Dis:  
Thence soaring to a purer, brighter world,  
Beheld his boyhood's love, th' angelic Beatrice.

## III. TASSO.

Lo! worn and shadowy from Onofrio's cell  
 A pale and silent man glides forth at eve,  
 To gaze upon the golden clouds that weave  
 A lustre o'er the Rome that prized him well:  
 Past all delusive fame, content to dwell  
 And, haply, Christian peace ere death retrieve;  
 Made holier by his woes, no more to grieve  
 Though saddened memories around may swell.  
 And this is he, once foremost in the throng  
 Of favoured knights, whom Leonora's eyes  
 Had smiled on, whilst he poured his glorious song!  
 Oft came back dreams of her, when maniac cries  
 And dungeon gloom nigh phrensied him with wrong,  
 Till the foul vault became a Poet's Paradise.

## IV. CERVANTES.

We love thee well, and prize thy cheerful faith  
 In knightly honour and chivalric aim,  
 That dared with what it revered mingle blame  
 And playful ridicule, unfearing scathe;  
 For still, with fancies quaint, thy Legend saith  
 How gentleness and simple truth must claim  
 Affection and respect, despite all shame  
 That threatens dupes of each Quixotic wraith.  
 Thyself, CERVANTES, have we learnt to trace  
 In thy creation, though travestied there:  
 The proud romance that lights thy pale sad face,  
 The dreamy languor, the half-'wildered air,  
 The love and mirth that paled not in disgrace;  
 Maimed, wrecked, and scorned—triumphant o'er despair.

## V. CAMOENS.

Not here the consummation, the award  
 Of final bliss or bane: in poverty,  
 Neglected by the land his poësy  
 Adorns for aye, expires the Lusian bard;  
 One friend, his faithful slave, with fixt regard  
 Seeming to question Fate,—“Thus must it be?  
 So gifted, pure, yet 'whelmed in misery!.....  
 O, were this life the whole, is such reward?”  
 But constant as of old, CAMOENS braves  
 The awful phantom that forbids his bark  
 To reach an earthly goal: beyond the waves  
 New realms of bliss await him, where each spark  
 Lustrous shall shine from out heroic graves,  
 Redeemed by Love that hallows whilst it saves.

VI. GOETHE.

Calm, as befitteth Art's crowned oracle,  
In days when Earth had ravened with brute haste  
To clutch what food was nighest, and to taste  
The stagnant pond as pleased as limpid well ;  
Calm as the magian, trustful of his spell  
Which bars without the howlers of the waste,  
O'er-mastered yet rebelling ; calm and chaste  
In the high realms of thought doth GOETHE dwell.  
He, with an easy grasp, the laurel crown  
Sustaineth, nor with arrogance nor shame  
But with the placid smile that tramples down  
All idle taunts which dared assail his name :  
Too coldly proud or merciful to frown  
A god-like vengeance—for the end was fame.

VII. SCHILLER.

On the up-gazing face and earnest eye  
Of the enraptured SCHILLER falls the sheen  
Of a wan moon, the tremulous boughs between,  
In benediction from the midnight sky ;  
And forms of virgin beauty hover nigh,  
With mailed warriors, kingly and serene,  
And mountain hero who doth musing lean  
On the cross-bow whose shaft brought Liberty.  
A face which looks on death. He reads the doom  
Of his life's harvest-field condemned to dearth :  
The inaction awes him, not the chilly tomb.  
True to the poet-longings, which from birth  
Delighted in the grandeur and the gloom,  
He lives and dies in an ideal earth.

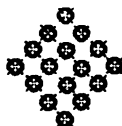
VIII.

Thus, in the silent hours of retrospect  
By evening lent to close laborious days,  
Suns that set long-ago entwine their rays,  
And faces which such olden light had decked  
Smile back on me affection's glance unchecked ;  
Eyes, that are dimmed on earth, their calm sheen wear ;  
Forms that are hallowed now as Vestal's prayer ;  
Barks, early fraught with hope, untimely wrecked :  
A calm, sweet beauty dwelling on their sere  
And world-worn brows, now gleaming lustrously,  
The great high-priests of Song like stars appear  
In heaven's blue vault, and smiling tenderly  
Breathe comfort in our loneliness and fear :—  
“ We also toiled and bled, yet live in memory ! ”

## IX.

They are not mute to us, those buried Dead,  
But open-hearted, trustful, with a smile  
Of welcome, when thus summoned to beguile  
Fancy from circling round the daily tread ;  
They blame not our long tarrying, but outspread  
Their treasure thoughts ungrudgingly, as though  
For us they garnered Wisdom ; whence they sow  
And reap exhaustless harvests, where they bled :  
No beauteous deed so hidden but illumed  
A train of radiance, never kindly mirth  
But flushed an answering joy when care consumed :  
No martyred hero falls but giveth birth  
To hundred others, ere his dust's entombed :  
Then call them not "The Dead" whose footsteps ring on earth :

"J. W. E."





## FROM ZERMATT TO ZINAL AND BACK.

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FORTUNE, after many disappointments, was kind enough to give H. and myself one tolerably fine week during the wet summer of 1860. We did our best to improve the shining hours, and spent every day except one (which was Sunday) on the glaciers, making several first-rate excursions, two of which form the subject of this paper.

No place in the Alps is so well fitted for the head quarters of an alpine tourist as Zermatt, lying as it does at the head of a valley that runs up to the very heart of the Pennine chain, and surrounded by its highest summits. Three large glaciers descend into its meadows, and it would be a long task to enumerate the number of peaks and passes, which lie within easy reach of the comfortable hotels in the village, or the little mountain inn on the Riffelberg. After sleeping three nights at the latter place, we, accompanied by our guide Michel Croz of Chamounix, descended into the village on the evening of Wednesday, August 29. The day had been unsettled, and we had passed the earlier part of it shivering in a snow storm on the upper part of the Lys glacier, but the sky looked as if the weather "was arranging itself," so we determined to have another excursion on the morrow. A glance at a good map of Switzerland will shew that the Rhone valley and the highest part of the Pennine chain from the St. Bernard to the Matterhorn are almost parallel, and that several valleys run from the former nearly at right angles to it, becoming shorter as they approach the east. Around the granitic mass that has upheaved Monte Rosa, the mountains extend in different directions thrusting forward three large chains towards the Rhone valley, between which the two branches of the Visp Thal are squeezed. Zermatt is in the western of these, and consequently the heads of some of the smaller vallies mentioned above can be reached from it. The nearest is called the Val d' Anniviers,



and this we determined to visit. Just beyond Zermatt, the valley, on arriving at the foot of the Matterhorn, breaks into two ravines running right and left; in the former is the Zmutt glacier, in the latter the Görner. Consequently the chain of mountains on the right-hand side of the valley turns abruptly round, and runs towards the Dent Blanche at right angles to its former course; enclosed by this angle is the glacier de Zinal and the head of the Val d' Anniviers. Consequently there are two routes from Zermatt to Zinal, one on either side of the Gabelhorn, a mountain forming the apex of the angle; we determined to go by one and return next day by the other.

Enough for topography—now for our journey. Being anxious not to lose time on the way, (for we had some idea of doing both the passes in the same day), we engaged a local guide Johann Kronig, an old friend of mine, and determined to start as soon after four as possible. Good intentions, however, in the matter of early rising, as some of my readers no doubt know, are hard to carry into effect, especially when you have been up between two and three the previous morning, so from one cause or another we did not get off till 5.30 A.M. The sun had long lit up the obelisk of the Matterhorn and had even begun to creep down by the dark crags of the Hörnli into the valley before we started; so when once off we lost no time, and hastening through the meadows, fresh with dew and gay with the lilac flowers of the autumn crocus, crossed the torrent and entered the pine forest on the left side of the Zmutt valley. Let no visitor to Zermatt forget this walk. Here he may saunter along at his ease, shaded by the dark arollas, and peer over here and there into the ravine at his feet, glancing down the crags half-hid with feathery ferns and rhododendron bushes, red with flowers, till he sees the torrent tumbling among the green blocks of serpentine two hundred feet below. Or if he like it better, he can lie on the mossy turf, and watch the nut-crackers at work on the pine cones, or admire the peak of the Matterhorn towering above him, and the glaciers and pinnacles around the Dent Blanche. We, however, have no time for this now, "*vorwärts*" is the word, and Kronig's caution of "*langsam, langsam*," as he perspires after us is little heeded. We emerge from the wood, and are in the pastures just above the Zmutt glacier. Our work is before us; just across the valley, from a point of the range between the Dent Blanche and the Gabelhorn comes a steep crevassed glacier, called the Höchwang, above which lies our pass.

We run down to the Zmutt glacier and are soon upon it. I cannot quite sympathise with Ruskin's rapturous description.\* Fancy a river a mile or so wide, frozen hard, ploughed up here and there with crevasses, and then covered with stones of every size from a cricket ball to a cottage. Macadamization on a small scale on a road is all very well, but I disapprove of it when carried to an excess on a glacier. You go slowly,—it becomes intolerably tedious and the opposite bank *will* not get any nearer—you try to go faster by jumping from stone to stone, you leap on one, it slips, on another, it totters, on a third, it rolls over, you twist your feet and ankles, till at last you lose your footing and your temper together, and come down ignominiously on all fours, "barking" your shins in the process and wishing the mountains would mend their ways. "Red glacier," indeed, the "Smut" would be a much more appropriate name, for it is the dirtiest I ever saw. However, we get across in about half-an-hour and toil up the steep bank on the other side. A long pull now begins up turf slopes varied by patches of rock; uncommonly hot work, but we comfort ourselves with the thought that we are rapidly rising in the world. In about three-quarters-of-an-hour we begin to be conscious that we breakfasted more than four hours since, so we sit down and make what would be a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, if only we had any forks. We lose no time about this but press on; now the lower part of the Höchwang glacier is well beneath us, but it is too much crevassed to tempt us on it. We climb rocks steeper than before, or scramble clattering up banks of loose stones, till we reach a few patches of snow, and see that we are above the ice fall and just under the edge of the snow-field which feeds it. Here we rest a few minutes and feast our eyes on the glorious view before us; far below us lies the Zmutt glacier, the dazzling whiteness of its upper fields in strong contrast with the foulness of its lower end. Like many a life, is the thought that passes through the mind. To the extreme right are the Col d'Erin, the Tête Blanche, and the Col de la Valpelline. Opposite, across the Zmutt glacier, rises the tremendous tower of the Matterhorn, a steep white slope of snow leading from the right-hand side to a small glacier, that girdles the mountain with an outwork of icy crags, from which now

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\* *Modern Painters*, Vol. iv., p. 242.

and then an avalanche is fired like a warning gun. The Matterhorn seen from this point loses its spire-like shape and appears like a corner-tower terminating a long line of ruined wall. It is at once evident that Ruskin's ingenious argument\* about the true summit of the mountain is singularly wrong, and that the actual peak, or rather the highest point of the ridge forming the summit, is nearly the same as that seen from Zermatt. Beyond this is the wide field of glacier stretching to the Théodule pass, above which rises the head of the Petit Cervin and the snow cap of the Breithorn; next are the Twins, vested in robes of purest snow; beyond the ridge of the Lyskamm; then the broken masses of the Lys glacier, among which we had been wandering the day before; and rising above it the rock-tipped petals of Monte Rosa. This is the place for seeing the Queen of the Alps in her true beauty; the subordinate ridges of the Görner and Höchthaligrat are reduced to their proper position as mere buttresses of the chain, and her coronet of peaks is better seen from here than from the usual points of view; next comes the hump of the Cima di Jazi, the cone of the Strahlhorn, the jagged wedge of the Rymfischhorn, the little peak of the Allelinhorn, and the flat top of the Alphubel closes the view on the extreme left.

This is I fear little better than a catalogue of empty names to most of my readers, not so to one who has seen the mountains they denote. We stood for some time unable to tear ourselves away from the scene, tracing out the paths of many pleasant excursions and planning new expeditions. Time, however, was passing, so we turn to the snow, a few minutes scrambling and we look on a wide basin of névé. The Dent Blanche rears its unpromising triangular head to the left and the cliffs of the Gabelhorn are on the right, in the ridge connecting the two are two distinct depressions, apparently a few hundred yards apart. We desire to try the one to the left, being evidently the lower; Kronig asserts that the one to the right is that usually passed, so we follow him. We plunge through the soft snow, toil up the slopes, and at 11.50 are on the Col; here we rest on a little patch of rock (chloritic slate), which protrudes through the snow, and luxuriate for a while, making what, in these enlightened days, must be termed

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\* *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV., p. 185.

a déjeuner d'atatoire. The view behind us is much less extensive than it was from below, but we look down now on to the basin of the Zinal glacier and along the Val d'Anniviers, till in the purple distance our view is closed by a snow mountain\* on the other side of the Rhone valley. Kronig asserts that when he crossed the Col two months before, the "Herr" with him deposited a minimum thermometer among the rocks, for which we hunt in vain. Rested, we commence our descent,—at first we run merrily down a snow slope, this however gets rapidly steeper, and we go more cautiously; suddenly there is a cry of "halt," and we find it a case of "no road this way." A few steps below us the slope terminates abruptly, and a cliff of ice, at least sixty feet high, cuts us off from the glacier below. We glance to the right, the precipice rises higher there, so we turn to the left; we walk cautiously for a hundred yards or so along the edge, looking out for a means of escape. We at last see a promising place, where the cliff is not quite vertical and a steep bank of snow like a buttress joins it to the glacier below. Croz sets to work and hews steps out of the ice. We follow. The position is unpleasant, for the slope is so nearly perpendicular that we grasp at its icy wall with our hands, in order to secure our footing, the snow slope below looks steep and hard, and below it a lot of crevasses grin open-mouthed at us: step by step we advance very cautiously, and now only about half-a-dozen notches remain to be cut, when crack, whirr, and off flies the head of Croz' "piolet," and scuds down the snow slope towards the crevasses. We all look rather blank as he holds up the broken handle, but fortunately are not defenceless. We are both armed with good stout alpenstocks, not the flimsy things that the unwary tourist is deluded into buying at the Righi or Chamounix, but stout six-foot poles, of English ash, with a four-inch spike of tempered steel at the end, the heaviest of which is handed to our guide,—he pecks out a few steps, yet more diminutive than before, and after a minute or two we are safe on the glacier. Fortunately the broken head of the piolet had escaped the crevasses, and was soon recovered. We hasten on, making for a snow-capped patch of rock in the middle of the glacier, sinking deep in the soft snow, and sometimes grumbling at it more than a little, for floundering above the knees

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\* Probably the Wildstrubel.

in loose snow under a hot sun *does* try the temper. By degrees we clear it, hurry down the glacier, get on to the pastures, and after an hour's walk reach Zinal about 5 P.M. While coming down the glacier we saw that we should have descended more easily had we taken the lower Col, and I have little doubt that the thermometer was there, for I do not think that the rocks we rested upon would be uncovered early in July. We had expected to find only a chalet at Zinal, but were ushered into a newly-built little inn, with a comfortable *salle-à-manger* and two small bedrooms. Everything was scrupulously clean, and an excellent dinner was served up to us, with capital muscat wine from near Stalden in the Visp Thal.

We started at 3.45. A.M. next morning, thoroughly pleased with the neatness and comfort of our resting place, and retraced our steps till we got some distance on the glacier when we turned sharp to the left, and took to the left bank to avoid an ice fall, and then struck across the tributary glacier that descends from between the Rothhorn and Gabelhorn. Before us is a steep jagged wall of rocks, perhaps a thousand feet high, in which is a deep cleft, looking as if some Paladin of old had hewn it out with two blows of a magic axe. This is the Col of the Trift.—The sky was lowering, so we press on as fast as we can, and reach the steep snow and slopes that form the *glacis* of the wall, up these we go as fast as we can. "*Il faut dépêcher*" says Croz—and there is no need to impress the warning on us, for the slopes and the glacier below are spotted with stones of every size—we are within the range of the cliffs of the Rothhorn, and if he fires a volley while we are on the slope, skill and courage may avail but little—we reach the foot of the wall and as we grasp the rough crags breathe more freely, for we are out of range now. The next hour-and-a-half is spent in contemplating the boots of the man in front, and trying into how many contortions it is possible to twist the human frame. Here we make *spreadeagles* of ourselves, there we wriggle up a chimney; here crawl under a projecting ledge, there climb on all fours up a smooth sloping bit of rock; now we require a friendly shove in the rear, now a haul from a friend's alpenstock in front. At last after nearly an hour and a-half of this kind of work we come to the top of a steep couloir of snow, terminating in free space two or three hundred feet below; this however causes no difficulty, as some thoughtful guide has fastened a chain to the rocks on each side, and so saved his successors from the trouble of using a

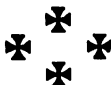
rope. A few more scrambling steps—we turn a corner, and “hurrah for the Col” is our exclamation, as we look down towards Zermatt. The view is not so extensive as from our pass of yesterday, but is very fine, and includes the Mischabel range; the clouds however are gathering, and though the most difficult part of our work is done, we see that we must not waste time if we wish to return unwetted to Zermatt. The Col is a mere notch in the rocks—you can almost sit across it—and the descent to the Zinal glacier looks awful from where we stand. The rock is a very pretty green-grey gneiss with pale pink lumps of felspar. There is a small wooden cross on the Col, to the arm of which I attach a minimum thermometer.

A steep slope of snow connects us with the Trift glacier, down this we descend cautiously for a time, till at last we see that we may venture a glissade. Some rocks jutting out of the snow threaten to break the continuity of our slide, so we make a flank movement to get beyond them—the snow is hard, and I expect every moment to commence my voyage “promiscuously.” I object strongly to this; sliding along, sprawling on the back or face, is to say the least undignified, and may be detrimental; so I place my feet together, put the rudder on hard with my alpenstock against the snow, and sweep round the corner in first rate style. This done we unite our forces again, and trudge over the glacier till we come to a very decided crevasse with one side rather higher than the other—Croze leaps at it, forgetful of the old proverb “look before you leap,” he alights upon the snow—it breaks under him—he is up to his middle—in an instant he throws himself forwards, and supports himself on the edge of the crevasse; in another moment he raises himself, and is in safety. It was a most fortunate thing that he did not leap a few inches shorter, for he had the rope coiled round him, so that had he gone down, we could not have helped him. He knocks the treacherous snow away with his pole to shew how far we must jump, and a good spring puts us by his side. Some more tramping through the snow, succeeded by another glissade or two, brought us to the lower part of the glacier, and after a short walk over it we quitted it for the pastures. Just as we did so three chamois appeared on the moraine within easy shot, and scampered off in great alarm as soon as they saw us; a few minutes after a fine eagle flew across the glacier. The storm clouds had now settled down upon the chain of Monte Rosa, but we hurried over the pastures, down a winding rocky path on the face of the cliffs, Zermatt all the

while lying, spread out like a map below us; we reached the enclosures, raced along the mule track, arrived at the village, and entered the Hotel du Mont Rose at one o'clock; we were just in time, in a few minutes the rain began, and continued without cessation for more than six and thirty hours. While it thundered and lightened we congratulated ourselves that we had made such good haste, and got back to our comfortable quarters.

β.

The height of the Col de la Dent Blanche is 11,398 feet, of the Trift Joch, (sometimes called the Col de Zinal,) 11,614 feet.



## THE MORAL SENSE.

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AS I was walking with a friend the other day, we happened to get into a discussion upon the well-worn subject which heads this paper: he maintaining that it was a superstition which every educated man should get rid of with all speed, and encouraging me to the attempt by his own example. For the last year, he told me, he had been constantly on the watch for this much vaunted sense, but if any feeling appeared to resemble it at first sight, he had always found it vanish away on closer inspection and give place to something of a more tangible and common-place nature; and he hinted that if my experience were different, the cause could only be that I had not practised this closer inspection. I fought for my side as though religion and morality and everything were bound up in my success, yet when I came home I felt secretly dissatisfied with the defence I had made, and determined to see whether my arguments might not look a little stronger when written. It may be that some readers of *The Eagle* may be interested in the subject; perhaps some one who looks at this paper may be stirred to take up the cudgels on the contrary side; at the worst, by sending it in, I shall have merited the gratitude of editors for supplying them with a larger choice of articles in the present busy and unprolific term.

To begin then, supposing that we take three men of equally good repute, we shall find that they will be generally agreed as to the course of conduct to be pursued, but it may happen that each will defend it on different grounds. A. may be a man of a calm judicial turn of mind, and of rather sluggish feelings, who acts in obedience to the fixed law of right and wrong which his intellect accepts just as it does the law that two straight lines cannot inclose a space; to neglect the one law is to him as great a blunder as to neglect the other. B, of finer emotional nature and smaller intellect,



feels impelled by a sort of instinct to act in one way rather than another, and, if disobedient to the impulse, is stung with shame and remorse. C is one who has neither judgment nor feeling with regard to any action, a priori, but deduces his rules of action, a posteriori, from the consequences of his acts. The advice of Themistocles would be condemned by all three; by A, because it is contrary to his moral axioms; by B, because the whole instinct of his nature rebels against it; by C, because the infamy or odium acquired by it would be more detrimental to Athens in the long run, than any immediate gain which it might bring about. The three persons supposed will represent roughly the three main theories of Ethics: that which derives our knowledge of duty from Reason, that which derives it from Feeling, and that which derives it from Understanding.\* It seems to me, that there was no ground for opposing these to one another; in every man the idea of duty is supplemented from each source though it may take its chief colouring from any one source according to the nature of the particular mind. There are three other subordinate theories which must be noticed by the way, viz. those which would derive the idea of duty from religion, honour, or social affection. But religion will be merged into one or others of those already mentioned. Honour is secondary, a code framed upon the moral sentiments of others, however they may have arisen. Social affection as such cannot afford a rule of action; for experience proves, that we constantly condemn conduct which proceeds from it, as being unjust and otherwise immoral. Joined with the understanding it becomes benevolence, and is the foundation of the Utilitarian theory.

Now the moral sense, as I understand it, is B's instinct, a sentiment of approbation or disapprobation naturally attending on moral actions. Of this feeling, instinct or sentiment, I assert that it is peculiar and that it is original. It is not the same as conscience, because conscience includes A's judgement, but it is the emotional, as that is the intellectual element in conscience. In order to show that it is peculiar, I must distinguish it from other classes of feelings. I shall confine myself first to its primary operation in reference to a man's self, and then examine how its operation is extended from the self to other moral beings. Its primary operations are four, either persuading or dissuading, praising or blaming.

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\* For convenience sake I employ Coleridge's terminology.

With regard to the two former, any of the particular affections, as Butler calls them, may draw us to or from certain acts; they may move us to the gratification of bodily appetites, or to do good or harm to certain persons on the ground of something pleasing or displeasing in manners or appearance; but no such movement is with authority, we yield to it with the consciousness that it is unauthorised until sanctioned by the Moral Sense. Perhaps the feelings with which it is most likely to be confounded, are natural feelings of pity, gratitude, generosity, &c.; thus, on hearing an enemy unjustly blamed in company, unfriendly both to him and to me, I may be inclined to be silent, first, from gratification of malice, secondly, from timidity; but my reason having once set before me that it is wrong to yield to this feeling, my moral sense keeps pressing and urging till I speak in his defence, coldly perhaps and timidly, whereas the man of generous impulse will overstate the case in his behalf. The term generosity, however, as well as gratitude, seems to imply a rather complex quality into which the idea of a moral sense already enters, so that when we compare these with the moral sense, it is a comparison between the moral sense *plus* a certain affection and the moral sense *minus* that affection. To illustrate the operation of moral sense after action, we may compare it with other kinds of satisfaction or dissatisfaction. Thus a child forbidden to eat sour fruit, disobeys and makes itself ill; it has the bodily feeling of pain, the conviction of folly, and the feeling of remorse for positive wrong; the two latter are the effect of the moral sense, which confirms by its sanction the superiority of the intellect to the appetite, as well as the parent's right to be obeyed. A self-conscious, sensitive person returning from a party, forgets the enjoyment which he or she may have had in the shame at some imagined breach of etiquette; is this the action of moral sense, or how is it to be distinguished from it? It cannot be the same, because it may be met and overcome by means of the moral sense; and a little consideration shows that it is in part a disappointment of the desire to please or to shine, and in part a morbid growth of moral sense which has raised a rule of society into a principle of morality. This however is connected with the secondary operation of the sentiment.

After being accustomed to feel pleasure and pain at the contemplation of our own actions, we begin to do the same with the actions of others by means of imagination and sympathy. We condemn their actions when we attribute them to motives which we should have condemned in ourselves, and we ad-

mire them when they are such as we should have approved in ourselves. It may even happen, that our moral sense displays itself more strongly at the sight of another's actions than at our own, as in the case of David and Nathan; and for this reason, A. Smith preposterously derived our notion of duty from a sympathy with the feeling which we imagined that our actions would produce in the minds of others. But the explanation is perfectly simple. David's moral sense would express itself freely in the case proposed by Nathan, while in his own case it was overpowered and silenced by antagonist feeling. Other cases of the kind would be where we had become habituated to a certain fault as committed by ourselves, and saw it in a new and truer light as committed by another; or perceiving some good quality, our sentiment of admiration might be roused and urge us to imitation. However, though A. Smith seems to me wrong in deriving our notion of duty in general from the reflected sentiments, yet no doubt this has given rise to certain virtues which could scarcely have been developed from its direct action; (thus justice is a compound of moral sense and resentment).

There are four different ways in which the moral sense operates upon us in relation to others, in approbation or disapprobation of others by us, or of ourselves by others. The main element in the feeling of honour and of shame is the moral sense thus reflected. The feeling which is perhaps most likely to be confounded with this secondary use of the moral sense is admiration of the beautiful, which in its highest exercise does really involve that sense, as was before seen in the case of gratitude and generosity. Thus much in proof of the peculiarity of this sense. I have now to show that it is original.

Locke fancied he had disproved this by pointing to the different views held at different times or places with regard to the morality of the same act; he might as well have denied that the pleasure of taste is original, because one man likes claret and olives, and another prefers train oil. I fully allow the variety of developement of which this feeling is capable, perhaps there is scarcely any act round which it may not be taught to grow by the influence of skilful associations; but I believe it to be among the earliest determinations of feeling in the infant as it rises out of the mere animal consciousness of comfort and discomfort. What ground have I for believing this? In the first place, I find the distinctive feeling existing in the mature man, I see no reason for supposing it to be secondary until it is

shown to be so, and I have never seen any satisfactory explanation of its genesis. In the second place, its distinctive character is shown in the most marked way in very young children, which is by no means the case in confessedly derivative feelings, *e.g.* avarice. How are we to explain the fact of a child submitting patiently to deserved punishment, while it instantly resents any injury, (as I have heard of a child under a year old which could not endure being laughed at) except on the supposition of a moral sense? In some the conscience is marvellously tender, as is shown by the tearful confessions they make of faults, which nobody else would have perceived; in others it remains in a half-dormant sluggish state, and shews by example what would have been the case of all in a higher degree, supposing the moral sense to be a late product of some more elementary feelings. The only difficulty which suggests itself here is the parallel case of animals; a dog is tamed by mixed kindness and severity, it seems to have acquired a notion of duty, and shows signs of satisfaction when it has fulfilled, of shame when it has neglected its duty. Here we must either allow that the dog has a moral sense which was developed, as reason in man, by discipline and education, or its conduct will be the result of affectionateness, fear, hope, and imitation; the dog wishes to please its master, fears his lash, hopes for food and caresses; and thus it shows satisfaction when it has succeeded in pleasing its master, and sorrow and fear when it has failed. In some peculiar cases, such as the poacher's dog, I think imitation helps to give the appearance of shame. On the whole, however, I incline to the dog's moral sense, because it will take a beating from its master, when it knows itself to have offended, but not otherwise.

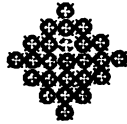
The last point I have to consider is the possibility of the moral sense disappearing. No doubt repeated acts of the will in opposition to the moral sense, will either deaden the sense or make us unconscious of its operation, just as repeated disregard of the alarm makes us unconscious of its sound, or as repeated cutting off of legs makes us indifferent to the sight of writhing and mangled limbs. But is it possible for it to disappear when not systematically resisted? Butler says the passive impression weakens as the active habit strengthens; so it might be supposed that the moral sense might gradually retire into the background as it accomplished its end in the formation of a moral habit of the will; still this is not a disappearance of the sentiment; it remains there in the background and is ready

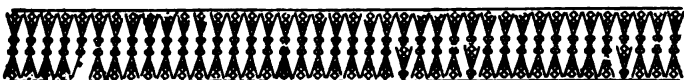
to show itself at any moment should the man of confirmed virtue relapse into vice. Another supposition rests upon the hypothesis of the unreality of the moral sense. It is said, a man who has been long deluded by this phantom may on close inspection find it resolve itself into benevolence and sympathy; these being equivalent I suppose to the commonly received rule of right and moral sense, sympathy being the natural tendency to reproduce another feeling in ourselves, so that their pleasure at our kindness, their indignation at our cruelty is reflected in us as self-praise and self-blame. I can understand a person tracing back our moral sense to sympathy as its original germ, though I think the answers which have been made to such a parentage are conclusive, but I find it more difficult to account for the adoption of the principle of sympathy in its untransmuted shape as the immediate cause of feelings of self-satisfaction and self-dissatisfaction. Surely we do often feel remorse now without the slightest conscious reference to the feelings of others, so much the contrary that we may be sure that the majority would not sympathize with our remorse, and self-approbation is equally independent of sympathy in the case of a solitary martyr. As A. Smith allows, the sympathy which is really the cause of these feelings in the grown man is that with an imagined perfectly moral being, which fiction seems to me simply a method of adding moral sense to the sympathies in an underhand manner, but at any rate the sympathy when thus doctored is more nearly allied to what is known as moral sense than to sympathy "*au naturel*."

There are several questions which must be left for further investigation, *e.g.*, whether the moral sense is ever found entirely alone in a simple state, or is only to be detected by analysis of various compounds into which it enters as an element; whether there is any limit at all to the combinations which it forms, &c.; as to which last I may observe that most actions are capable of being viewed under different lights and thus exciting different emotions, *e.g.*, to put out of the world an aged parent, may be an act of atrocious ingratitude according to our modern view, or it may be looked upon as a painful act of filial duty (which seems to have been the view taken by the ancient Thracians); but though the same external act may thus give rise to opposing moral sentiments, yet I imagine that until the capacity of experiencing those sentiments is entirely gone, they will be found in uniform connexion with certain

motives and certain feelings. If a man murders his father solely and distinctly for the purpose of getting his property and spending it for his own pleasure, it is inconceivable to me that the moral sense should operate in any other way than that of self-condemnation; again, if he does it solely and distinctly on the ground that his father has finished his work in the world, and that the gods call him elsewhere, and will make him happy there, but have ordained misery for him if he remains here; on such a supposition I presume the parricide would be free from self-condemnation, though the blind instinct of natural affection might intervene and prevent the sense from running up to the opposite point of self-approbation.

“Y. Z.”





## OUR CHRONICLE.

EASTER TERM, 1862.

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THE *Chronicler* is compelled by that dire necessity, of which printers' devils are the impersonation, to confine himself to a bare statement of the facts which are likely to interest his readers. The unwonted shortness of the term, and the desire to include in it even more than the usual May-term's gaiety has been productive of arrears to others besides the Editors of *The Eagle*: it is to be hoped that in having to indulge a regret that it is so, they may stand alone.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the proceedings of the College itself. The Commemoration Sermon was preached this year by the Rev. Canon Atlay, D.D., Vicar of Leeds, the select preacher before the University for the time. The rev. gentleman, in a very impressive discourse, enforced upon his hearers the words "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

At the close of last term we had the satisfaction of welcoming a Bell Scholar in Mr. M. H. Beebee, formerly of Rossall School, the other Scholarship being obtained by Mr. Image of Trinity. During this term, Mr. H. W. Moss has obtained the Porson Prize for the second time, and Mr. Lee Warner Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek Epigram.

On Friday, May 9th, the following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society:

Mr. E. K. Green, 8th in the first class of Classical Honors, 1856.

Mr. C. Stanwell, 15th in the first class of Classical Honors, 1858; Sir Wm. Browne's Medallist for Greek ode, 1856; for Latin ode, 1857; and Camden Medallist, 1857.

Mr. C. J. E. Smith, 7th Wrangler, 1860.

Mr. E. W. Bowling, 8th in the first class of Classical Honors, 1860.

Mr. W. H. H. Hudson, 3rd Wrangler, 1861.

Mr. A. Freeman, 5th Wrangler, and Chancellor's Law Medallist, 1861.

Mr. H. J. Sharpe, 6th Wrangler, 1861.

Mr. W. D. Bushell, 7th Wrangler, and second class in Classical Honors, 1861.

Mr. E. A. Abbott, 1st in the first class of Classical Honors, and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, 1861: Camden Medallist, 1860.

At the same time the following twelve gentlemen were elected to minor scholarships or open exhibitions:

Mr. Haslam, from Rugby School, and Mr. W. E. Pryke, from the Perse School, Cambridge, to Minor Scholarships of £70 per annum.

Mr. Davis, from St. Peter's School, York; Mr. Hart, from Rugby School; Mr. Genge, from Sherborne School; and Mr. Pulliblack, from Kingsbridge School; to Minor Scholarships of £50 per annum.

Mr. Smith, from Shrewsbury School, to an open Exhibition of £50, tenable for three years.

Mr. Taylor, from St. Peter's School, York, to an open Exhibition of £40, tenable for four years.

Mr. Warren, from Oakham School, to an open Exhibition of £40, tenable for three years.

Mr. Massie, from Atherston School, to an open Exhibition of £33 6s. 8d., tenable for three years.

Mr. Stevens, from Victoria college, Jersey, and Mr. Marsden, from Rugby School, to open Exhibitions of £50, tenable for one year.

The following is a list of the Voluntary Classical Examination, May 2nd, 1862, (the names in each class in Alphabetical order):

FIRST CLASS.

Falkner  
Lee Warner  
Moss

Pooley  
Snowdon

SECOND CLASS.

Carey  
Hickman  
Reece

Rudd  
Terry  
Willan



## THIRD CLASS.

Beadon  
Clay, E. K.  
Green

Quayle  
Sammons  
Whitehead

We understand that the parishioners of All Saints have presented to their late Vicar, the Rev. W. C. Sharpe, our Senior Dean, an elegant silver inkstand, as a token of respect on his retirement from the Vicarage.

The Council of the Royal Society have recommended amongst others, for election as fellows of the Society, Mr. I. Todhunter, our principal Mathematical Lecturer.

The Town has been this term the scene of extraordinary gaieties, owing to the opening of the New Town Hall and Public Rooms. Concerts, Ball, and Bazaar have in their turn attracted visitors. The room supplies a want which has been long felt.

The May flower show, which was held this year in the grounds of Peterhouse, was less successful than usual owing to the unfavourableness of the weather.

The procession of Boats, which came off in King's on Saturday, May 24th, was the most successful that has been for some years past.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the term are :

Rev. A. Holmes, *President*.  
E. A. Alderson, *Treasurer*.  
J. R. W. Bros, *Secretary*.  
T. E. Ash, *First Captain*.  
C. C. Scholefield, *Second Captain*.

The account of the races will be found at the end of this article.

The Battalion Parades of the University Rifle Corps held during this term have been well attended. A match was held on May 14th, 15th, and 16th, for the purpose of selecting six members of the Corps to represent the Battalion at the Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon; two of the successful competitors, Captain Bushell and Private Nichols, belong to the College Company.

A Shooting-match will now be added to the matches which take place annually between the two Universities. In the ten chosen to fire against Oxford this year the College Company is represented by Captain Bushell.

A match was fired on May 10th between the 2nd (St. John's) and 6th (Trinity) Companies. After a close contest our Company won by two points.

The College has been represented at Cricket this term by a very strong eleven. The shortness of the term has only allowed of a few matches being played; in all these, however, the St. John's eleven was successful. The scores are as follows:

May 14th, St. John's against Emmanuel, won in one innings with 109 to spare. The score was Emmanuel 30 and 66; St. John's 208.

At Ashley, on May 19th; St. John's against Ashley. St. John's scored 68 and 98; Ashley 40 and 89 with 5 wickets.

On May 21st, St. John's against King's; only one innings was completed owing to the rain. St. John's scored 126; King's 98.

On May 23rd, the second eleven of St. John's against Corpus. Corpus obtained 106 and 71 for 4 wickets; St. John's 171.

Subjoined is the list of the Boat-Races, which commenced on

*Thursday, May 15th.*

FIRST DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity 1 }	11 Christ's 1
2 3rd Trinity 1 }	12 Clare 1
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Sidney 1 }
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Lady Margaret 2 }
5 1st Trinity 2	15 1st Trinity 3
6 Trinity Hall 2 }	16 Peterhouse 1
7 Caius 1 }	17 Caius 2 }
8 2nd Trinity 1	18 Magdalene }
9 Emmanuel 1	19 1st Trinity 4 }
10 Corpus 1	20 3rd Trinity 2 }

*Friday, May 16th.*

1 3rd Trinity 1	11 Christ's 1
2 1st Trinity 1 }	12 Clare 1 }
3 Lady Margaret 1 }	13 Lady Margaret 2 }
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Sidney 1
5 1st Trinity 2 }	15 1st Trinity 3
6 Caius 1 }	16 Peterhouse 1
7 Trinity Hall 2 }	17 Magdalene
8 2nd Trinity }	18 Caius 2 }
9 Emmanuel 1 }	19 3rd Trinity 2 }
10 Corpus 1	20 Pembroke 1

*Saturday, May 17th.*

1 3rd Trinity 1	11 Christ's 1 }
2 Lady Margaret 1	12 Lady Margaret 2 }
3 1st Trinity 1 }	13 Clare 1
4 Trinity Hall 1 }	14 Sidney 1
5 Caius 1	15 1st Trinity 3 }
6 1st Trinity 2 }	16 Peterhouse 1 }
7 2nd Trinity 1 }	17 Magdalene }
8 Trinity Hall 2 }	18 3rd Trinity 2 }
9 Emmanuel 1 }	19 Caius 2 }
10 Corpus 1	20 Pembroke 1 }

*Monday, May 19th.*

1 3rd Trinity 1	12 Christ's 1
2 Lady Margaret 1 }	13 Clare 1
3 Trinity Hall 1 }	14 Sidney 1 }
4 1st Trinity 1	15 Peterhouse 1 }
5 Caius 1	16 1st Trinity 3 }
6 2nd Trinity 1	17 3rd Trinity 2 }
7 1st Trinity 2	18 Magdalene
8 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 Pembroke 1 }
9 Emmanuel 1 }	20 Jesus 1 }
10 Corpus 1 }	
11 Lady Margaret 2 }	

*Tuesday, May 20th.*

1 3rd Trinity 1	11 Corpus 1
2 Trinity Hall 1	12 Christ's 1
3 Lady Margaret 1 }	13 Clare 1
4 1st Trinity 1 }	14 Peterhouse 1
5 Caius 1	15 Sidney 1 }
6 2nd Trinity 1	16 3rd Trinity 2 }
7 1st Trinity 2 }	17 1st Trinity 3 }
8 Emmanuel 1 }	18 Magdalene
9 Trinity Hall 2 }	19 Jesus 1
10 Lady Margaret 2 }	20 Pembroke 1

*Wednesday, May 21st.*

1 3rd Trinity 1 }	12 Christ's 1
2 Trinity Hall 1 }	13 Clare 1
3 1st Trinity 1	14 Peterhouse 1
4 Lady Margaret 1	15 3rd Trinity 2
5 Caius 1 }	16 Sidney 1
6 2nd Trinity 1 }	17 1st Trinity 3 }
7 Emmanuel 1	18 Magdalene }
8 1st Trinity 2	19 Jesus 1
9 Lady Margaret 2	20 Pembroke 1
10 Trinity Hall 2 }	
11 Corpus 1 }	

*Thursday, May 22nd.*

1 Trinity Hall 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Christ's 1
3 1st Trinity 1	13 Clare 1
4 Lady Margaret 1	14 Peterhouse 1 }
5 2nd Trinity 1	15 3rd Trinity 2 }
6 Caius 1	16 Sidney 1 }
7 Emmanuel 1	17 Magdalene }
8 1st Trinity 2	18 1st Trinity 3 }
9 Lady Margaret 2 }	19 Jesus 1 }
10 Corpus 1 }	20 Pembroke 1

*Friday, May 23rd.*

1 Trinity Hall 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Christ's 1
3 1st Trinity 1	13 Clare 1
4 Lady Margaret 1	14 3rd Trinity 2
5 2nd Trinity 1	15 Peterhouse 1
6 Caius 1	16 Magdalene
7 Emmanuel 1	17 Sidney 1
8 1st Trinity 2	18 Jesus 1
9 Corpus 1	19 1st Trinity 3
10 Lady Margaret 2	20 Pembroke 1

## SECOND AND THIRD DIVISIONS.

*Thursday, May 15th. Third Division.*

40 1st Trinity 6	46 Lady Margaret 6
41 Lady Margaret 5	47 Caius 4
42 Christ's 3	48 Trinity Hall 4
43 Peterhouse 2	49 3rd Trinity 3
44 Jesus 2	50 Pembroke 2
45 Queens' 2	

*Second Division.*

20 3rd Trinity 2	30 Corpus 2
21 Pembroke 1	31 Lady Margaret 4
22 2nd Trinity 2	32 Christ's 2
23 Jesus 1	33 Trinity Hall 3
24 Lady Margaret 3	34 2nd Trinity 3
25 Emmanuel 2	35 1st Trinity 5
26 Catharine	36 Caius 3
27 King's	37 Sidney 2
28 Queens' 1	38 Corpus 2
29 Clare 2	39 Emmanuel 3
	40 Lady Margaret 5

*Friday, May 16th. Third Division.*

40 Emmanuel 3	46 Lady Margaret 6
41 1st Trinity 6	47 Trinity Hall 4
42 Queens' 2	48 Caius 4*
43 Jesus 2	49 Pembroke 2
44 Peterhouse 2	50 3rd Trinity 3
45 Christ's 3	

\* Missed race.

*Second Division.*

20 1st Trinity 4	}	31 Corpus 2	}
21 Pembroke 1	}	32 Christ's 2	}
22 Jesus 1		33 2nd Trinity 3	
23 2nd Trinity 2	}	34 Trinity Hall 3	}
24 Lady Margaret 3	}	35 1st Trinity 5	}
25 Catharine		36 Caius 3	}
26 Emmanuel 2		37 Corpus 3	}
27 Queens' 1		38 Sidney 2	}
28 King's	}	39 Lady Margaret 5	}
29 Clare 2	}	40 1st Trinity 6	
30 Lady Margaret 4			

*Saturday, May 17th. Third Division.*

40 1st Trinity 6		46 Lady Margaret 6	}
41 Emmanuel 3	}	47 Pembroke 2	}
42 Jesus 2	}	48 Trinity Hall 4	
43 Queens' 2		49 Caius 4	}
44 Christ's 3		50 3rd Trinity 2	}
45 Peterhouse 2			

*Second Division.*

20 Pembroke 1		31 Christ's 2	
21 1st Trinity 4	}	32 Corpus 2	}
22 Jesus 1	}	33 2nd Trinity 3	}
23 Lady Margaret 3		34 1st Trinity 5	
24 2nd Trinity 2	}	35 Trinity Hall 3	
25 Catharine	}	36 Corpus 3	}
26 Emmanuel 2		37 Caius 3	}
27 Queens' 1		38 Lady Margaret 5	
28 Clare 2	}	39 Sidney 2	}
29 King's	}	40 1st Trinity 6	}
30 Lady Margaret 4			

*Monday, May 19th. Third Division.*

40 Sidney 2	}	45 Peterhouse 2	}
41 Jesus 2	}	46 Pembroke 2	}
42 Emmanuel 3	}	47 Lady Margaret 6	}
43 Queens' 2	}	48 Trinity Hall 4	}
44 Christ's 3		49 3rd Trinity 3	
		50 Caius 4	

*Second Division.*

20 Caius 2 }	31 Christ's 2 }
21 Jesus 1 }	32 2nd Trinity 2 }
22 1st Trinity 4 }	33 Corpus 2 }
23 Lady Margaret 3 }	34 1st Trinity 5 }
24 Catharine }	35 Trinity Hall 3 }
25 2nd Trinity 2 }	36 Caius 3 }
26 Emmanuel 2 }	37 Corpus 3 }
27 Queens' 1 }	38 Lady Margaret 5 }
28 King's }	39 1st Trinity 6 }
29 Clare 2 }	40 Queens' 2 }
30 Lady Margaret 4 }	

*Tuesday, May 20th. Third Division.*

40 Queens' 2 }	46 Peterhouse 2 }
41 Emmanuel 3 }	47 Trinity Hall 4 }
42 Jesus 2 }	48 Lady Margaret 6 }
43 Sidney 2 }	49 3rd Trinity 3 }
44 Christ's 3 }	50 Caius 4 }
45 Pembroke 2 }	

*Second Division.*

20 Pembroke 1 }	30 Clare 2 }
21 Caius 2 }	31 2nd Trinity 3 }
22 Lady Margaret 3 }	32 Christ's 2 }
23 1st Trinity 4 }	33 1st Trinity 5 }
24 Catharine }	34 Corpus 2 }
25 Emmanuel 2 }	35 Trinity Hall 3 }
26 2nd Trinity 2 }	36 Caius 3 }
27 Queens' 1 }	37 Lady Margaret 5 }
28 King's }	38 Corpus 3 }
29 Lady Margaret 4 }	39 1st Trinity 6 }
	40 Queens' 2 }



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## CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

(*Two Carols, for "Our College Friends."*)

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"When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who :

Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

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**I**T is the Christmas time ; and here at College we maintain all the good old customs that were wont to bring together men whom feuds and selfish occupations had dissevered throughout the year.

It is well for us that Christmas comes in winter, when our fellow-labourers have most need of help and cheerful greetings. There are days in summer when we feel so happy in the general joy and beauty of the earth, that we retain no evil feeling against rivals and persecutors ; but at best it is only passive toleration, for even any merry kindness towards them has a spice of mischief in it, because we see their ridiculous impotence to wound us further while the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the streams are cajoling us to come and dive into cool baths among the willow roots, and the swallows are fitting with all sorts of vagabond suggestions. No, in summer we are not charitably disposed on the whole ; we possess merely a speculative benevolence ; we wish everybody to be well off, in health, wealth, and contentment, as in that case we need not be teased by them, and therefore can indulge ourselves unrestrainedly. Nor do I think that we are distinguished as philanthropists in autumn ; for at that season memory is busy preaching sermons from the withered



leaves, stubble-fields, widowed partridges, and other trite texts. We are then meditating too busily about ourselves, and what we have lost, or ought to have done, and how changed and mournful life is now—with the dearest friends removed for ever from our sight; the voices, that gave loveliest music once, no more to sound in our ears; and we to go on, becoming older and older, sick and sorry, lonely and disquieted. I do not imagine that we are either good neighbours or good company at such a time; and though it may be said that our thoughts then turn affectionately towards others, yet these others are always prolongations of our own shadow—they are persons intimately connected with our own happiness.

If you ask for a season when we really feel unselfishly disposed to make others happy, you must choose winter—Christmas time and the New Year especially. What energies we shall have in spring to work out the liberal plans that we now propose! Many of us have been prosing or maundering it may be, over some musty German metaphysics, or addling our brains with Fourierism and the crotchets of Model Government. Querulously we doubted whether there was any use in attempting to cure the wholesale iniquity of the times; everything being so mismanaged, everybody so stupid, and malicious, and treacherous (as the police reports and the newspaper leaders declared). Why, we would wash our hands of the whole concern! But, mark the change: Christmas is coming on, and the cold weather has revealed innumerable cases of destitution in Lancashire and elsewhere. We hear little voices pleading for parents out of work; we see poor widows and crippled men, still weak from fever and insufficiency of food; we no longer harden our hearts and waste our time with sickly fancies, but we stride out into the bleak air of the world, and work our work as citizens and Christian brethren. Thence, we shall find that the holly has a sparkle which is not only of green leaves and red berries, and that the New Year's bells are ringing in, not only a Triple Bob Major, but something like an advent of "peace and good-will towards men." Let us sing our own Carol for the

#### CHRISTMAS EVE.

Clear and breezy is the day which Father Christmas has selected, He well knowing that a somewhat wintry aspect was expected, For Yule logs blaze, no charm displays, save in a frosty time; The Carol floats with choicest notes, when all around is rime.

Hoar trellised are our windows, there is snow on field and hill,  
Unstained in virgin whiteness, though the stream is dark and chill,  
Silver frosted are the branches against the pale gray sky ;  
And the smoke from hidden cottages is rising cheerily.  
The Robin with his bold black eye and glowing waistcoat comes,  
A welcomed Christmas diner-out, our pensioner for crumbs ;  
And the merry flutter of the flame, the distant evening chime,  
And the Carol at our gate, all sing a song of Christmas-time.

Our College Hall is decked with boughs of holly and of bay,  
With berries red and polished leaves, in honour of the day,  
We take our place, and when the grace has blessed the wholesome  
cheer,  
We drink a Christmas health to all—a welcome to the year.

How comes the Eve in London ? Each street a view discloses  
Of fingers blown, and 'comforters' round throats, and goose-  
skinned noses ;  
The 'Bus-men cough amid their shouts (much mocked by small  
boys witty),  
"Going up, Sir ? Right ! Come on, now ! Cha'ing Cross ? Three-  
pence, Marm ! Cityee ?"  
Now's the time when grocers' windows show Olympian heights of  
raisin,  
Hungry boys the sight beholding, wish themselves such shops had  
place in ;  
For the "oranges and lemons" (sung by Clement's bells, so  
comical),  
Awaken in their infant minds, keen wishes gastronomical.

Through all the crowded thoroughfares there's nought but noise  
and prattle,  
Where butchers offer up their hecatombs of prize fat cattle.  
Geese arrive from Country Cousins, in exchange for barrelled  
oysters,  
Luscious, large, and worthy dish for plumpest monks in sleepy  
cloisters ;  
Costermongers pass, and donkeys, laden with the sparkling holly,  
And the kissing mistletoe,—to mention which, of course, is folly ;  
Beadles, extra-grand and gracious ; free-school urchins, sly as foxes ;  
Also Dustmen, quite unconscious of approaching Christmas-Boxes !  
Puddings are stirred up by cooks, and plums by infant "paws"  
abstracted,  
Till one's caught, and t'other tells how Jim, or Jane, or Bob has  
"whack'd it."  
Unpaid bills come in by shoals, and timid debtors, pale with fear,  
Think it quite as well that Christmas only comes round "once  
a-year !"

To their mind appears a vision of placards: "This shop to let:"  
 "Awful Sacrifice!" "Great Bargains!" and a name in the *Gazette*.

Better cheer in Christmas letters, howsoever late the mail may  
 Be in coming, as the snow-drift has completely block'd the railway.  
 Snow! who cares?—a million school-boys, free from tasks, in  
 exultation

Catch the train, that takes them homeward to some rural recreation.  
 Ponds for skating are awaiting; hands and hearths:—We scorn  
 the question,

Whether Twelfth-Night brings remorse, in the shape of indigestion.  
 Ne'er a holiday so long can weary thin-clad labourers know,  
 Who in town from birth to death must on through miry pathways go;  
 Needle-workers, clerks and shopmen, in their year for one day only  
 Break from the routine of toil, to feel themselves less sad and lonely.  
 Gathered up are ravelled threads of families too long parted,  
 Round the fire again together, in the Christmas glow blythe-hearted.

Up to town, through frost and snow-drift, from the Grange amid  
 the limes,

Comes the Squire and Kate, impatient; to see all the Pantomimes;  
 Bringing with them Tom and 'Etty, who believe in all they see,  
 Marvelling much why no Policeman takes up Clown for larceny;  
 Whether folks will let him off, because he only "stole in fun?"—  
 Starving Want meets less forbearance, if caught stealing loaf or bun!

Now's the time for politicians and old foes to patch up quarrels,  
 While the Waits are counting ha'pence, and the gardeners chaunt-  
 ing Carols.

Yet the darkened home looks sadder, which the coffin left to-day,  
 And the mourners weep and shudder, though they bend their knees  
 to pray.

Seems the snow to them a white shroud, and the cold dark  
 skies a pall,

But the stars like angels watching, silently, and pitying all:  
 Well they know, these stricken orphans, that the dreary winter  
 hours

From our world must pass away, and Summer bring return of  
 flowers:

From the grave uprising, surely, from the snow and earthly stains,  
 Shall the soul be free for ever, where eternal summer reigns;  
 Free from darkness, sin and sorrow—thus the 'still small voice'  
 doth say—

"He is risen, He is risen! Hail with joy the sacred day!"  
 They can hear a deeper anthem than the songs of giddy mirth,  
 Richer-toned in Christmas Carols, promise of man's second birth:  
 Speaking—Glory to the Highest: Peace and Brotherhood on Earth.

May we never fail to prize Christmas-day and the New Year. To our mind, Christmas has the higher and more sacred beauty, as being a religious solemnity, and even in the merriment with which it is received by young people, there is evidence of the hearty brotherhood appropriate to the time. While commemorating the sublime mystery of the Saviour's birth, which speaks to the soul by the record of humility and divinest love, it also strengthens by festival and greeting the bonds of union among men, encouraging mutual forbearance and active beneficence. It is the season of affectionate sympathy, drawing together young and old, rich and poor, the happy and the suffering.

The New Year speaks in a different tone, loudly, joyously, with revelling and friendly wishes. But there is more alloy of worldliness, more of an attempt to disguise the whispers of sad remembrance, of uneasy hearts or vacant minds, more of the phrensied desperation of the Dionysia, instead of the quiet happiness of Christmas. Surely there is something wrong in a system which, especially in the North, inaugurates the time with drunkenness and gluttony. "It is good to be merry and wise," we are told, but also, "it is good to be honest and true," and we need not be fools at the Old Year's close, to shew love for the Year that is new. However, to prove that we are not haters of innocent mirth, before parting, let our Lady Margaret friends accept this chant of requiem in honour of

#### OLD SIXTY-TWO.

"Bring my cab to the hall door, precisely at twelve,  
I can't wait," said the tired Old Year,  
"Though they ask me to meet the young Squire whom they praise,  
As they praised me, and all who come here.  
He's a promising fellow, steps up with a grin,  
Glass in hand, plump and rosy, whilst I'm pale and thin,  
Old and gouty, bald-pated and queer.  
But you'll take care to fill up the bowl,  
And heap up the Yule-logs and coal,  
And with shout and song, you  
Will see out Sixty-two—  
For you found him a worthy Old Soul!"

All the months in their order assembled to tea;  
Aquarius, as wont, brought the water in urn,  
And Pisces helped round potted Sardines, whilst Lamb  
And Neat's-tongue served the next two in turn.

But the Twins were so noisy and skittish, good lack !  
 That Crabbed old bachelor Cancer turned back,  
 And seemed ready the whole fun to spurn :  
     Till they coaxed him to fill up the bowl,  
     And heap higher the Yule-logs and coal,  
     That with wassail and shout  
     Might the Old Year go out,—  
 Singing, "Here's to thee, worthy Old Soul!"

In July most truly a Lion they hailed ;  
 While Miss Virgo (with milliners' bills unperplexed,)  
 Heard a well-Balanced lawyer, and Scorpio, his clerk,  
 Talk some scandal, that made her feel vexed.  
 A Capricious Young Fop, with a beard like a Goat,  
 Said some things about Crinoline,—which I'll not quote,  
 Or there's no knowing what might come next.  
     Yet they one and all filled up the bowl,  
     And played tricks with Yule-log and coal,  
     Then with wassailing shout  
     Said they'd "see the Year out,  
 With a health to the worthy Old Soul!"

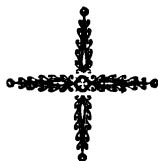
Then Cassiopæa was called to the Chair ;  
 Whilst the Équinox acted as Vice, very ill,  
 And trod on the Dog-star, who growled like a cur ;  
 And the Pleiades flirted (as seven young girls will) :  
 Berenice had worked, of her own lovely hair,  
 A Christmas-box Belt for Orion to wear  
 For her sake, as the winter was chill :  
     So he helped her to empty the bowl,  
     And cracked chestnuts on Yule-log and coal,  
     That with wassailing shout  
     They might see the Year out,  
 Chanting, "Here's to you, worthy Old Soul."

They played "Yes and No," and "American Post,"  
 Though the Moon cried for quarter, ere long ;  
 And at "Traveller's Inn" many forfeits were lost,  
 And Miss-Fortune was doomed for a song :  
 So the winds lurked in corners, securing a kiss  
 From the Earth, who affected to take it amiss,  
 And Atlas upheld her—"Twas wrong!"  
     But they soon joined their lips to the bowl,  
     And heaped up the Yule-logs and coal,  
     Saying, "Whoe'er may flout,  
     We will see the Year out ;  
 Here's a health to the jolly Old Soul!"

They at last drank the health of their Grandfather Time;  
Who replied at such length that, with mocks,  
Life begged to remind him the hour was late;  
From his face all looked up at the clock's.  
'Twas one minute to Twelve; and they heard the sharp trot  
Of a nag in the distance, so off like a shot  
Sixty-two rushed away with friend Nox.

'Twas the New Year himself drained the bowl,  
While the Old Year's oab-wheels quick did roll;  
They helped Sixty-Three in  
With a shout and a grin,  
Saying "Blythe be his reign, worthy soul!"

J. W. E.





## A NOTE ON THE BOWER IN 'ÆNONE.'

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"Manie accords more sweets than Mermaid's Song."  
Spenser: *Visions of Belmay*.

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THE description of the bower in Tennyson's *Ænone* is the most beautiful passage in the whole poem. As this description is not original, it will be interesting to pass in review the various preceding passages on which it is founded. These imaginary Elysian nooks are great favourites with the poets; they love to wander in fancy, with their eyes half shut, hand in hand with the Muses and Graces; and to dream that they come upon such delightful localities.

Our first passage is in the *Iliad*. Homer represents Herè as practising a stratagem upon Zeus, in order to aid the Greeks. She procures the cestus of Venus, and makes herself as attractive as possible; and, appearing to Zeus on Mount Gargarus, where he was watching the armies, with the help of Sleep, whom she has previously bribed, and who sits brooding over the god in the form of a bird, she succeeds in overpowering his wakeful sense. In the mean time Neptune leads on the forces. The passage in which the couch of Zeus is described is extremely beautiful, but short.\* I scarcely venture to translate it:—

How sweet the couch!  
The yielding grasses raised it from the ground!  
Crocus, and dewy lotus, and the hosts  
Of hyacinth, smooth-leaved, innumerable!  
And,—o'er the happy lingerers hung,—a cloud,  
Beautiful, golden, dripping lucid dews!

Virgil imitates this passage of Homer in the first book of his *Æneid*. When the Cyprian goddess, in order to

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\* *Il.* xiv. 346—357.

deceive Dido, sends Amor in the disguise of Iulus, she bears away the offspring of Æneas to one of her secret haunts, and casts over him a pleasant sleep. His resting place is thus described:—

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem  
Inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos  
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum  
Floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.—  
*Æn. i. 691-4.*

This may be freely rendered:—

As rillets in the heat  
Refresh the land, she poured a placid ease  
Of peaceful sleep upon him; and she took  
Daintily in her arms the youth, and bore  
Him to Idalian groves, her secret haunts:  
There soft-leaved odorous-sweet amaracus  
Hid him amid its flowers and pleasant shade.

Our next passage is taken from Shakspeare. We do not place it next, because we suppose Shakspeare to have imitated Virgil or Homer; but rather because those who come after imitated him. Oberon, in a wood near Athens, is designing to anoint the eyes of Titania, and he thus describes a spot where it is likely for the Fairy Queen to be found. The reader will scarcely need referring to *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.—  
*Mids. Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. 1.*

And now we pass on to Milton. It is well known that our great epic poet never forgets to remember, or to avail himself of, the beauties of his predecessors: and so we find him imitating the three passages already given in two remarkable instances. The first is in Book IV. of *Paradise Lost*, where he describes the secret bower to which Eve is led by Adam:



Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
 On to their blissful bower: it was a place  
 Chosen by the Sovran Planter, when he framed  
 All things to Man's delightful use; the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broïdered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,  
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
 Such was their awe of Man.—

*Par. Lost*, IV. 688—704.

The second instance, in which Milton seems chiefly to have had an eye to Shakspeare, is in Book IX.:

To a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant root imbower'd,  
 He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth; Earth's freshest, softest lap.—

*Par. Lost*, IX. 1037—41.

I have thus enumerated the principal passages to which I conceive Tennyson to have been indebted, in his beautiful description of the bower in *Enone*. I now proceed to quote that description. It is the deep mid-noon: "the lizard, with his shadow on the stone, rests like a shadow:" the cicada sleeps: when Pallas, Herè, and Aphroditè come to the bower on mount Ida. Paris is to decide which is most beautiful, and to give her the golden apple:

Then to the bower they came,  
 Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,  
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,  
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
 Lotus and lilies: and a wind arose,  
 And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,  
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon  
 Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs  
 With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

TENN., *Enone*.

Such is Tennyson's exquisite description. There is one curious feature which I must not omit. In Oberon's account of Titania's sleeping-place there is a pause in the first line:—

I know a bank.....where the wild thyme blows:

we can half imagine Oberon musing upon, and collecting in his mind, during this pause, his pleasant memories of the spot: and again, in another line,—

Quite over canopied with.....*luscious* woodbine,—

we seem to catch, in the redundant syllable, the echo of Oberon's delight. I know that this will be called fanciful; and perhaps the elision, and then the insertion, of a syllable were not intentional: yet I am sure the laureate observed the peculiarity, and in his line,—

And overhead *the wandering ivy and vine,*

he would have us observe the effect of the wind that arose; and again, in another line,—

With branch and berry and flower thro' and thro',—  
the wild luxuriance of the interlacing boughs.

O. B.





## A GHOST STORY.

---

**I**N this age of scepticism, how refreshing it is to think that there are still many believers in Ghost Stories remaining amongst us! And yet even Ghost Stories are criticised by many of us in a sceptical spirit, and woe betide the unfortunate author of a Ghost Story, which is not well authenticated by parish registers, by dying depositions, and such a mass of circumstantial evidence as can only be unravelled by the brain of an Attorney-General, or the imagination of a Wilkie Collins!

Woe also betide the author of a Ghost Story that is neither melancholy, mysterious, nor awful!

And yet, though my Ghost is neither a well authenticated one, nor one that will cause my readers' "hair to stand on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine;" though I have no parish registers to produce, nor blood, bones, and sulphur at my command, still I will tell my story in the plain unvarnished language of truth, hoping that the events which I am about to narrate, and which made a lively and lasting impression on my youthful imagination, will also in some degree interest the readers of "*The Eagle*." In order to commence my story, I am afraid that I must enter slightly into my own personal history.

My father and mother both died in the year 18—, and at the early age of fourteen I was left an orphan. Providence, however, raised up a friend for me in an aunt who had not seen me for many years. She had married abroad, and had settled in Rotterdam, in which place she still continued to live, though her husband had for many years been dead. Having no children of her own, she wrote at once on hearing of my friendless condition, and told me I was henceforth to consider myself her child, and her home as mine.

But a short time elapsed after the receipt of this letter, ere I found myself on my way to Rotterdam, under the

protection of a faithful old servant of our family who was herself a native of Rotterdam, and who hailed with pleasure this opportunity of revisiting her native land.

We arrived late at night, and found my aunt sitting up to receive us, in an old-fashioned but comfortable library; a blazing fire darted a red quivering light on the oak panels of the room, and I well remember the wild unearthly glare that at times fell upon the portraits of several ancient citizens and rough sea-captains of Rotterdam, the ancestors of my late uncle.

The lights were however brought in, a substantial supper served, and the old library soon lost its mysterious appearance; my aunt's manner was so kind that I already felt at home, and for the first time since my father's death, for a moment I forgot the bitterness of my orphan lot.

Several months passed, and every day saw me more attached to my new home, no one could have lived in the same house with my aunt without loving her; her's was a face on which sorrow had set its mark, and had imparted a sad and sweet expression to features which might otherwise have betokened a character of more firmness and decision than it is pleasant to meet with in a woman. What her sorrow had been I knew not at the time; but that at some period of her life an overwhelming grief sufficient to crush a mind of weaker fibres, had fallen upon her, was soon apparent to me. When I afterwards in some degree discovered what that affliction had been, and that the very house in which we were living had witnessed horrors that would have curdled the blood and maddened the brain of even an uninterested spectator, I looked upon my aunt with feelings of almost religious awe and admiration. But I must not anticipate the account of the terrible tragedy which dawned upon me by degrees.

There was one room in the house, the door of which was always locked, and inside which I had never entered. It is needless to add, that my childish curiosity was stirred up within me, and that I longed to enter that room with all the earnestness with which forbidden things always inspire us.

As far as I could see there was nothing peculiar about the room, except that it was isolated from the rest of the house, being the only room in a long passage which led to the garden by a glass-door and a flight of steps. The shutters of the glass-door were always fastened, and the steps leading down to the garden seemed not to have been used

for many years, and were covered with moss, and in many places were broken or had crumbled away. I often looked curiously at the windows of the room from the garden, but as the shutters were always up, my curiosity met with little to gratify it. I had several times asked my aunt questions about the room, but had never received a satisfactory answer to my questions, and the only information on the subject I could get from my old nurse was, that there were painful events connected with the room which she was not at liberty to divulge, and that the fewer questions I asked about it the better it would be.

A year had now passed, when one morning my aunt informed me that she expected a house full of visitors in a few days; in fact, more visitors than she knew how to receive, and that in order to make room for them, she intended to throw open the room in the long passage. That part of the house, she said, was connected with a most painful part of her life, and it was for this reason that she had let it remain so long untenanted. As to the queer stories of its being haunted, "you and I, my dear," she said, "are of course sensible enough to be able to laugh at these absurdities; at the same time the room awakens such painful recollections in my mind that I cannot persuade myself to occupy it, but if you have no dread of the Ghost, the room shall for the future be yours."

I was delighted with the offer, for I had always set my heart upon the room, and as I was not the least imaginative or nervous, the idea of the Ghost caused me not the slightest alarm.

The servants were all in amazement when my aunt gave the order for the room to be prepared for me, and seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I began to take possession of my new domain. I especially remember the startled and horrified expression which appeared on Mrs. Snow's face when she heard of the arrangement.

Agatha Snow, my aunt's lady's-maid, deserves to be described briefly, not only because she acts a prominent part in the story which I am about to relate, but also as being in herself a somewhat remarkable person.

She was a Swiss by birth, but had married an Englishman, who had formerly been butler to my aunt. Her husband died within two years after the marriage, leaving her in great poverty and with one child to support; upon the death of the child which happened soon after the father's death, Mrs. Snow applied for and obtained the place of

lady's-maid in my aunt's house. She had now lived with my aunt for ten years, and was about thirty-six years of age, though still in the full bloom of her beauty. Her cheeks had lost none of the roseate hues of youth; her eye was as clear and bright, her hair as black, and her step as light as when she left her native mountains some twelve years before. The greatest charm she possessed was a row of pearly teeth, which made her smile perfectly irresistible. Still I never could bring myself to like Agatha Snow, though her smile was so exquisite, she was too fond of smiling; and her eye, though clear and full of expression, glittered at times like that of a serpent, and if fascinating was also stony and petrifying. Still she never lost her temper, never spoke when she was wanted to hold her tongue, and was so excellent a servant, that no one could find it possible to say a word against her, except that he or she did not like her, though "the reason why we could not tell."

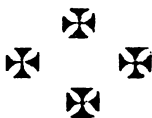
"And are you really going to sleep with the goblins, Miss Hester?" she said, shewing the pearly teeth. "Well, you English ladies have much of courage. I would not sleep in that room for the world; but I am only a poor weak silly thing." My room was ready and I took actual possession of it two or three days before any visitors arrived. As night came on, I own that a slight uneasiness came over me at times as I thought of the lonely room in the long passage; but this momentary alarm only made me all the more determined to do nothing unworthy of the "strong mind" of which I felt myself to be possessed.

My aunt walked with me as far as my bed-room door, where she wished me good night. I entered the room and shut the door. What is that moving behind the curtains? "It is only Agatha Snow, miss. I thought I would come to see that everything was well-air'd and comfortable. If you take my advice, miss, you will not sleep in this horrible room to night. I would not sleep here for worlds, but then I am a poor weak timid thing, and not a fine brave lady like mademoiselle." "And yet you are not afraid of coming here by yourself in the dark, Agatha," I replied. "How is that?" The bright eye seemed to dart forth a green and angry light for an instant, but the pearly teeth came to the rescue, and with her sweetest smile and a little silvery laugh, she replied, "why mademoiselle knows that ghosts cannot appear before midnight, so I am quite safe at present," and she wished me "good night," and curtsied herself out of the room with infinite elegance.

I listened to her departing footsteps, and did not know whether I felt relieved or not when their last faint sound died away. There was something in the woman, fascinating as she was, that I could not like, and I could not help in some way or other connecting her with an uneasy feeling, which in spite of my strong mind kept gradually creeping over me. However my room looked as snug as could be; the fire blazed merrily, and when I drew aside the curtain, I saw that the moon was up and the night fine. I sat looking at the fire in a reverie for some ten minutes, undressed, got into bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

How long I had been asleep I cannot tell, when I woke with a sudden start; there was a bright light in the room, the curtains which I had drawn back letting the full light of the moon into my room. The fire was all but out, and the falling embers were making a dreary rustling sound; I felt a cold sweat upon my brow, a trembling in every limb, and a difficulty in breathing which almost amounted to suffocation. Suddenly there stood between me and the moon's light a tall dark figure.

*(To be continued.)*





VIRGIL. GEORGIC. II. 458...499.

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O HAPPY swains if but your bliss ye knew !  
To whom the teeming Earth in season due,  
Far from the din of arms and bloody strife,  
Supplies unbidden all the wants of life !  
Though in your homes no entrance gaping wide  
Pour forth at morn the flatterers' early tide ;  
Though with no gems inlaid your portals blaze,  
Nor gold-embroider'd robes allure your gaze :  
Though no Corinthian art your halls adorn,  
And your white fleeces Tyrian purple scorn ;  
Though casia ne'er your olive-oil defile :  
Yours is a life of quiet free from guile ;  
Yours is a life of plenty and repose ;  
For you the cattle low, the fountain flows,  
For you cool glades afford a still retreat,  
O'ershadowing trees, and mid-day slumbers sweet :  
Yours is the wild-beast's lair, the forest's shade,  
A youth by toil and perils undismayed ;  
You still due reverence to the aged pay,  
Still to the gods with due devotion pray ;  
And when indignant from the earth she flew,  
Justice her latest blessings left with you.

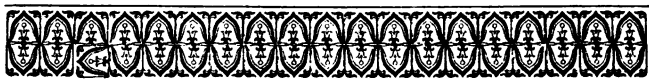
Ye Muses, to the poet ever dear,  
Whose priest I am, my supplication hear.  
Teach me the rolling stars, the heavenly ways,  
Why wanes the sun, what dims the moon's faint rays :  
What makes the earth to heave, the swelling tide  
To burst its barriers and again subside :  
Why 'neath the waves the sun in winter speeds :  
What cause the ling'ring nights' slow path impedes.  
But if the blood around my heart grow cold,  
And nature's wonders I may ne'er behold,  
Still let me roam, inglorious though I be,  
Thro' valleys green, by woodland stream and tree :  
O for Sperchius' plain ! for those wild heights  
Where Spartan maidens hold their Bacchic rites :



Bear me some god to Hœmus' thickest glade,  
And hide me 'neath the mighty forest's shade !  
Happy the man who Nature's law could learn,  
Each human fear, each human passion spurn,  
Inexorable Fate itself despise,  
And greedy Acheron view with fearless eyes.  
Blest too is he who knows the Dryad train,  
Sylvanus, Pan, who guard the fruitful plain.  
Free from ambition he has never bowed  
To regal purple, or to "fasces" proud.  
Nor discord revelling in brothers' blood ;  
Nor banded Dacians from Ister's flood ;  
Nor Roman power, nor kingdoms doom'd to fall  
His path can trouble, or his soul appal.  
So blest his lot he lives alike secure  
From Envy of the Rich and Pity for the Poor.

ARCALUS.





## A DAY WITH THE FITZFUNGUS FOX-HOUNDS.

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A DAY with the Fitzfungus fox-hounds! "You may twist, you may alter the words as you will, but the scent of the stable will cling to them still." I am quite aware of the fact, gentle reader, and know full well that there is much in a name; I would, therefore, beg of you not to take fright at the title which I have given to this sketch; I will do my best to render these pages as unlike a contribution to "*Bell's Life*" as possible; and in return, merely ask you to excuse me if I should seem incapable of handling a theme, which Kingsley, Whyte Melville, and others scarcely inferior to them, as novelists, have not thought beneath their attention. To begin then, be so good as to imagine yourself, dressed, breakfasted, and jogging slowly along (as becomes men who anticipate a long day), through a land of rolling heather-topped hill and marshy moorland, beneath you a road, which it is painfully evident knew not McAdam, and before you, as far as the eye can reach, a somewhat monotonous succession of barren-looking bluffs, whose tops are crowned with clusters of rusty gorse, and round whose bases the prattling trout-stream twines its silver threads, while a rather unpromising sky of dull lead-colour serves as back-ground to the occasional roofless cabin or deserted water-mill, which breaks at long intervals the monotony of the landscape. A wild and bleak region it undoubtedly is, and I think its wildness and bleakness is rather increased by the prevalence of those same forsaken water-mills which one comes suddenly upon at some turn of the road, rotting to pieces in the long dank grass, and seeming in a peculiarly weird and ghostly manner "to pore upon the brook that babbles by." However, I am not about to enter upon a case of "Agricultural distress," nor an endeavour to prove that the dullness of the sky and prevalence of rushes and water-mills is the result of "Saxon misrule." No, my friends, my private belief is, that that land (I ought perhaps to

have premised that the scene of my sketch is laid in the South of Ireland) was intended to produce jack-snipe and furze, and that jack-snipe and furze it will produce to the end of time, and as a necessary consequence of furze—foxes, which brings me, after a considerable détour, back to the legitimate subject of my tale.

Let us suppose that we have arrived at the Meet, which being like most other Meets, that is to say, a combination of scarlet coats, glossy horses, white neckcloths, slang, and cigar-smoke, may be quickly passed over; and now, while our friends are tightening their girths, and the cigar of indolence and expectation rests half-consumed between my lips, permit me to give you a notion of two or three of the characters (including of course the noble M. F. H.) with whom you are this day to risk your neck. First then there's his lordship; he has just driven up, and is in the act of mounting that huge grey with the wicked eye and the rocking-horse-like dapples on his quarters; look at him well, he is the representative of an ancient family and a radical constituency; amongst those Norman Barons who accompanied Strongbow on his expedition to Ireland none bore a higher name than Sir Philip Fitz-Fungus, surnamed "*Cœur de Roi*," on account of his kingly generosity and valour. His descendants (and their name is Legion), have since spread themselves all over the South of Ireland, and no horse "knock," no coursing-match or punch-carouse is complete, unless some member of the house of Corderoy takes a conspicuous part in it.

The title of Fitz-Fungus, for some time in abeyance, has been revived in the person of the present peer, whose sixteen stone of solid flesh—the only solid thing about him—has been busy cleaning the boots of her Majesty's ministry and her Majesty's opposition any time these twenty years. In person our noble friend presents little to describe, if you can imagine one of his own short-horn bulls, tightly buttoned up in a "pink frock," you will have as good an idea of "the Right Hon. Sheridan Corderoy," as is at all necessary. The huntsman naturally follows close upon the master. "Jerry," as he is universally called (nobody, I once heard a brother sportsman assert, being either old enough or *ugly* enough to remember his surname), is a crooked, dwarfish figure, looking unpleasantly like that proverbial "beggar on horseback," who is popularly supposed to be intent upon visiting the enemy of mankind, and with a face, if it may be dignified by the name, which has all the effect of a singularly plain set of

features thrown at random against a brick wall. If I were called upon for a more minute description, I should say that his visage was a compromise between the door-knocker and battered-orange types, with a slight "pull" in favour of the door-knocker. He is however a good horseman despite his looks, and what is more rare, a good huntsman, and many a stout fox has he "been the death of" over these marshes. Let him shamble off upon his varmint-looking 'garron, while we turn our attention to a very different subject,—Fred. Rowel, the hard-riding man or "bruiser" of the hunt. Now 'it may be said of most "bruisers," that they are a small lean race, shrivelled as to the limbs, wiry as to the whiskers, scant as to the garments, and altogether looking (like the Tweeds which they delight to wear) as if they had been well "shrunk" at an early period of their existence. That they talk "horse," look "horse," and would if not restrained by the usages of society, eat "horse." Such is not the case with our friend Fred, he is not merely a bruiser, his voice is as often heard in company with the notes of the piano as with the cry of the hounds; his stalwart form is as much at home when whirling Dervish-like in the mazes of the waltz, as when sitting grimly down upon that "long low bay;" and to conclude, his conversation does not consist solely of Hark forward! Tally Ho! and such phrases after the manner of stage sportsmen, but possesses a vocabulary of somewhat more soothing sounds, if we may judge by the close proximity of his curly head and certain "sweet things in wreaths" during one of those "supper" dances of which we read in the pages of history. In person, he is tall beyond the average, long-limbed and broad-chested, with high aquiline features, and hair of a colour which (in consideration of my having known his family for years) I shall call auburn, add to this a remarkably "jolly" expression, and incipient whiskers of a pale flame colour, and you have a complete picture of him whom three parishes unite in pronouncing a "divilish cliver" man.

But while I have been talking, the hounds have been thrown into the gorse which covers the opposite hill-side, and the parapetless bridge spanning the glen is thick with red-coats, whose eyes are fixed intently on the huntsmen and whips as they manœuvre through the furze, which by this time is alive with vigorous tails and long greyhound-like heads. Hark! there's a whimper! a dead silence succeeds, broken only by the rustle of the dogs through the withered furze and bramble. But now a long fierce "yowl," which

is eagerly taken up by the whole pack, announces that the game's afoot indeed, and all round me I can see men's faces brighten and set in a determined manner. The same look only in a lesser degree, which I can fancy on the face of a "front-rank Heavy" when the word "charge" rings out "above the storm of galloping hoofs." My neighbour on the right stands up in his stirrups, and as I catch his eye, gleaming with the "*gaudia certaminis*," the words of the "Iron Duke" come freshly back upon my mind, "The cavalry-officers of England are formed in the hunting field."

Full cry now with a vengeance! The wild bell-like music comes rolling back from the brow of the hill in "deep-mouthed thunder," two or three of the keenest-sighted give vent to a yell, as they view the fox stealing away in the far distance, the horses break into a gallop, and we tear up the rocky road with all the energy of a start and no fencing. A moment's check, see, the hounds—the true old Irish "grizels," lean grey and muscular—cross the road in a body, running breast-high, strike the fence and seem to vanish over it like spray over a rock, and stream across the adjoining pasture with the speed of the wind; a pause, as the foremost horseman backs his hunter across the road, and sends him at the "double." Over he goes! poising himself for an instant on the top, and then shooting over the wide dyke like a bird; another, and another, and another, we are on the springy turf of the pasture; the hounds, some ten lengths ahead of us, racing like mad,—a gleam of water, a crash of withered gorse-roots, a slight shock as the horse lands, and we are in the next field, all manner of red specks and streaks whirling and flashing around, beside and in front of us, and a single gleam of sunlight showing the pack, now in full field ahead, flying in a white serried mass over the dark green soil of a treacherous-looking marsh; a clattering in front announces a stone wall, two or three hats and caps, and a like number of horses' tails appear suddenly in the air, and as suddenly disappear as the front rank faces the obstacle; a sharp clank, a dull heavy "thud," and the first whip and his horse are rolling together amongst the broken stones: he staggers to his feet, puts his hand to his head for a moment, and then re-mounts with an effort, and, as the chime of the staunch pack falls mellowed by distance upon our ears, we too take our turn at the "rasper," and, as a matter of course, "land cleverly on the other side."

Away over moor and moss, rough and smooth, plough and pasture, through desolate wastes of heather and com-

paratively cheerful farms, on over the long bleak line of hills to the north, rolls the hunt, until the ragged peasant who leaps upon the top of a fence, grinning with delight, to catch a last view, sees red coats and black coats dip down behind an opposing bluff, and hears the last strain of hound-music die away, leaving a tingle in his ears as he turns to his potatoe furrow in silence.—With the hunt my friend, and in a good place too, we will trust are you and I, but however pleasant and exciting the thing may be in real life, I know few things more tedious than an accurate hunt upon paper, where every fence is inflicted upon you, and you are compelled to follow every turn of the hounds until the end arrives.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us then pass over in imagination some five and thirty minutes—a short space upon paper, but capable of containing a vast variety of incident and accident in the crowded life of the hunting-field. Let us suppose that we have crossed some six miles of country, been once down, seen the friend of our bosom deposited in the inky waters of an apparently bottomless dyke, and are now within a field of the still flying pack, and about two miles from his lordship's favourite cover of Mullagahaun. My "gallant grey" (the horse happens to be brown, but I use the words merely as a conventional compliment, just as we call a boorish duke, "your grace"), my gallant grey, I say, is beginning to lose somewhat of his elasticity, and an ominous twitching in the flank of that worthy animal, tells tales of the rattling gallop through which he has not past totally unwearied. Oh Diana, "goddess excellently bright," in pity vouchsafe a check, give us "room to breathe how short soever." A check it is indeed! the leading hounds throw up their heads with a low whine, and the whole pack "feather" listlessly over yonder dark poverty-stricken plough. The men in front turn their horses' heads to the wind, and "Jerry," with a wave of his cap, casts his hounds forward. "Hark to Warrior!" cries Fred. Rowel, as the old dog gives out a long deep "yowl."

"Forrard, Forrard. Away!" screams an excited red-coat on the left, as he crams his "pumped" horse at the fence, and presently lands on his head in the same field with the now chiming pack. "Forrard indeed," we mutter, as we prepare to follow him, and somehow, we scarcely know how, find ourselves on the other side unhurt, while the dogs pack closer, and fly on at a pace that looks uncommonly like

"killing." Jerry's excited feelings find vent in a view-halloa, see! there goes "poor pug," with a mud-stained brush, creeping doggedly along, the hounds running steadily break from scent to view, and in ten minutes more our huntsman, throwing himself off his panting horse, holds his fox over his head with a clear woo-whoop! that makes the stony hills ring again, and sends the snipe shrieking up from the tufts of rushes around him. Woo-whoop he cries, woo-whoop my darlings, well-hunted! and so say we as we turn our foam-streaked horses homewards, and, lighting our weeds, fall leisurely to discussing the adventures of the day, each man having some wonderful story to tell about that "on-and-off you know, old fellow, just as we got out of the lane," &c., and so Good Night.

M. B.





## A (BACHELOR'S) FAREWELL.

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Flow down, dark River, to the Ouse,  
Thy tribute, Cam, deliver :  
No more on thee my boat shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by Bridge and Reach,  
And Plough and Locks ; ah, never  
Again shall I thy course row o'er,  
For ever and for ever !

To see the Fours i' th' October term,  
By thee shall Freshmen shiver :  
And still shall Cox'ns slang bargees,  
For ever and for ever.

A thousand Crews shall train on thee,  
With wild excitement quiver :  
But not on thee my form shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

D.





## SALUTATIONS.

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THE institution of Salutations can boast an almost unrivalled antiquity. It must certainly have seen the inside of the garden of Eden; and if, as seems too natural to doubt, at first expressed by a kiss on the fair cheek of Eve, it must have branched forth into innumerable forms when men began to multiply upon the earth; when Adam, the man of many centuries, must have been regarded with an awful reverence; and the endless and bewildering varieties of ancestry and cousinship had produced their corresponding degrees of familiarity and diffidence.

To realize such a state of things let us imagine those stern Normans who fought at Hastings, and from whom many of us as eagerly claim descent as the Athenians of old from the misty regions of the demi-gods, to live, not only on the Roll of Battle-Abbey, but in actual flesh and blood. What an effect their existence would have upon our customs! What an atmosphere of solemnity would pervade society in their presence! the story of England's liberty, wealth, and power embraced by the term of one man's life! History and historians superseded by these "living epistles known and read of all men!" Breathes there the youth whose flippant tongue would venture the appellation of "governor;" or who would not exchange the lifted hat for the bended knee before such majestic relics of antiquity? Such thoughts as these may suggest the cause, or at least one principal cause, of those profound prostrations and obeisances which characterize Eastern countries. It was in the *East* that the history of man commenced; in the *East* that those lives of eight or nine centuries were passed; when young men must have been regarded and treated as mere children, without experience, and separated by twenty generations from the venerated head of their family.

Nor is the fact that these countries no longer afford a greater longevity than the colder West, sufficient to disprove

our assertion. The Eastern mind is pre-eminently indisposed to change. The traveller of the nineteenth century cannot pass through those sacro-classic lands without being forcibly reminded of the life-like sketches of the book of Genesis. The earliest form of government—absolute despotism, has survived and flourished here, while the growing mind of the West has tried alternately every form which promised the liberty it demanded as its right; and a few years ago a wild son of the desert boasted that he was one of 10,000 descendants of Jonadab the son of Rechab, who, with as rigid an obedience as their ancestors two thousand years ago, 'neither drink wine, nor build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any, but abide in tents all their days.' From these considerations we should expect a general similarity to prevade the salutations of the East; especially those which lie within the circle of Bible lands.

Abram and Lot, on seeing the approach of strangers, run and bow themselves with their faces toward the ground; the aged Jacob receives the same homage from his son Joseph, albeit the land of Egypt acknowledges that son as its governor, and a grateful people bow the knee before him. Esau, reconciled to his brother, 'falls on his neck and kisses him;' and Joseph exchanges the same salute with his beloved Benjamin. Speaking of Ancient Persia, the Father of History tells us that "when people meet in the street you may know if they are of equal rank by the following token. If they are, instead of speaking, they kiss one another on the lips; where one is a little inferior to the other the kiss is given on the cheek; where the difference of rank is great, the inferior prostrates himself on the ground." Glad indeed would the Eastern traveller be if such were the only ceremonies required of him. The enervating climate, and consequent ignorance of the value of time, have given birth to a custom which the European must always regard as wearisome and sometimes almost impertinent. The sweet and solemn "peace be unto you" is followed by as many as four or five kisses on each cheek, administered with patriarchal gravity; your hand is held all the time with a most pertinacious affection, while questions are rapidly poured forth about your own health, the health of your wife, if you are so fortunate as to have one, your appetite and digestion, the state of your cattle, and a thousand other matters which you cannot imagine to be of the slightest interest to your loquacious friend; and even when you have parted company you may suppress your pious ejaculation of thankfulness till you are

sure that he does not turn round and run beside your horse for a quarter of a mile under the impression that he has not yet been sufficiently civil. A recent traveller in Persia, under such circumstances as these, being naturally anxious to equal the Persian in politeness, began to make similar enquiries concerning his state, when the Eastern Chesterfield, solemnly stroking his beard, replied, "only let your condition be prosperous, and I am of course very well." Happily there are two exceptions to this tedious rule, viz., persons on urgent business, and mourners. Of the former we have an example in Elisha's command to his servant to 'salute no man by the way,'—a command repeated after an interval of nine hundred years by our Lord to his disciples. The history of Job gives us a touching picture of the latter. His friends "sat down upon the ground beside him for seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great."

But the cause which operates most powerfully upon the forms of European salutations is wanting in the countries before us. With us the most elaborate salute is paid to woman; in the East woman has no position whatever. A Semiramus or Zenobia may occasionally burst from the thralldom of seclusion, and receive the homage which is denied her sex; but such instances are rare indeed, and only the result of extraordinary circumstances combined with vast force of character. The juvenile exquisite of London or Paris, who has just passed his grandsire with the most familiar of nods, exerts himself to make his best bow and lifts his hat completely off his head to the pretty young lady whom he meets immediately after; but alas for the victims of antiquated jealousy! However young, however pretty, and by necessary consequence, however willing to be seen, the ladies of the East may be, custom immures them in close curtained litters, or winds their faces round with ample folds of cambric, leaving the eyes alone at liberty, too little to warrant recognition, though frequently sufficient to excite hopeless curiosity. This semi-barbarous custom is the cause of great inconvenience and injury to Europeans in the less frequented parts of Asia, as an unwary appearance of a woman in the public streets is often resented by a shower of stones. Such an accident is especially likely to befall the traveller in the smaller towns of Persia, or in that most uninteresting, stagnant, and cowardly nation of China—a nation almost destitute of social relationships, and possessing neither clubs, mercantile associations, or anything deserving of the name of a

profession. Yet there is perhaps no people so barbarous as not to be, in some one point or other, an example to the most enlightened Christian nations ; and England or France might envy the unparalleled endurance of the American savage, or imitate with advantage the deep respect for age which makes the youth of China and Japan, as it did of old, those of Egypt and Sparta, "rise up before the hoary head ; and honour the face of the old man." Before leaving Asia let us glance for a moment at ancient Sardis, the capital of Lydia, to observe one of the most curious customs which comes within the limits of our subject. In that city, Cyrus the younger puts to death two noble Persians, nephews of king Darius, for the single crime of neglecting to pay him the royal salute, which consisted in wrapping up the hands within the folds of the sleeves. We are unable to discover the origin of a fashion so deservedly unique ; and, were it not attested by the solemn seal of history, should be apt to regard such a salute rather an insult than otherwise, and to discover in it a strong resemblance to the conduct of an acquaintance, who, on meeting us, should thrust his hands emphatically into the pockets of his 'unmentionables.' We pass now to Europe ; and the first country which attracts our attention is Turkey. Yet Turkey is European in position alone ; in everything else a genuine portion of the old continent. The only remaining out-post of Asia, she has maintained, for four hundred years, her Eastern manners with Eastern obstinacy ; and now that these are gradually yielding to the irresistible influence of civilization, under an enlightened sovereign, the clouds again gather on her political horizon which were dispelled at Alma and Inkerman a few years ago, and it is just possible that Turkey's end may anticipate her apostasy, and the zealous Moslem of the old school may see her die as she has lived—an Asiatic. But to return. Leaving Turkey, the hallowed associations of the East, give place to the bright stirring scenes of our native West. We immediately feel ourselves to be among a new people. A distinct genius possesses them and gives the tone to their customs. There is such a thing as continental idiosyncrasy. Not all the barbarous hordes which have deluged Europe from Attila down to Tamerlane, nor all the counter-tides of Western warriors and Western rabble, which have fattened the soil of Syria, have produced anything like a fusion of character. The East has held fast by the grandeur of antiquity, the West has struck boldly out towards the climax of improvement. The one is now what it was some thousand years ago, and can glory in

its unsullied sameness; the other has waded through stage after stage of ignorance and toil and blood, and has emerged from it all in the van of civilization, and mistress of the world. Franco-Germanic England has naturally exerted the most important influence on the forms of European Salutations. In the words of a late French author of celebrity "she unites the simplicity, the calm, the good sense, the slowness of Germany with the éclat, the rage, the nonsense, the vivacity and elegance of France." Accordingly we find that a custom now fallen into disuse in England, but once so thoroughly established as to be styled 'the English method' was introduced among us by a Saxon princess, and still maintains itself among our friends across the Channel, and generally throughout the continent. Need we say that we refer to the queen of all Salutations—the time-honoured institution of the 'kiss.' Who was the happy discoverer of it—under what circumstances it was first enacted—how the first shock was borne we are unable to say. Possibly some 'quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore' which perished in the library at Alexandria might have revealed the secret; but regrets are useless. We have already intimated our opinion that the custom is as old as Adam; a theory which we would commend to the special protection of those who consider our first father to have been possessed of all mundane knowledge, and to have transmitted it to a retrogressing posterity, through whose fingers it ran like a handful of sand, to be painfully picked up in after years with all the conceit of a first discovery. At all events the kiss appears to have been quite unknown in England till Rowena, daughter of Hengist of Friezland, at a banquet, "pressed the beaker to her lipkins, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husjen." Could the fair princess have foreseen the consequences of her rash act; could she have looked forward into England's history and beheld her salute become a precedent, giving birth to a universal custom, we fear she might have paused, and the "amorous Vortigern" might have met with a disappointment. "But wiser Fate says no," Vortigern gets his kiss; the custom recommends itself by its novelty and its magic influence, and by the time of Chaucer appears to have been universally established. The Friar in the Sompnoure's tale, on the mistress of the house entering the room where her husband and he are sitting,

"Ariseth up ful curtisly,  
And hire embraceth in his armēs narwe,  
And kisseth hire swete and chirketh as a sparwe  
With his lippēs."

But how important our subject becomes when we find it attracting the attention of the learned Erasmus and the serious Bunyan. Lest any of our readers, knowing the former, but as the weighty though vacillating prop of the Reformation, should imagine his heart dead to everything but pure Latinity, we shall quote his own words from an epistle in which he urges a friend to visit Britain—"Just to touch on one thing out of many here there are lasses with heavenly faces, kind, obliging, and you would far prefer them to all your muses. There is besides a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey you are dismissed with a kiss; you return—kisses are exchanged. They come to visit you—a kiss the first thing: they leave you—you kiss them all round. Do they meet you anywhere—kisses in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move there is nothing but kisses. And if you Faustus had but once tasted them, how soft they are! how fragrant! on my honour you would wish to reside here not ten years only but for life." Very different is the judgment of the stern Bunyan. He unequivocally condemns the practice as unchristian; and in this severe decision he is preceded and surpassed by Whytford who, in his "Type of Perfection," denounces not only the somewhat questionable kiss but even the innocent shaking of hands, "or such other touchings that good religious persones shulde utterly avoyde." We thank heaven this holy man had not the modelling of our social institutions. Our old customs withstood the shock of his eloquence; and we cannot but think his success would have been greater and his fate happier, had they been cast among those American ladies of the nineteenth century, whom the Satire of Trollope interrupted while covering the legs of their chairs and tables. The kiss maintained its ground in England until the time of the Restoration, when, having already declined in France so far as the ladies were concerned, the ancient national salute was gradually superseded by the foreign code of politeness which accompanied Charles II. to his own dominions. And now that we have traced the history of the kiss from first to last, and have seen it occupying the attention of princes, poets and divines, let us analyse our feelings with regard to its exit, to discover whether we have lost a dangerous acquaintance or a useful friend; whether we have really after all something for which to be grateful to the most dissolute of England's kings, or an additional reason for execrating his memory. We think the most obstinate advocate of the

old regime will scarcely venture to throw his cause on the shoulders of St. Paul, when he considers how very different the 'holy kiss' of the early Christians must have been from the casual and indiscriminating salute of the middle ages. Amongst the former, so long as it expressed the meaning of the pure-minded apostle, it was but the affectionate greeting of the members of one persecuted family, bound together by the strongest of ties, and separated by one absorbing object from the littlenesses of every-day life. But when this state of things had ceased to exist; when the title of Christian became compatible with that of villain, it is obvious that prudence would call for restrictions which would once have been an insult to the purity of the times. These restrictions our own age enjoys; our ancestors we think needed them too; but the public mind moves slowly, and requires many years of experiment and experience to arrive at truth. A brilliant genius occasionally appears two centuries before his time to shew mankind their folly; but these are not the men from whom society takes its tone. It is shocked at their impiety; it hates their forwardness; it fears their sarcasm. A prison is frequently their reward; and the world, relieved of their presence, jogs leisurely onwards, till when their bones have long mouldered into dust, it opens its dull eyes on their past discoveries. We must not, however, forget that the consequences of a long established custom are very different from the consequences of the same custom suddenly revived after it has lain for ages obsolete. We do not believe that there is one right-minded man or woman in England who would wish the old salute to be immediately revived upon the lips of their wives and daughters; simply because the kiss of the nineteenth century has acquired a deeper meaning than the kiss of the sixteenth. We cannot indeed deny, in the face of Erasmus's enthusiastic testimony, that there is something intrinsically superior in the kiss to all other forms of Salutation, even when it is most common. Yet "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." In the middle ages it was an every day circumstance, common alike to the accepted lover and his rejected rival; to the chance acquaintance and the intimate friend. With us it is an almost sacred rite, celebrated with especial pleasure, under especial circumstances, by especial friends; and we are inclined to think that, as Bishop Butler would say, "more happiness on the whole is produced" by its present than its ancient use. It must be evident to our readers that we have been speaking of the kiss between persons of different sexes. That exchanged by

ladies in every degree of acquaintance we decline to discuss. Whether it be a real expression of affection, or as we fear more frequently, only an unmeaning habit, it offers no inducement to pause. As the former, it is above criticism; as the latter, to say nothing harsher, it is devoid of interest. But when the kiss died out in England it did not necessarily experience the same treatment elsewhere. Every nation takes the liberty to think, or at least to act, for itself in such matters; and the sweet salute, discarded by John Bull, appears to have become a greater favourite on the continent than ever. An Englishman of the present day, forgetful of England's social history, may feel surprised and scandalized on observing the hold which this custom has still upon nearly all the nations of Europe; how the passengers of a Russian steamer on entering port are stormed with kisses by their friends of every grade; or still worse how the entire congregation of a parish church in Iceland or in Germany salute their pastor, after the service, in the same familiar way. Were this last custom confined to such countries as Hungary, where the ignorant priests, belonging to the peasant class, only undertake the sacred office to eke out a scanty living, it would be productive of little mischief; and our principal sentiment would be one of pity for the wretched man who has weekly to run the gauntlet of all the dirty children (especially plentiful in Iceland) and old people of his parish. But great reason has society to be thankful that it does not generally obtain where the clergy are taken from at least the middle classes of the people; and above all, that it has no place in that country where 'the cloth,' like the mantle of charity, has such a tendency to 'cover a multitude of sins,' and to transform the ordinary mortal into an angel of light.

In casting off the kiss we did not cast off politeness. As one salute declined others grew in importance. The bow and the shaking of hands admitted of more diversity of form and greater variety of expression. From the former we may discover the education or natural politeness of the individual; from the latter his temperament and sentiments. We have sometimes met with men and women in the humblest walks of life, without any advantages of education or society, who have exhibited a peculiar fineness of feeling and grace of speech and manner. They are the favourite children of Nature in whom she loves occasionally to shew her power apart from all artificial assistance, and it is to such that we refer when we speak of purely natural politeness. Were we to describe the power of hand-shaking as a test of individual



character, and to enumerate the varieties of manner which correspond to the idiosyncracies of different persons, we should only be discussing an exhausted subject. In fact this correspondence is so obvious that while various writers have given the public the benefit of their ideas thereon, it is more than probable that every man, without such assistance, would sooner or later have appreciated it himself, and the attention of the most obtuse have been compelled by the man who shook both his hands so violently that they smarted for five minutes afterwards, or the other who touched but the extremities of his digits, and dropped them again immediately as if contaminated by the contact.

Our own times are happily exempt from various absurdities connected with Salutations in which our grandfathers rejoiced. Truly they were a politer generation than we; nor would the shade of Fabricius surpass them in indignation could they behold their degenerate offspring walking in Kensington gardens without white cravats, or entering a lady's drawing-room in boots. Still we would purchase even at the expense of such degeneracy that common sense which abolished the innumerable arts and ceremonies of salutation in our places of worship. In this respect the congregations of the Church of England contrasted very unfavourably with Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and Mahometans; and to such an extent was the custom carried that it proved a most formidable obstacle to those who would otherwise have returned to the national communion. Mr. Steele tells us in the *Spectator*, that "a Dissenter of rank and distinction was once prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the Church of England about town. After the service was over he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty, but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through that required towards one another: As to this point he was in despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert." Another of these curious absurdities, which in England may be reckoned among the relics of the past, was the habit of saluting any person who had sneezed in your company. Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain still maintain the ancient custom. Traces of it are to be found near home, in Scotland and in *Erin's isle*, and far away in India and in Madagascar. Strada says that in Ethiopia when the Emperor sneezed, the gentlemen of his privy council saluted him so loudly that the noise was heard without, and immediately the whole city was in commotion. The

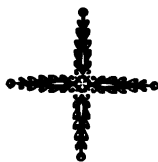
child's primer, published in Italy in 1553, and professing to be a book "enriched with new and moral maxims adapted to form the hearts of children," teaches amongst other duties (such as abstaining from scratching his head, putting his fingers in his mouth and crossing his legs,) the necessity of "being prompt in saluting any one who may sneeze on returning thanks to any one, who on such an occasion may wish him well." A custom so universal can have sprung from no modern origin; and notwithstanding the popular opinion that it arose on the occasion of a violent epidemic during the pontificate of Gregory the Great, the fact that it is referred to by Athenæus, Aristotle, and even Homer, is sufficient to prove that it is hidden in the clouds that obscure the origin of Hellas. Most of the 'worries' of life arise from the neglect of its "small, sweet courtesies"; and this neglect itself from ignorance, absence of mind or intentional rudeness. The cases which really belong to the last head are proportionately few; yet the most enlarged charity cannot shut its eyes to the fact that they are occasionally to be met with. While there are some people so anxious to shew the perpetual summer of their smiles and the accessibility of their friendship that they will bow right and left without caring to see whether their favours are returned, will acknowledge you from the inside of a coach going at full speed, or from the opposite side of a crowded thoroughfare, there are others who hold the privilege of their acquaintance so high that they would rather affront a dozen individuals than bestow a salutation upon one whom they deemed unworthy of the honour. Although this is the natural and usual characteristic of the subjects of flattery, who can practise such arts without any immediate danger of the fate of the 'saucy crane,' yet it is not unfrequently to be met with in all classes of society. In fact, since the days of duelling were ended, it lies within the power of all, and little minds can gratify themselves by petty insults without risking life or limb. But apart from such obnoxious examples there are many difficult cases, arising from the complications of society, to be decided by the common sense of two individuals. For instance—Mr. A. has met Mr. B. at the house of a mutual friend. On entering into conversation he has found him to be an agreeable, well informed man, and altogether one after his own heart. Mr. B. has formed the same judgment of Mr. A. They meet a fortnight afterwards; and each is desirous of recognition. Mr. A. however fearing a rebuff is resolved that Mr. B shall make the first offer of salutation. Unfortu-

nately that gentleman has just made the same resolution ; and the consequence is that a desirable acquaintance is lost, and each passes on with a strong inclination to apostrophize the arrogance of the other.

The modern bow is we believe with some people a favourite subject of ridicule. They describe it as awkward and complicated, their strictures being chiefly directed against the semi-circular form which they describe the body as assuming during the movement. We consider such complaints to be entirely groundless. We look upon the present form of salutation as containing the elements of dignity and homage more justly balanced than any other with which we are acquainted.

Eastern prostration is antiquated—unsuitable—humiliating ; the kiss we have dismissed as too familiar. We are not an armed people, or we might adopt the elegant though somewhat dangerous Montenegrin salutation ; nor could we take a hint from New Zealand as to the rubbing of noses. We wanted a salute which should express at once our self-respect and our deference to the fair sex, and such an one we believe that we possess.

J. F. B. T.





## AN APRIL SQUALL.

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BREATHLESS is the deep blue sky;  
Voiceless doth the blue sea lie;  
And scarcely can my heart believe  
'Neath such a sky, on such a wave,  
That Heaven can frown and billows rave,  
Or Beauty so divine deceive.

Softly sail we with the tide;  
Silently our bark doth glide;  
Above our heads no clouds appear:  
Only in the West afar  
A dark spot, like a baneful star,  
Doth herald tempests dark and drear.

And now the wind is heard to sigh;  
The waters heave unquietly;  
The Heaven above is darkly scowling:  
Down with the sail! They come, they come!  
Loos'd from the depths of their wintry home  
The wild fiends of the storm are howling.

Hold tight, and tug at the straining oar,  
For the wind is rising more and more:  
Row like a man through the dashing brine!  
Row on!—already the squall is past:  
No more the sky is overcast;  
Again the sun doth brightly shine.

Oh! higher far is the well-earn'd bliss  
Of quiet after a storm like this  
Than all the joys of selfish ease:  
'Tis thus I would row o'er the sea of Life,  
Thus force my way through the roar and strife,  
And win repose by toils like these.

ARCULUS.



## REMARKS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

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**I**T is a matter of regret that Physiognomy as a means of knowledge is so little developed, and has become neither a science nor an art of universal and certain application ; for by it, in an advanced state, we should be able to recognise the minds of others as readily as we now do their faces. At present it is with most people little more than an instinct by which they are in the practice, consciously or unconsciously, of judging at first sight of their companions by their personal appearance. Still I think it will be admitted that, to a small extent at least, something is really known of the science of Physiognomy ; namely, that it is within the powers of a few gradually to gain knowledge, in a general way, of implied temper and intelligence, by means of careful observation and comparison of outward form and expression. And though the majority of people cannot go beyond their limited instincts in this direction, while a minority, however small, can ; still it is reasonable that the capacity of the few who can so discriminate is of more weight in favour of the science than the incapacity of the many is against it.

As a fundamental principle, comparative anatomy establishes the real characteristic of human form. Thus in the face the nearly vertical profile of man, effected by the extension of the forehead above and the addition of the chin below, is attained by no member of the brute creation ; and therefore however beautiful, according to other ideas of beauty, the rest of the features be, if there be not a sufficiency of frontal elevation and advancement of chin, we must maintain that in this case beauty has declined to be fairly present.

The science of anatomy, in explaining the uses and connexions of the several parts of the body, is best fitted to explain the reasons for the laws of Physiognomy ; but in many instances we must be content to proceed without such assistance, if only the laws themselves are otherwise estab-

lished as generally true. A main object then is to collect and classify all the various forms of features in great numbers of instances, coupled with the known characters and conditions of the persons to whom they belonged, and from the comparison of the whole to derive general laws, stating how different conformations are usually symbolic of their appropriate qualities.

Of all parts of the body, the forehead has been considered the most important as manifesting mental power. It is essential that it should be sufficiently large, but not necessarily very high; indeed the ancients always preferred a low forehead with the hair growing down very low, and sometimes they even reduced by art the visible part of it, when nature in their opinion shewed too much face above the eyes. The wide forehead, well projecting in front over the eyes, and increasing at the temples, belongs to the best pattern of general shape, and exhibits capacity for conceiving a large stock of ideas and great analytical power. Very much depends on the elevations and prominences on the surface of the forehead, and especially on the enlarged bumps which lie just over the eyebrows, and which ought to be gently or plainly marked. The reason usually assigned for this is, that the brain ought to be as large as possible, and that the shape of the brain be, speaking roughly, a hemisphere resting on a horizontal base, this being the form of the solid which contains the greatest bulk for its extent of surface; for it has been supposed that mental activity is proportional to the magnitude and compactness of the brain. Probably all this is true, but of course it will be remembered, that these frontal eminences do not mark the boundary of the brain in front, for between the outer table of the frontal bone and its inner table which is the wall of the brain, there lie cavities which are larger or smaller according as these eminences of the outer table are larger or smaller; so that the cavities, which are called the frontal sinuses, do not determine the size of the brain. They contribute to effect the resonance of the voice, and to give attachment on their outer surfaces to some muscles, which aid in distinguishing man by those expressions of thought and sentiment which are peculiar to him. These sinuses are large in the elephant, and extend enormously in that animal over the top of his skull, giving him a fine and intelligent look, but at the same time detracting very much from the size of his brain. Some foreheads have their undulated surfaces elevated chiefly in the middle line, and therefore their contours are most easily

discernible in the profile; they are signs of a clear and sound understanding. Those foreheads which are quite smooth and present one uniform arch from the eyes to the hair, without any knotty protuberances or disturbed wrinkles, belong to vacant child-like and empty-headed simpletons who cannot become better than stupid and inoffensive members of society. On the other hand, the more the human skull possesses the features of the brute in angular abruptness of surface, the more does it symbolize degradation of mind. The same may be said of thick and bony skulls, for they fall far below the economical principle, which prevails so markedly in man, of fineness and lightness in all regions where strength and solidity are dispensable. Most large foreheads are favourable symbols, for with them are found associated large minds capable of comprehending a large compass of ideas and retaining them firmly in the memory; but next to insignificant and retreating foreheads, none are worse than those large and shapeless inane foreheads, which are plain proofs of stupidity.

Wrinkles on the forehead should be regular and not too deep; those which are oblique and parallel or circularly arched, do not augur well; often they are merely the grimaces of idleness, want of thought, and waste of time.

As well as the forehead, the mid-head or parietal portion of the head, and the hind-head or occipital portion have their peculiar indications; it is enough briefly to mention that in the middle of the head the feelings are supposed to reside, and the will in the back of the head.

The chin also is a principal characteristic of man, and so its development is essential to beauty; it generally occurs together with a large and prominent forehead, and balances it in the face. The bone which corresponds to the chin in the lower animals, is commonly much longer from back to front in proportion to its lateral breadth than in man, while at the same time it retreats backwards under the mouth.

The eye is said to be the feature which is least complimentary to man, for the human eye does not surpass in softness, delicacy, and brilliancy that of many brutes; the eye is the strong point in the face of the lower animals, indeed the chief privilege which man has reserved to himself is the squint. The eye is not on this account less suitable to distinguish and mark the beauty of one man as compared with that of another; we know the remarkable distinction of a fine and expressive eye, and in estimating the temporary feelings and temper, we regard it more than any other feature

of the face ; it is not only the light of the countenance, it is also the interpretable index of the whole man's self as for the present time constituted, and reveals his inmost feelings ; it seems to inform us of his animal nature and condition, as well as in a less degree of his intellectual qualities ; in short, the eye is the expressed summit of animal beauty. One condition for the human excellence of the eyes is, that the distance between them must be neither much more nor much less than an inch ; deviation from this limit on either side partakes of the brutal type ; for instance, in the one case it looks like the monkey, in the other like the dog. A similar remark applies to the comparative size of the ball of the eye, which in man holds a middle place between those of brutes. Grey, greenish, hazel, black or very dark blue eyes, indicate severally hardness and activity of mind, ardour and subtilty ; a vigorous and profound mind, vivacity and strength of expression ; while on the contrary, light blue eyes are feminine, and in a man suggest feebleness and inactivity of mind ; however I have met with such eyes in clever and powerful men, but then always associated with other and better features and a well-formed head ; still lightness of colour in the eye is of itself an unfavourable sign. Brilliancy of eye is generally preferred to dullness, because it indicates a lively mind and temper ; brightness combined with quickness of motion and restlessness is a conclusive mark of nervousness. Dull and calm eyes are sometimes found in able and far-seeing persons ; the present Emperor Napoleon is an instance of this.

The eyelids ought to cover about half of the pupil when open, and to be pretty thick and furnished with well-marked lashes ; they should be also either horizontal in their contiguous edges, or slightly inclined downwards in the direction of the nose, and the opening should be long and narrow.

The eyebrows, corresponding to the lids, should be well defined and closely cover the eyes, not wandering upwards high on the forehead, but lying low on the projecting eye-bones ; faintly marked brows mean the same as light-coloured eyes, and unless accompanied by a good frontal development are very unsatisfactory.

The nose is an important index to character ; it shews the capacity of mind, the degree of mental refinement, and the measure of sensibility and education : accordingly it is a feature which takes a long time in finishing its growth, and leaves us during this time in doubt about its final shape ; so that it seems to change its mind very much, and very often surprises us with its varied resolves and ultimate form.



A beautiful nose is a very rare gift, and, in those faces which it adorns, it is sufficient to make its owner a promising candidate for graduation in good looks. The bridge of the nose ought to be strong, to stand out well, and to be considerable in breadth, for on it the forehead seems to rest: the fleshy part of the nose too should be a fitting continuation of such a bridge, and maintain a straight outline, or continue the convex bend of the nasal bones, so as to make up the whole length of the nose equal to one-third of that of the face. Napoleon the Great is said to have selected his generals by the length and size of their noses. The ridge must likewise be broad if it denotes a powerful and analytical mind: this opposes the common opinion on this subject, namely, that the ridge of the nose is best when sharp and thin. Sharpness is quite consistent with a fine and delicate mind, with purity of taste, and with moral excellence; but, judging from experience of mental power, we must prefer, for manly beauty, breadth and strength in the ridge of the nose.

The Grecian or straight nose indicates refinement of character, love of literature and the fine arts, and ability; and, being essentially the feminine nose, it may denote preference for indirect rather than direct action. It is regarded by artists as portraying the finest beauty and elegance, but not the highest intellect nor the deepest thoughtfulness. If beauty, as it has been defined, is the medium or centre of the various forms of the individual; and if every species of animal has a fixed and determinate form, towards which nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in a centre, or like pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point; then it will follow that the straight line for the ridge of the nose is more beautiful than that which is concave or convex, because that is the central form.

The Roman nose is bent downwards and rather roughly undulating in its outline. It indicates energy and perseverance, and is consistent with absence of refinement.

Those noses which are wide nostrilled, broad, and gradually enlarged from the bridge to the tip are called 'cogitative' noses, for they symbolize a cogitative mind, having strong powers of thought and indulging in deep reflection. Such noses are defined by their form as seen in front, and not at all by their contour in profile; they may consequently occur combined with the Grecian or Roman types, or with any other. The depth of thought is represented by the breadth.

Lastly, the nose is called 'celestial' when it is turned up in a bend from the bridge to the end: this nose is certainly not beautiful and often looks insolent and disagreeable; when small the nose becomes the 'snub,' which then betrays feebleness and sometimes meanness of character.

In general a large nose is decidedly preferable to a small one; but when it is the exclusively conspicuous part of the face and seems to have deprived the forehead of its fair share of growth, the harmony of the features is broken and the result is ugly.

The mouth differs in man from that of the lower animals in its construction, forasmuch as its masticatory arrangements are not so strong, and because it is not much used as a prehensile member: thus the teeth are smaller and not so prominent; the canine teeth are especially much less, and as the length of the mouth's opening depends on the size of these teeth, a moderately small mouth and short lips are with reason marks of human intelligence. The lips ought to lie together closely and easily so as not to shew the teeth: they should not be very thin nor tightly drawn together, but harmonize with the broad-ridged nose, the goodly eyelids, and the well-defined eyebrows.

After taking the features separately, they should be taken together, and in the comparison, harmony and agreement are more conducive to beauty than the distinct excellence of the several parts.

Among the symbols of character and temper, we must not omit the hair, which by its varied qualities of colour, length, thickness, and texture, corresponds to many combinations of vigour, faculties, and temperament.

Prejudice and taste very much interfere with the attainment of general and scientific rules of physiognomy respecting the interpretation of the various symbols manifested by the hair: that these prejudices and prevailing tastes are not founded on sound principles, appears at once from the fact that they continue to alter without any particular reason, and remain constant only for a short time till the absurdity of the fashion is unavoidably exhibited. Indeed taste regarding the colour and quality of the hair is as arbitrary, as that regarding its arrangement and dress. For instance, red hair, after its term of favour in ancient times, is now considered, in this country at least, as not to be mentioned in any one who lays claim to good looks. Men of powerful and penetrating minds usually have brown and rather coarse hair, and very light and fine hair commonly attends persons

of a less vigorous nature and of a feeble constitution. The common rule of moderation appears to hold both in the thickness and colour of the hair as well as in most things.

Careful observers state that the hair of men is on the average rather finer than that of women, in opposition to the prevalent idea on this subject: when, however, we consider the great length to which ladies' hair naturally grows, it is not surprising that its thickness should be partly proportionate. Black hair is the coarsest, red is not so coarse, yellow is finer, and light hair is the finest: the separate hairs of all kinds vary from one two hundred and fiftieth to one seven hundredth of an inch in diameter. Ladies have a great advantage over men in their power of making their heads tell, in a phrenological sense, pretty well what they please, by the arrangement and disposition of their plentiful supply of hair.

But the countenance is not so much dependent on the shape and comparative size of the bones, and on the colour of the hair and complexion, as on the position and action of the muscles of the face; for the latter mainly define the expression. Now the principal muscles of the face which are peculiar to man are the three following:—first, that placed on the forehead just over the eyes, whose office is to knit the brows, this is the muscle of frowning and of deep thought: secondly, that descending over the forehead and terminating partly in the skin of the brow and partly in the orbicular muscle of the eyelid which closes the eye; it opposes the action of the orbicular muscle, elevates the brows, and occasions those transverse wrinkles which appear in the expression of surprise: thirdly, that arising from the oblique line of the lower jaw, having its insertion in the angle of the mouth, and intermingling with the other muscles in this neighbourhood; it is an important muscle expressing the sorrowful emotions, and, in conjunction with other muscles, it produces the sentiments of contempt, hatred, and jealousy.

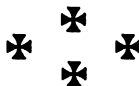
A beautiful face then possesses in their perfection all these muscles, and in proportion as they are less capable of being well exhibited we consider the face to approximate to the brutal type. The smile is also peculiar to man, and we at once notice its pleasing action and humanity; it is effected by raising the cheek, drawing down the eyebrows and arching their outer halves, opening the mouth, and dilating the nostrils.

Much more might be said, but I conclude these brief

remarks, and only add the following passage on this subject from Sir Charles Bell:—

“Attending merely to the evidence furnished by anatomical investigation, all that I shall venture to affirm is this, that a remarkable difference is to be found between the anatomy and range of expression in man and in animals. That in the former, there seems to be a systematic provision for that mode of communication and that natural language, which is to be read in the changes of the countenance; that there are even muscles in the human face, to which no other use can be assigned, than to serve as the organs of this language: that on the other hand there is in the lower animals no range of expression which is not fairly referable as a mere accessory to the voluntary or needful actions of the animal; and that this accessory expression does not appear to be in any degree commensurate to the variety and extent of the animal’s passions.”

W. P.





"PHYLLIDA AMO ANTE ALIAS."

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It is not that she's fair in face,  
As many maidens be;  
But oh! she hath a hidden grace,  
That makes her dear to me!

It is not that her eye is blue,  
More blue than is the sky:  
That with her cheek's transparent hue  
No budding rose can vie.

Ah no! 'tis something more than this  
That makes my Phyllis dear;  
That makes me feel o'erwhelmed with bliss,  
Whene'er she draweth near.

My Phyllis, would'st thou know the spell  
That charms thy lover true?  
It is—that thou canst cook full well  
A real Irish stew!

MENALCAS.



## SLAVES VERSUS HANDS.

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THE object of this essay is to draw a comparison between slavery and hired labour in the essential features of each. The reader will easily see for himself how the train of thought here pursued, was suggested by present circumstances in England and America; there is no need therefore for any prefatory observations on this score, but a few introductory remarks may be necessary to explain what is intended by the essential features of the case. Every Englishman will look upon Slavery as a bad thing, but should at the same time admit that there are in it various degrees of badness. With these various degrees I have in the first instance nothing to do. The essential evil of slavery is that, and that only, which adheres to it in all possible circumstances, and under all possible modifications; but in estimating this evil, all the possible ills of slavery must be considered, in so far as slavery has a tendency to produce them. Further, in estimating this tendency, we must consider not only the nature of slavery, but also human nature. For example, there is nothing in the nature of slavery to induce the ill treatment of slaves. On the contrary it might be said that, as a man is generally more careful of his own property than of other people's, slavery would afford a direct inducement to treat slaves well. But then we are to take into consideration the weakness of human nature, in which we find a natural tendency to the abuse of power. On this account, the ill-treatment of slaves is often very justly urged as an argument against slavery, not because there is any particular reason in the relation itself of master to slave why the slave should be ill-treated, but because any kind of absolute power is liable to abuse, and therefore to be avoided unless there is some particular reason in its favour. But if we thus judge of slavery, our opinion of the hiring system ought to be meted with the same measure. It is not fair to discredit slavery with all the evils that flow from it, if we excuse our own

plan of hiring labour by saying that the evils observed in its working do not belong to the system. It has been said for instance, that masters display a culpable indifference to the interest of their hired labourers ; that they come at last to look upon them only as hands, not as fellow men ; in the emphatic language of Carlyle, that they get to look upon cash payment as the only nexus between man and man. If this be true, it is just as much an objection to hired labour as stories of cruelty are to slavery. Merely to say that the evil complained of does not belong to the system is of no avail in either case ; what is required to justify the system, is to show that these evils do not belong to it, by separating them from it.

After these explanations, I hope that the reader will be lenient, if the following comparison should prove more favourable to slavery than he expected. It is not that I have not as strong a sense as he can have of the evils of slavery, but that I think I see also not a few evils in the hiring system. A few more words of explanation may be necessary on this point. Seeing hired labourers contrasted with slaves, some might suppose that by hired labourers was intended, those who receive some remuneration for their work, in contradistinction to slaves who are obliged to work without payment. Such, however, is not my meaning. In the first place, I could not admit, that slaves do not receive some remuneration for their labour, and secondly, were this admitted, the characteristic of a hired labourer is not in his being paid for his labour, but in the particular way in which the payment is in his case regulated. No one for example would call doctors or clergymen hired labourers, though both receive payment for their labour. The peculiar characteristics of a hired labourer will be best developed in the course of the proposed comparison, to which I at once proceed.

The fundamental distinction between a slave and a hired labourer, is commonly expressed by saying, that the slave is the property of his master, while the hired labourer is not so. If we were to enquire further what is meant by property, the answer that we should be most likely to receive is, that a man's property is that which is his own, to do what he likes with. It might be interesting at some other time to enter fully into the question, whether anything is property in this most extensive sense of the term. A few hints on the subject will suffice for the present purpose. Probably all property has some moral obligation attached to it, so that no one has a complete right to do what he will with his own.

Further, some obligations are attached to property by law, so that in some cases a man has not in any sense a right to do whatever he pleases with his own, seeing that there are some things which he is expressly forbidden to do with it. Lastly, intermediate between these two is the restraint of popular opinion, which, so far as it is efficacious, may practically be said to deprive a man of the right of doing what it forbids. But while a man's right over his own property may thus in various ways be curtailed, it is evident that he may also possess rights over what is not his property. The most obvious case is that of letting and hiring. If I have hired a house, I have certain rights over it, just as if it were my own private property. The landlord, it is true, may and probably will, introduce some conditions into his lease, which will limit my rights over the house, and make them less than if it were my own. But he is not obliged to do so. He may give me a lease without any stipulations in it, and then, as long as the lease lasts, I shall have just as much power over the house as if it were my own. On the other hand it is quite possible that all the stipulations of an ordinary lease might be converted into laws binding on owners of houses. A man for instance might be bound by law to keep his house in repair, and to ask leave of some one if he wished to make any alteration in it, and so on. Indeed this last was very nearly the case in London a few years ago, under some local building act. In this case a man would have no more right over his own house than over a hired house. Thus we see that the real difference between owning a thing and having hired it, is that the rights possessed over the thing last in the first case for an unlimited, in the second for a limited period: and, further, that the rights possessed over a hired thing have a natural tendency to be less or fewer than those possessed by the owner of property.

Let us see how these considerations can be applied to the case of slavery and hired labour. First, whatever may be thought of the more general question, it is certain that the rights of a master over a slave are not unlimited. He has no right at any rate to kill his slave. In fact, his right may be limited to a considerable extent without the connection ceasing to be slavery. When the master loses the right to sell his labourers away from the land, we cease to speak of slavery and call it by the milder name of serfdom; but there is no radical distinction between the cases. The power of the master may diminish gradually, from an almost



absolute power, down to nothing : we arbitrarily take one point in the scale to mark the division between slavery and serfdom, which are thus seen to differ in name and degree only, not in essence. Further, as the rights of a master over his slaves are limited, so he is bound also, by law or effective public opinion, to give his slave some remuneration for his labours. He must at least give him food and clothing, fire and shelter. He might be compelled, by law or public opinion, to give much more than this.

In the second place, let us consider the case of the hired labourer. The master, whether he hire for a day or a month or a year or longer, obtains for that time certain rights over the labourer, and binds himself in return to give a certain remuneration. The rights which the master thus obtains are usually much less than those which the slave owner has over his slave, but they are not necessarily so. It is easy to imagine a mild form of slavery which would reserve more right to the slave, than a freeman might be able to retain in hiring himself out to service.

Thus far we have traced three essential distinctions between slavery and the hired labour system. The slave owner possesses certain rights and incurs corresponding obligations in perpetuity ; the rights are probably greater and the obligations less than in the case of free labour ; and, lastly, the labourer has no share in settling what these rights and obligations shall be. On the other hand, the hirer of labour possesses certain rights and incurs corresponding obligations for a limited time only ; the rights are probably less and the obligations greater than in the case of free labour ; and, lastly, the labourer has some share in settling what those rights and the corresponding obligations shall be.

In applying these distinctions to form an estimate of the comparative advantages of slavery and hired labour, two further points must be taken into consideration ; namely, first, what is likely to happen on the expiration of a contract of hiring ; and, secondly, how much share practically has the labourer in settling the rate of his own wages and the extent of his own obligations.

Now the rate of wages is adjusted by competition, and is ultimately regulated by the extent of the population. I have no time here to enter into any demonstration of these points, they are received doctrines of Political Economy, and I assume them as such, and immediately proceed to the application. On the expiration of a contract of hiring, if things remain in the state in which they were at its

commencement, the contract may be renewed in its original terms. But if this is not so, the master may be more or he may be less willing to hire than he was before. If he is quite unwilling, the labourer will remain unemployed; otherwise the effect will be, an alteration in his wages. Now the rate of wages depends ultimately on population, so that if the labourer wishes to influence it in his own favour, his only possible means of doing so is by acting on the population. That is to say, if the labouring population would marry late and have small families, they would ultimately increase the rate of wages, but this is the only possible way in which they could do so.

Thus it appears, of the three advantages that the hired labourer apparently possesses over the slave, the first, that his servitude is only temporary, is clogged with the heavy disadvantage that he is liable without any fault of his own to be left without work and therefore without wages: while the third, that he can partly regulate the amount of his own wages, is in any but the most advanced state of society rendered completely inoperative by the ignorance and want of self-restraint of the working classes. The second advantage of the free labourer, that derived from the comparative tendency of slavery and hiring, I do not intend to touch upon at present, further than to remark that this is just the point in which both slavery and the hiring system are capable of regulation from without.

The conclusion I would now draw is that a system of slavery might possibly be devised that would not be intolerable in comparison with the hiring system. This conclusion obviously points the way to further enquiries, which it may perhaps be my task to pursue at some future time.

A. K. C.





## OUR CHRONICLE.

MICHAELMAS TERM 1862.

"SOME Poets plunge at once *in medias res*": let the Johnian Chronicler be allowed to do the same; and let us without further preface proceed to record such facts as we have to note.

At an election for members of the Council of the Senate this Term the Rev. the Master was elected as a Head, Professor Liveing as a Professor, and the Rev. A. V. Hadley as an ordinary member.

Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A. has been appointed Junior Moderator for the ensuing Mathematical Tripos.

The Rev. E. A. Abbott, B.A. has been appointed Composition Master at Birmingham Grammar School. Mr. H. J. Sharpe, B.A. has accepted temporarily the post of Professor of Mathematics at Belfast in the place of Professor Slessor, who has been incapacitated from discharging his duties through illness.

The following gentlemen have vacated Fellowships since the appearance of our last number:

The Rev. W. C. Sharpe, B.D.

Mr. E. Headlam, M.A.

The Rev. J. Rigg, B.D.

Mr. W. C. Evans, M.A.

The Rev. H. G. Day, M.A.

Mr. R. B. Clifton, M.A.

We give the List of Honours in the Moral Science Tripos which appeared on Monday last.

It contains the names of none but Johnians: of whom we may congratulate two on obtaining a First Class.

FIRST CLASS	SECOND CLASS	THIRD CLASS
Austen Cherrill	Devey Guinness, F. W.	—

The following lists contain the names of those gentlemen who obtained a First Class in the June Examination :

## THIRD YEAR

Hockin	Stevens
Snowdon	Cotterill
Rudd	Pooley
Warmington	Rounthwaite

## SECOND YEAR

Ewbank	Smallpeice
Stuckey	Archbold
Baron	Moss

## FIRST YEAR

Marshall	Wilson, K.
Beebee	Yeld
Wood, A.	Griffiths
Russell	Waterfield
Robson	Vawdrey
Levett	Countts
Blanch	Shackleton
Isherwood	Wiseman
Cope	Peachell
Roach	Baynes
Huntly	Gurney
Watson	Mills
Kempthorne	Barlow
Burgess	Keeling
Clarke	Hawkins
Cust	Smith, R. P.
Sanders	Whalley
Masefield	Meyricke

## ENGLISH ESSAY PRIZES

*Third Year*—Austen

*Second Year*—Pearson

*First Year*—Burgess

Prizes for Greek Testament and Ecclesiastical History :

1 Rudd | 2 Austen | 3 Snowdon

Reading Prizes :

Lee Warner | Ebsworth

A prize for Hebrew was adjudged to O. Fynes-Clinton.

On the 13th of June the following gentlemen were elected  
Foundation Scholars :

Warmington	Baron, E.
Pooley	Moss
Rudd	Ewbank
Snowdon	Smallpeice
Cotterill	Marshall
Stevens	Beebee
Lee Warner	

The Naden Divinity Studentship was awarded to C. E. Graves.

The Wood and Hare Exhibitions were given as follows :

£40 each	
Hockin	Carey
Rounthwaite	Hickman
Austen	Stuckey
Falkner	Terry
£30 each	
Snowdon	Russell
Rudd	Robson
Moss	Levett
Archbold	Blanch
Wood, A.	Isherwood
£20 each	
Lee	Creaser
Brown, J. C.	Reece
Pearson	Newton
Robinson	

£18. 1s. 6d. to Tinling.

Mr. H. S. Beadon has passed the first examination for the Indian Civil Service : and Messrs. A. Ll. Clay, A. Yardley, F. W. J. Rees, and J. W. Best, the final examination.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for this term are :

E. W. Bowling, *President*  
C. C. Scholefield, *Treasurer*  
R. C. Farmer, *Secretary*  
E. A. Alderson, *First Captain*  
S. W. Cope, *Second Captain*  
W. W. Hawkins, *Third Captain*  
E. K. Clay, *Fourth Captain*

The list of University Boat-races during the term will be found on an adjoining page: the following was the crew sent in for the Fours by the L.M.B.C.:

- 1 M. H. L. Beebee
- 2 E. A. Alderson
- 3 C. H. La Mothe
- T. E. Cremer (*Stroke*)
- R. C. Farmer (*Cox.*)

Mr. C. C. Scholefield, the winner of the Lady Margaret Challenge Cup, represented the College in the contest for the Colquhoun Sculls.

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday November 15.

Ten boats were entered: after seven bumping races the time race was rowed between the following crews:

- |                           |                                     |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 R. B. Masfield          | 1 F. Young                          |
| 2 A. D. Clarke            | 2 J. Alexander                      |
| 3 E. A. Alderson          | 3 C. H. La Mothe                    |
| A. Cust ( <i>Stroke</i> ) | C. C. Scholefield ( <i>Stroke</i> ) |
| R. Levett ( <i>Cox.</i> ) | W. J. Stobart ( <i>Cox.</i> )       |

Mr. Levett's boat won by about a second.

The Lady Margaret Trial Eights came off on Wednesday and Thursday November 26 and 27; there being four boats in. The following was the successful crew:

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 S. B. Barlow                | 5 M. H. Marsden              |
| 2 A. Marshall                 | 6 H. Watney                  |
| 3 H. Rowsell                  | 7 C. Yeld                    |
| 4 W. Dunn                     | A. Langdon ( <i>Stroke</i> ) |
| R. H. Dockray ( <i>Cox.</i> ) |                              |

The University Scratch Fours commenced on Monday December 1. Thirty-eight boats were entered. The time race was rowed December 5; Messrs. M. H. L. Beebee and J. Alexander of the L.M.B.C. being in the winning crew.

The officers of No. 2 (St. John's) Company of the Cambridge University Volunteers are: Captain, W. D. Bushell; Lieutenant, W. H. Besant; Ensign, W. Marsden; Ensign

J. B. Davies having resigned his commission on leaving Cambridge.

On Monday November 17th, a Match took place between No. 1 (University) Company and No. 2; seven men on either side; in which our Company proved victorious by 11 marks (hits and points): the scores being respectively 228 and 217.

The Officers have this Term subscribed for a Challenge Cup to be shot for weekly by members of the Company; if won three times to become the property of the winner. Won for the first time by Captain Bushell.

The Johnian Challenge Cup was shot for on Thursday November 27. The victor was Captain Bushell, who made 27 points. Ensign Marsden and Sergeant Clare scored 26 and 25 points respectively.

We regret to say that the work of recruiting has not hitherto proceeded so briskly among the freshmen of this College as might have been hoped; indeed we fear that without a speedy accession of strength the Johnian Company will scarcely be able to maintain its well-earned reputation.

The final contest for the Prince of Wales' Cup took place on Thursday December 4. It was again carried off by Lieut. E. C. R. Ross of the 6th Company.

The match for Chaplain Emery's Cup was concluded yesterday (Dec. 9.) Ensign J. Grant-Peterkin of the 1st Company was the winner with 52 marks (hits and points): Lieut.-Colonel Baker and Captain Bushell scoring 50 marks each.

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The Newbery Challenge Racquet Cup was won easily on Thursday December 4th, by Mr. E. W. Bowling, who played the concluding match with Mr. A. Smallpeice.

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A subscription has been opened in the College to aid in the relief of the distress at present prevailing in the Cotton Districts. The amount already received, not reckoning several subscriptions promised, exceeds £300, of which more than £6 has been contributed by the College Servants.

# LIST OF BOAT RACES.

*Michaelmas Term 1862.*

## THE FOUR-OARS—*November 10.*

1 1st Trinity	5 3rd Trinity
2 Trinity Hall	6 Sidney
3 Caius	7 2nd Trinity
4 Lady Margaret }	8 Emmanuel }

## *November 11.*

1 Emmanuel	4 Sidney
2 Trinity Hall }	5 1st Trinity }
3 3rd Trinity }	6 Lady Margaret

## *November 12.*

1 3rd Trinity	3 Lady Margaret }
2 Emmanuel	4 1st Trinity }

## *November 13—TIME RACE.*

1 1st Trinity	3 Emmanuel
2 2nd Trinity	

Won by 3rd Trinity by about five seconds.

## THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS—*November 17.*

1 Lawes, 3rd Trinity	5 Lee, Caius
2 Edgell, Queens'	6 Scholefield, Lady Mar. }
3 Yearsley, 1st Trinity }	7 Baker, 3rd Trinity }
4 Bolden, Christ's }	8 Pixell, 1st Trinity }
	9 Warner, Trinity Hall }

## *November 18.*

1 Bolden	4 Edgell }
2 Baker }	5 Lawes }
3 Pixell }	6 Warner

## *November 19.*

1 Lawes	3 Warner }
2 Bolden	4 Pixell }

## *November 20.*

1 Pixell }	Bolden
2 Lawes }	

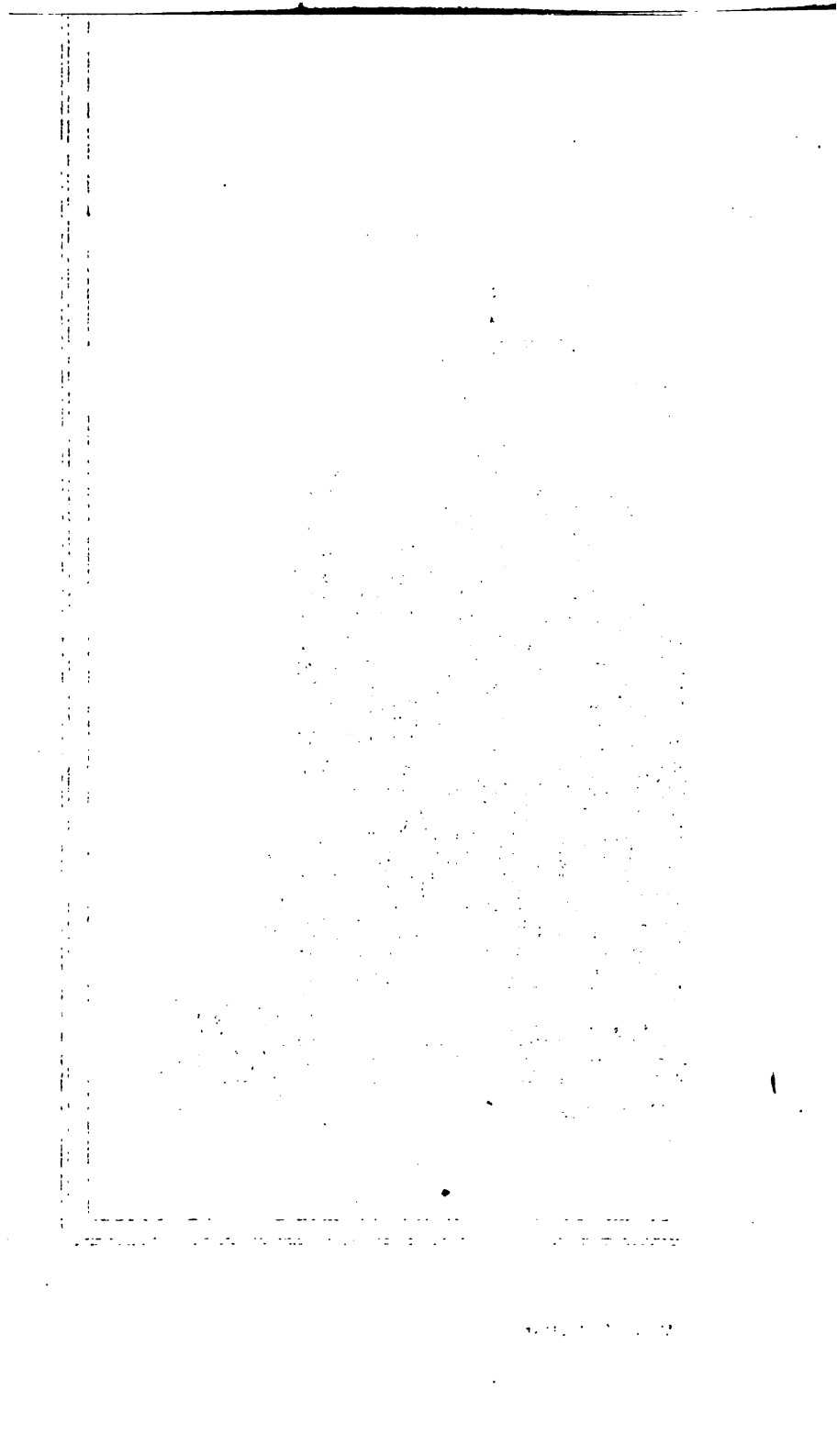
## *November 21—TIME RACE.*

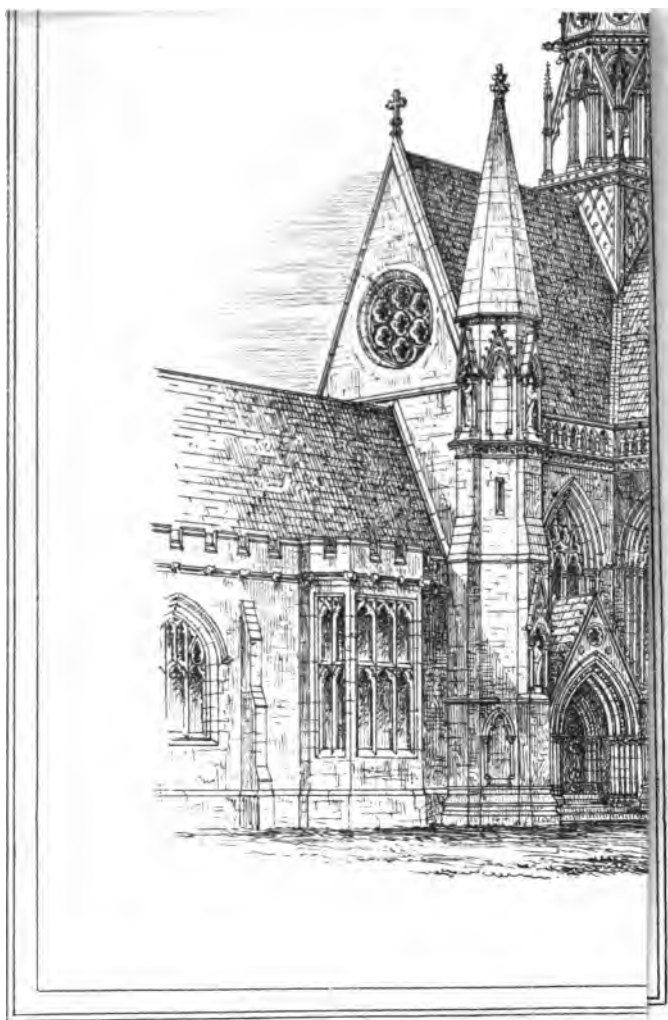
1 Lawes	2 Bolden
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Won by Lawes by fifteen seconds.









View of



## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

### II. MONGHYR.

Lower Bengal, Oct. 3rd, 1862.

WE are now celebrating the Doorga Poojah festival, a season when the British Government proclaims a general ten-days' respite from the fatigues of office, that its pagan subjects may be at leisure to worship, burn, and drown their idols. A very satisfactory arrangement, so far as the holiday is concerned; though I can't quite see why a Christian Government should consider itself bound to conform to heathen fancies, and grant holidays at the unhealthiest season of the year. A month or two later we should be able to enjoy the livelong day with our guns in the jungle—now we are compelled to pass melting moments under the punkah, with the thermometer at 92° in the shade, listening to the inharmonious beat of the tom-tom, as it is wafted on the breeze from the thronged Ghaut, where our truant servants are holding their "tamasha." However as there's no Cutcherry to-day, we have an opportunity of looking back on the friends and associations of former days—and not least among them the venerable Courts of our beloved College. Often and often do we yearn towards her, as we revisit the scenes, where her great Apostle Martyn lived and laboured. Would she sent forth a noble army to follow in his footsteps, hush these tom-toms, and abolish the degrading worship of Doorga. But my intention is not to write a sermon, any more than another long-winded dissertation on the capabilities of India for supplying cotton. That subject has been handled enough, and it is but of little importance to Cambridge. Just at this moment however, when the people of England for several reasons are taking more interest than usual in their one hundred and eighty millions of fellow subjects out here, it may not be altogether amiss to say a few words about one of the favourite stations of Bengal.

Monghyr is a place of great antiquity, though comparatively little is known of its history. Buchanan states that

the ancient name was Magdalpoor, and that the fort was erected by Husain, the greatest of the kings of Bengal. We know that it was strengthened and fortified about A.D. 1660, by Shujá, second son of Shahjehán, in the struggle for empire with his younger brother Aurungzebe. Shahjehán is now-a-days chiefly memorable as connected with the peacock-throne and the Taj Mahal at Agra, of which you have a magnificent model in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Shujá was entrusted with the government of Bengal, and appears to have resided at Monghyr, where, besides several mosques, he built a splendid palace on the site of the present gaol.

In later times Monghyr was made the arsenal of Mir Cossim Ali, when preparing to free himself from his connection with the English. It was probably from this circumstance that the town became noted for the fabrication of hardware and fire-arms.

But these scenes of war and bloodshed have long since passed away. The fort lies dismantled and in ruins. The only sentries are the Police which guard the Treasury and Gaol. The very hardware made now-a-days is of an execrable quality. It has always been a favourite civil station. The picturesque beauty of the Fort, with its crumbling battlements; the loveliness and fertility of the surrounding scenery; the neighbourhood of the Jumalpoore hills, and the salubrity of the climate, have always had special charms for the European. Yet even in this respect its palmy days are over: the extension of our Empire and the increased facilities of transit have brought new scenes to view which have eclipsed the fair fame of Monghyr. Dismantled as a military station, the scarlet coats of our brave no longer dazzle the eyes of our fellow-countrymen, the strains of martial music no longer enchant their ears. Abandoned as an invalid dépôt, society droops and, covering her face with her wings, mourns the loss of the fair daughters of her ancient families. Add to this, that Government is seriously meditating the removal of the Civil Station to the opposite side of the river, and then say—doth not its history deserve to be recorded, ere its ruin is complete? Monghyr is situate on the western side of a promontory of land, from six to eight miles in length and three or four in width, intercepting the course of the Ganges. On three sides therefore it is surrounded by a vast expanse of water at greater or less distance, and this may account in some measure for its salubrity. The river, as may be supposed from its erratic propensity above described, abounds in “churs” in this neighbourhood. An

English reader will have difficulty in comprehending my meaning in its full extent, his ordinary experience being confined to rivers, which present pretty much the same aspect all the year round—and in comparatively few instances ever rising more than two or three feet. The law of alluvion, I should imagine, very rarely enters into the practice of an English lawyer—in this country it is a subject of every-day cognizance. The reader consequently will hardly understand what “chur” lands are; there are several descriptions; as land separated from the main land by the river; or alluvial deposit added thereto; islands thrown up in the middle of the channel; or swamps dry at certain times. This class of land, though generally inundated during the rainy season, is culturable in the cold weather, and frequently produces very rich crops. An Englishman too, unaccustomed to see such large rivers as are met with here, is no little astonished at first at the changes a river will suddenly make in its course. This is always the case in a country where the rivers present a different appearance at different seasons of the year. A large body of water rushing suddenly down into the plains is not necessarily confined to the old channel, and as the body of water varies each year, so may we expect to find the course of the stream vary more or less accordingly. For example, the Ganges used to flow towards Monghyr from the south; this is evident, not only from the construction of the moat, but from the fact that a higher water-mark is found on that side than the present one. Of late years it has been cutting a new course in a more easterly direction, encroaching annually on the farther bank. The other day I had the case of an estate there, which had been diminished by diluvion from one thousand biggahs to about three hundred and fifty, and again in the last twenty years to half that area. The former channel however is still unfordable, and it is generally believed now that the Naiad of this sacred stream is about to return to it, and in a few years will kiss and encircle her old love as she did in the days of yore.

But the suits thus arising from the sudden changes in a river are not confined to the Civil or Revenue Courts; and I may mention this as exhibiting a trait in the character of this people very much akin to the Irish spirit of combativeness we see displayed at times nearer home. Suppose a parcel of land to become a subject of dispute, either being newly formed by the dereliction of the river, or cut off from the original estate by a sudden inroad of the main course of the

stream. Two or three parties advance claims, and, acting on the principle that "possession is nine-tenths of the law," each party makes an effort to obtain possession, before a reference to the Civil Court is ever thought of. One party will go in large force, armed with sticks and staves, to sow the land—perhaps he may be encountered in the same way, whereupon an affray ensues; heads are broken and often life is at stake—perhaps the opposing party may prefer to work by guile, and restraining his impatience until the crops are ready, will suddenly pounce upon them, cut, loot, and carry them off. Both parties complain to the magistrate, and his endeavour should be to punish the offenders for a breach of the peace, in such a manner and to such an extent, as may drive the parties to the Civil Court to adjust their differences and establish their rights.

The Fort has been a work of immense labour, and indeed most probably was dismantled on account of its extravagant size. A garrison of twenty thousand men would hardly suffice. In length it is about four thousand feet, in breadth three thousand five hundred feet, being nearly square in shape. The western side is washed by the Ganges and defended by a wall with strong towers at intervals; the three other sides are protected by a high rampart and a moat of no insignificance—probably in the pristine glory of Monghyr always full of water, but now-a-days, except just at the height of the rains, dry all the year round. A gateway is in the middle of each side, but the north gate alone is entire; on the west, it takes the form of a strongly fortified Ghaut, approached by the present entrance to the Gaol, though the intermediate space is now occupied by a cabbage garden. Each of the other gateways is provided with a stone bridge across the moat, which judging from an interstice of five or six feet in width, now bricked up, was furnished probably with a drawbridge. The palace occupied a considerable area, and appears to have been strongly fortified. The magazine is still standing with walls twelve feet in thickness, "*pukka*" or brickwork throughout.

Close by are the vestiges of an immense wall of solid masonry, thirty feet in diameter, filled up only a few years ago. There is another nearly as large existing still, near the rampart outside the gaol, but having a connection with it, so that the water may be drawn from inside.

At the present day the Fort contains, besides numerous European residences, the Cutcherries and offices of the Civil Station, the Church, the public gardens, and reading-

room. There are three large tanks, evidently excavated at the time the fort was built. Thornton speaks also of a black marble mosque, but I have not myself been able to find it. The Government School and Charitable Hospital are outside the walls on the east of the fort. The native town is further south—it is of considerable size, the “bazars” being most numerous.

Now come with me down to the “Point”, and I will shew you one of the fairest views in India. The “Point” is a prominent rock jutting out into the river at the north-west corner of the fort. Its natural strength you see has not been overlooked, witness those ruinous towers, where the dusky sentinels have given place to screeching water-fowl. Nor has the spot been furnished less with sacred memories than the munitions of war. The Hindoo deems the ground we tread on holy. Tradition tells thrilling legends of the temples whose ruins lie scattered about us; that Ghaut before you is still held in the highest veneration, and pilgrims drag their weary steps from far to perform ablution in these waters of peculiar virtue. Sit down and enjoy the view. Before us lies the broad expanse of the noble river, dotted with its fleet of boats; their black hulls cast long shadows on the rippling rosy-tinted waters, which mirror the golden glory of the setting sun. Over there is a “chur,” where the waving sheen of the ripe white grass resembles some placid lake, ruffled by the action of the transient breeze. Beyond is the dark line of the opposite shore, bushy with palm and tamarind. To our left the sombre palace-gaol of Shujá rises towering over the bulwarks, agreeably relieved by the temples and ghauts and the white English bungalows beyond; while in the distance the blue hills of Jumalpoore stretch far away to the west, shutting out as it were our little station from the rest of the world. Fit landscape for an artist’s talents! Scene best adapted to reconcile the weary discontented spirit to the disagreeables of a life in India!

There are other waters and another temple in this neighbourhood, which contest the palm with those now existing at the Point. These are to be found at the hot springs or Seetacoond. Both places are frequented by thousands on all the great festivals and more especially at the Churruch Poojah. The scenery about Seetacoond presents a decidedly volcanic aspect, curious rocks and hills thrown about in the most fantastic taste, interspersed with jheels abounding with snipe and water-fowl. The temperature of the springs is generally  $137^{\circ}$ , and probably it is for this reason held in such



high repute, "the very dirty people" as I was told, coming hither to bathe. Odd that warm water should be supposed to have an effect on spiritual as well as bodily impurity. The Brahmins pointed out another spring close to—cold however, and certainly not inviting. "That is very dirty water," they said, "Mussulmans wash there." The enclosure here contains, besides these several springs, a temple and sacred banyan-tree. The temple used to contain a famous idol, stuffed with rupees, but some godless idolater carried it off. Suspicion plainly points to the Brahmins, the custodians of the temple; but they grin, as they tell the tale, with an air of innocence, and appear to despise the god for not being able to take care of itself. The groves about afford refuge and shelter for the most beautiful birds of the country, the sacred paroquet, the gaudy woodpecker, the Indian jay, the golden mangoe-bird, these and a thousand others delight the eye with their bright varied colours.

But the chief temple, the waters of rarest virtue, are to be found at Sultangung, about twenty miles from here. The temple is perched like an eagle's nest at the very summit of a pile of gigantic boulder stones, thrown up by volcanic agency in this extraordinary way to the height of one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet. This pile of crags stands in the river, at a little distance from the shore, though probably at one time on the mainland; for far below the water-mark one can descry the figures, which are everywhere carved on the stones. There are however no inscriptions, and the history of the far-famed Jungeerah temple yet remains to be learnt. Something however has been done towards it during the last year. In excavating for the railway, they came upon the traces of a large Buddhist temple, and following up the clue, they were enabled to discover the complete site of the building. Buried among the ruins, though in a wonderful state of preservation, was found a copper image of Buddha, the only copper idol ever yet discovered. Its history probably dates from before the commencement of our era; for this reason: several smaller images of this same idol sculptured in stone, basalt, &c. and undoubtedly copies of this, were dug out of the same ruins. Only one of these has an inscription, but the characters used in it have not, I believe, been found in any inscription later than the third century. The original image measures upwards of seven feet in height.

It is the figure of Buddha in the act of preaching to the people. With his right hand raised he exhibits the palm

with a seal in the centre, the left holding the "chudder" or mantle with which he is girded. The image is entire, with the exception of portions of the "chudder," and half of one foot. It has been constructed in a curious and original manner. A framework of iron bars constitutes the skeleton of this ponderous god, it is filled up with a cement, said to be composed of human ashes, charcoal, and rice, the husks of which are visible. Over such a mould the copper has been laid in small patches, not continuously, and one may easily discern two coatings, each perhaps a quarter of an inch in thickness.

What connection may have existed between this Buddhist temple and the Brahmins of Jungeerah some half mile distant, is not at present very clear, though possibly future discoveries may throw more light on the subject. Certain it is, the Brahmins came down from their nest in the crag, and offered a thousand rupees for the image; while the common people flocked in by hundreds to do obeisance to the god, so miraculously restored to the light. We are promised however a fuller account of this curious idol, from the able pen of Baboo Rajendra Lal Mitra, a name well known to those of my readers who may take any interest in the proceedings of the Asiatic Society. For this reason I shall offer no suggestions of my own, however incontrovertible they may appear to myself. But my paper is growing to an unaccountable length, without I fear creating a corresponding interest in my subject. I have said nothing whatever of the people themselves, their habits or the state of their religion; nothing of that mighty engine of civilization and enlightenment, the East Indian Railway. I must reserve my remarks on these points, till by more mature experience and more thorough knowledge of the nations I can speak with greater certainty and authority. At present I am but a griff, and it requires almost a lifetime spent amongst them thoroughly to understand the Hindoos and their several springs of action.

H. B.





## ΠΟΤΝΙΑ ΝΥΞ.

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### I.

'Tis night : in silence sleeps the silvery river :  
The Stars, bright jewels on the robe of Night,  
With each breath of the sable goddess quiver,  
As she comes forth in radiance bedight.  
How mellow from yon fleecy cloud the light  
Is shed o'er mountain, meadow, stream and tree,  
While in the west still lingers to the sight  
The last faint streak of day : and now the sea  
Is lulled to rest—all nature slumbers peacefully.

### II.

How clear is heard the distant sea-bird's cry,  
Like that of some lone spirit, which in vain  
Hovers for ever 'twixt the earth and sky,  
Seeking for rest o'er ocean, hill and plain,  
And finding none ! ah me that thought of pain  
Should mar the enjoyment of a night like this !  
Yet, such in sooth is sin and sorrow's bane,  
There lurk within us bitter thoughts, I wis,  
Tho' all around suggest peace, beauty, joy and bliss.

### III.

Yon peaceful sea is full of hidden storms :  
Yon silv'ry river flows, and soon 'tis gone :  
Earth's fairest scenes, her most celestial forms,  
Ere long appear lone, desolate, and wan.  
How soon man's little course of joy is run !  
How soon his mocking dreams of bliss are o'er !  
We wake, when scarce our triumph is begun,  
We wake to toil and tears and sorrow sore,  
We wake sweet dreams, vain hopes, fond fancies to deplore.

## VI.

'Tis this that makes me banish thoughts of rest,  
 Tho' nature seems so lovely, so serene :  
 High aspirations rise within my breast,  
 High thoughts of all who on this earth have been  
 Good, great and glorious : and the glittering sheen  
 Of Heaven attracts my soul to realms on high :  
 For gazing on so soft and fair a scene,  
 My soul doth long for angels' wings to fly,  
 And mingle with the radiance of the glowing sky.

## V.

I know that labour is our lot below ;  
 And rather would I be yon ocean-wave,  
 Which restless night and day must onward flow,  
 Now lashed by all the winds which fiercely rave,  
 Now moaning in some rocky ocean cave :  
 Than you fair stream, which slowly gliding down  
 Unheard it's flowery banks doth idly lave,  
 Till the vast sea it's little waves doth drown,  
 Which straightway lose all name, existence, and renown.

## VI.

But now the night is calm, the moon's mild light  
 Softens the outline of each rugged hill :  
 No sounds are heard save such as give delight ;  
 The whisp'ring woods, the sea, the falling rill—  
 What need at such an hour to think of ill,  
 When all seems happy, beautiful, and calm ?  
 Come then soft Night, thro' all my being thrill !  
 My soul shall feel nor sorrow or alarm,  
 Tho' storms may mar ere morn the night's sweet soothing charm.

## VII.

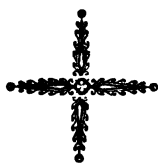
On such a night as this Endymion woke,  
 To hear the pale moon tell her tale of love :  
 On such a night as this Anchises spoke,  
 Nor could the Queen of Love his suit reprove :  
 For such a night towards Earth kind Heaven doth move,  
 Which weeps for us with all it's "starry eyes,"  
 And lends it's light in pity from above,  
 To brighten this dark earth, this earth of sighs,  
 Where sin and sorrow reign, whence misery never flies.

## VIII.

O lovely night ! soother of mortal woe,  
 What tho' thou art the time of empty dreams,  
 Of hopes and joys which soon we must forego,  
 Yet thro' thy misty veil upon us gleams  
 Heaven's light, or all that to us heavenly seems.  
 Let me dream on while Heaven doth seem so nigh ;  
 Far from the wild world's fears, cares, hopes and schemes.  
 I'll picture mansions in yon glowing sky,  
 Wherein Pain cannot live, and Joy can never die.

## IX.

Familiar faces hover in the air :  
 Familiar voices whisper in my ear,  
 Now rising dusky from the mountain bare,  
 Now shining on me from the moonbeams clear,  
 They whisper words man's lonely lot to cheer :  
 That life hath something else than woe and pain :  
 That all below is not dull dark and drear,  
 But that the light of Heaven doth ofttimes deign  
 On the dark spots of earth its radiant floods to rain.





## MY FAVOURITE SCOTCH VILLAGE.

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"Labour, Art, Worship, Love, these make man's life :  
How sweet to spend it here ! Beautiful dale,  
What time the virgin favour of the Spring  
Bursts in young lilies, they are first in thee ;  
Thine lavish Summer lush of luminous green,  
And Autumn glad upon thy golden crofts.  
Let Winter come : on January morn,  
Down your long reach, how soul-inspiring,  
Far in the frosty yellow of the East,  
To see the flaming horses of the Sun  
Come galloping up on the uprodden year !  
If storm-flaws more prevail, hail, crusted snows,  
And blue-white thaws upon the spotty hills,  
With dun swollen floods, they pass and hurt thee not ;  
They but enlarge, with sympathetic change,  
The thoughtful issues of thy dwellers' hearts.  
Here, happy thus, far from the scarlet sins,  
From bribes, from violent ways, the anxious mart  
Of money-changers, and the strife of tongues,  
Fearing no harm of plague, no evil star  
Bearded with wrath, his spirit finely touched  
To life's true harmonies, old Sylvan dwells,  
Deep in the bosom of his native vale."

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird. 4th Edition.*

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### I. *Why we Write about it.*

YEAR by year, ever since the early time when I was carried thither in long clothes, without my consent being asked or cared for, I have found myself returning to Scotland. On these occasions my head quarters have generally been the "gray metropolis of the North," but Perthshire and Dumfries have often yielded a temporary home. All honour to the dear old country. In her wild hills and simple worship, her gravity of manners and sturdy nationality, her sons feel little need of the seductive graces of more sunny lands; and we may find as reverent devotion in many a moorland 'kirk' as in our own beautiful minsters or the gorgeous Cathedrals of Italy, with frescoed walls,

marble pillars, and stained glass windows. Suum cuique : for my own part I love them all.

The memory of innumerable boyish rambles comes back to me, and I watch the rapid changes in familiar scenes with unabated interest. The last fifteen years have opened railway communications into many a quiet little nook, and hurried more than a few villages, now bustling and thriving, into a state bordering on township. Other places, again, have been left behind in the race, and seem lazily slipping into oblivion, as the new lines of traffic refuse to have anything to do with them. Getting a branch-line of their own is the sole remaining card for them to win a trick with, evidently. Often have I walked from Stirling to Blackford, as a boy, by the drove road, over the Sherriemuir, where was fought the great battle, of which Argyle said that,

“ If it wasna weel bobbit,\* weel bobbit, weel bobbit,  
If it wasna weel bobbit, we’ll bob it again.”

But that old drove-road from Stirling is, like other ancient ways, fallen into disuse. Deserted is the “wee public,” where we used to refresh on ginger-beer and whisky mixed—a pleasant substitute for nectar, which the Olympians would have preferred, if Hebe had known her business and been a Scotch lassie. At times would be encountered long droves of Highland cattle, where Tugalt and Tonalt were exchanging “cracks” about their beasties, or a pinch of elegant extracts from each other’s snuff-mulls and spleuchans. Then what glee was on the lower road, the old coach road to Greenloaning, alongside of the driver, Peter, who knew the history of every mansion, farm, turnpike, and pedestrian that we passed, and would delight with it his fortunate companion on the box-seat—if the stars and temper were propitious! But now we go by railways, attended by civil guards who never lose their temper, or communicate information about anything except time-tables. Instead of the inn-door, with a smart hostess and a pretty chambermaid smiling at the bar-windows, a red-faced landlord with capacious waistcoat, some sprawling children, and jaunty chanticleer insanely mocking the coach-horn from sheer spite, whilst the hostler removes the steaming cattle,—we now have cleanly platforms, square-built station-houses, and flat palings with large

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\* ‘Bobbit,’ *Anglice*, ‘fought.’

notices of local dues, which never fall at eve, and of "Passengers going to Whatsitsname keep on this side;" where the only incidents are a ringing of bells, slamming of doors, collecting of tickets, losing of luggage, and taking in of water: whereof a little goes a great way, with some of us. Oftentimes we have a collision, but sometimes we have not: just as it happens. Very quickly, tolerably safely, and comfortably, we journey, it is true, wrapped in railway-rugs and reading this morning's Times; but we have lost much of the old romance of travel which accompanied us to some favourite Scotch Village.

We must not grumble at these changes, but pay the price when receiving certain advantages. Whilst these fifteen years have ripened the boy into the man, and turned the stalwart grandsires into frail "auld bodies," leading in new occupants of pulpits and cradles, many have been the inroads of culture on sterility. Of the extensive moorlands, much has been wire-fenced, ploughed, and sown, and scores of well-managed farms that we could name, attest what can be done by intelligence and perseverance. The drain-tile, the schoolmaster, and the clergyman have severally done their duty; and nowhere better than in Scotland, (to give the country its due,) is seen the triumph of manly natures over obstacles. It has rapidly arisen from what may truly be called barbarism, into a position of intellectual and political equality with other nations, seemingly more favoured by external circumstances, and deserves respectful admiration. The land of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns has become endeared to us. And this not only because they wrote cheerfully, doing their best to extend more brotherly feelings, but because it is a land especially distinguished by the qualities of honesty, manly vigour, determined perseverance and patriotic affection: qualities that made these Scottish writers recognised in their usefulness throughout the world.

## § II. *How we heard about it.*

There is yet another Scottish writer whose works are gradually becoming known on both sides of the Tweed, and who is still living in the Green Vale of Dumfries. We refer to Thomas Aird, author of "Religious Characteristics," a "Memoir of Delta," a large volume of truly noble "Poems," now in a fourth edition (Blackwood, 1863), and the delightful "Old Bachelor of the Old Scottish Village."



a book which for quiet humour, tenderness, and thoughtfulness, can scarcely be surpassed. The volume is not altogether of late birth. It has grown larger in successive editions: but, in its germ, it first saw the light eighteen years ago.

"The Old Bachelor" made his way slowly, but surely. How many publications have attained a blaze of popularity, sputtering and flashing like rockets and penny squibs, whilst this genial little book has risen gradually above the horizon. Not many telescopes discerned it glimmering in its first edition of 1845. People were busy making their own money or losing other persons' in the railway mania; "stags," "bulls," and "bears" were noisily bellying and growling around Capel Court, so that the rural melodies of a Scottish Village remained unheeded. Then came the *panic*—a British epidemic whose return is periodical; and two years later, that interrupted dinner-party in Paris, which caused Guizot to look out for lodgings in a retired neighbourhood, and Louis Philippe to part with his whiskers and his crown, (he had lost his head before, though not *en règle*) making his second appearance in England in the character of a private gentleman; whilst the Bourbon Princes disappeared too hurriedly to think about their own wives,—the girls they left behind them. At such an exciting time,—when continental monarchs speculated "Where shall we dine?" and the question "Who's your friend?" was being asked by the enlightened patriots who were cutting each other's throats,—it was not to be expected that the general public could have much opportunity for enjoying the quaint delineations of character and faithful rural descriptions in the Old Bachelor's "Scottish Village." Was it not a day of Chartist agitation, moreover, when Louis Napoleon bore the truncheon of a special constable, and Kennington Common was looked on as—almost but not quite—an interrupted Waterloo, that had been deprived of its proper triumph? Yet, whilst the Austrians were meeting Charles Albert at Novara, and Garibaldi, with his heroic wife, proved that the spirit of ancient days had not decayed in the *Transtaverini* of Rome, "The Old Bachelor" continued his own innocent campaign, and won bloodless victories at many a hearth in the North Country. How things imperceptibly fell into order everywhere, we most of us know: how in some lands a compromise, in most an intrigue, in a few the combination of despotic forces, and in all the reaction from excessive enthusiasm,

brought a lull in Europe. Soon came the Exhibition of 1851, somewhat ostentatiously hailed as an assurance of perpetual and Universal Peace!—two years after a general approach to anarchy, and other two years preceding the Russian Campaign which threatened to set the Continent in a blaze. Amid that Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, however, the little Old Scottish Village was not unrepresented, and an increasing number of admirers returned to it after their excursion to the metropolis. The *Coup d'état* did not disturb its serenity; the fall of Sebastopol did not affect its stocks; and—*mirabile dictu*—even the patched-up Treaty of Peace could not disgust it utterly. It was a genial, loveable, little village at the beginning, and such it has remained, although (Anno Dom. 1858) a few new houses have since been built by the amiable laird, and the minister's walks are greatly extended; the Library also is enlarged to almost double the early dimensions. All who visited the place, and made acquaintance with its "Neighbours," its "Innocents," and its "Children" in their "Summer Saunterings," were glad to return there. Delightful friends were always to be met in the Village. What happy nooks in which to nestle! what holy thoughts to be awakened! what a loving knowledge of nature to be shewn to us by that mild "Old Bachelor!" He has studied every flower of the field and laid it to his heart even more fondly than Wordsworth of Our College. He loves to *daunder* by the stream, and listen to the milkmaid's song, as Isaac Walton used to do before him. Bewick, or Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist, had not a keener eye for plumage, and nests of our British Birds,—White of Selborne no more patient observance of their domestic history or truant wanderings, than Thomas Aird. We can scarcely manage at times to separate him from his imaginary Old Bachelor—the creature of his fancy. Brave old Frank Sylvan! long may you move from door to door, welcomed in every home where your bright eye and cheering voice are known; or rest easily in your arm-chair, whilst birds are building in security at your window, or the kettle sings an evening song, taking occasionally a three bars' rest, above the red heart of the fire. May no screaming Chanticleer, noisy and unclean fowl, disturb your morning slumbers before the wished-for hour! May no incendiary innovations come to disturb the sacred quiet of your Scottish Village.

§ III. *Where it has been sought and not found.*

Where is that happy Village? Alas! its latitude and longitude are not given. Arrowsmith's maps have not set it forth; the Ordnance Surveyors declare "We have never seen it, or we would have thrown up our erratic situations, and have taken one of those apartments for single gentlemen which have been the unrealised *τὸ καλὸν* of our life-long dreams." Senior Warden of our Lodge (No. 36, on roll of G.L. Scot.), we forbade intrigue with Post Office Officials, coaxing them during adjournments, to tell whether any letters or money-orders passed through their hands, directed to the Old Scottish Village. But even the M.W.G.M. could ascertain nothing. What is to be done? We used to learn a few things worth knowing among the clairvoyants, in the West Riding, dreadfully in earnest, but not a *rap* can be got from any spirit to tell where is the Old Scottish Village. Yet we know for certain that the description is genuine, its truthfulness is convincing. The *vrai* may not always be the *vraisemblable*, but *vraisemblance* often directs to the *vrai*. Our friends here urge us to discover all we know, which is painfully little. Did Gulliver or Prince Legion find the Village in their Travels? did Bacon mark it out in his New Atlantis? Was Sir Thomas More cognizant of its existence when he described Utopia, or was it connected with Irving's Island of St. Brandon and the Adelantado of the Seven Cities? Is it in Ayrshire, or the Isle of Sky, or any of the Scilly Islands? and, if so, are they the "happy isles" where Tennyson's Ulysses expected to "meet the great Achilles whom we know," and do not consider an eligible person for the next vacancy in the Editorship of *The Eagle*? Is Tom Tiddler's ground at all like it, where gold and silver are to be had for the picking up. Everybody who has read or heard about it, wishes to visit the old Scottish Village.

Well, I think I must have been there myself in one of the many wanderings of my early days, when the whole of the Border land was familiar to me. I seemed to recognise, as I read, many of the inhabitants of Mr. Aird's "Old Scottish Village." Of all the quiet little country nooks to which fancy could guide us in the realm of literature, where people pay no rent or taxes, and are not compelled to register their names in the columns of a Census, few, if any, offer a more tempting refuge from the worry of this over-hasty time. It always remains the same, while other places lose their

individuality with frightful rapidity. Who can much longer expect to see the old Innkeeper, or the old Coachmen and Guards, or the old Waiter, and the old "Bagmen," such as we used to know at the Cross Keys of Kelso, and at the Jedburgh of our boyhood? The railways have demolished them: they have broken them down altogether. A new tribe of "Commercial Gents" have arisen, like fiery exhalations of the Train, and they bear no token of their progenitors. Yet before the Iron ways were established, how magnificent appeared the Bagmen! For them the hostler grinned, for them the barmaid bloomed, the chambermaid was bland, and landlords all were kind. How full of anecdote! how jovial and how sly! sometimes they sung their chorused song, and quaintly winked their eye. And when they met together, in Winter and rough weather, how well they knew the best of means to make the time pass by. What tricks of trade they told, how men and goods were sold; and how they saved their gold by clubbing for "a fly." They were the kings confessed, each came as favoured guest, and of all rooms the best they shared in company. They knew all roads and towns, had seen all Ups and Downs, and very keen for "browns" were they, none could deny. But brave and tough and gay, as man could ask, were they; and when they passed away, many had cause to sigh. The Country Inns all sank, the landlord moped and drank, and in the Poor-house tank the ostler's corpse did lie. No call for horse or mare, no chamber-maiden fair, no "Bar" beyond compare, we as of old can spy. For the Bagmen have decayed, since the railways have been made, and have almost ruined trade on the roads that are called "high." Soon the last Inns they close! no more we chant their woes, but again subside to prose, from the Bagmen's Threnody.

§ IV. *In which we think we have arrived there.*

The Village will be looking lovely in the Long Vacation, '63, and in the glow of the Indian Summer. But even earlier it is charming, as soon as the long Winter months are ended; when lambs are frisking on the hill side, and the ewes are plaintively bleating to them if they stray far. Pleasant meadow land and wood-walks are near, a noisy stream expands occasionally into breadth and peacefulness, delightful to saunter beside, especially if we be followers of Isaac Walton's so-called "gentle art," and are skilful in all

varieties of flies, preferring the elaborate deception of a feathered wire to the insinuating a hook through the internals of a worm—"tenderly as if you loved him." Of course, we do not need to display an excess of sensibility concerning the sufferings of the trout, beautiful though he be when his spotted sides are glittering in the limpid water. We remember that he is also beautiful when done up with bread crumbs, and lying peacefully in a breakfast-dish, flanked with newly-baked scones and innocent fresh butter. "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." In his youthful pride he had gone on his way, mercilessly snapping at the midges, day-flies, and such small deer; and if he at last has caught a tartar, and the iron has entered into his very soul—or what some people call his in'ards—he merits no pity. Like an unskilful reviewer, he attempted murder and it turned out to be suicide. How well he loved the sequestered nooks of deep brown water, underneath stones that never had been lifted by the village boys, who "guddled" most successfully. To how many persons has he been the chief inducement for a visit to the locality! Those who came to fish remained to dine (as Widow Jenny, who keeps the Crown Inn, at the Bridge-end, well knows); romantic scenery and pleasant companionship tempting them to stay or to return. More than a few ballads have made the district celebrated, and there might have been annoyance from a greater visitation of idle tourists, had they not been lured away to the Medicinal Well, thirty miles distant, and thus left the village to repose.

Not that repose here is stagnation. Certainly not. The sons of old Peter Stirling, the weaver, will tell you how prosperous is trade; the three battles of Bull's Run not having done much to disturb the peace of this Village. Jenny herself can say how many marriages have taken place in her time, and point to a score of farmers with wives and bairns, whose steadings were not built or thought of when she was a bit lassie hersel'. Beggars are few, and only sufficient to keep alive a community of feeling between rich and poor. Gipsies well know these fields and hen-roosts, and that the rural police is lenient. But at wakes and fairs, or in odd moments when kettles require to be tinkered, the sight of these ruddy vagrants is cheering; and they have taught many clever arts of basket-weaving and wire-working to the youth of the old Scottish village, whose knowledge of dressing hooks has owed much to the visitors from Yetholm.

No lack of industry is in the village, however. Go to the

saw-pit and see the movements of the carpenters, with their strong bare-arms and monotonous swayings at work. Their "weans" having tilted a plank across one of the tree-stumps, are enjoying a noisy see-saw; now quivering high in air and gripping the wood with their hands and knees, anon being dunted down on the ground at the risk of a capsize, but always in an ecstasy of merriment. Our Blacksmith, honest "Burn-the-win'," is a model for Phidias, when he wheels his ponderous hammer above his head, and makes the sparks of heated iron fly around him, till he appears to be a gigantic Catharine Wheel of a new and improved pattern. As for exertion, if you watched the bell-ringer on Sabbath, hauling the rope of the cracked piece of metal which summons all good folks to Church, you would own that the man earned his stipend. How lustily he pulls, the perspiration running down his thin grey locks, and being mopped up from his temples by a coloured handkerchief, large enough for a hearth-rug. Neither are the ploughmen and herd-laddies the sort of boys to eat the bread of idleness. When holiday is made on Auld Handsel Monday, you will find them doing hard work at the Houlaken, with grave face and moist brow, covering the buckle with their hobnailed shoon, and giving a short quick skreigh of intense delight, as they link arms and whirl their neighbour round, while the lasses look on and await their turn demurely. Blithely will the fiddle sound, played by some Orpheus of the soil, who has charmed listeners many a long Winter evening, when the snow-drift enmantled every dale, and prevented all save in-door labour.

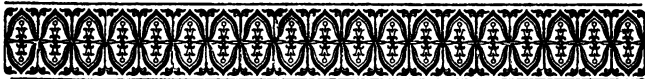
As the evening twilight fades into starry night, you may be fortunate enough to encounter Frank Sylvan himself,— "brave old buck!"—with his rod in his hand, returning homeward from such a day of line-casting as will be long remembered in the annals of Troutland. Perhaps you find him lingering near the Post-Office, where he has called for his newspaper and letters, talking with the English school-master, who also has been busy with the rod in his own way, but who has lately adapted himself to the palmy days of the north country in which he finds employment, learning to do at Rome as the Romans do; some believe that there is nothing like leather. He knew well that as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined, and in his own land he used to bend the birch twig to good purpose. If you are so lucky as to secure the company of the Old Bachelor himself, Frank Sylvan, you will do well to set him talking about the days that have gone by,—the men whom he has known, both the

"serene creators of immortal things" whose names are lustrous on the scrolls of literature, and the simple, honest, and laborious dwellers in such an old Scottish Village as that wherein he was born. Best of all it is to stand with him at his own garden door, and watch the sunset glory of the sky, with the clear outline of the purple hills, and to listen to the musical tinkling and gurgling of the spring of water, unseen but garrulous, that fills up every pause of conversation. He is not of despondent mood, yet you may find him not unfrequently in the church-yard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where every humble mound is associated with a remembered life of patient labour, suffering, or simple happiness. At such times the seriousness which especially distinguishes the Scottish character, reveals itself by a tone of elevated piety, totally removed from gloom, and we know that the good old man is thinking of the home that is awaiting those who toiled and mourned, who sowed in tears but who will reap in joy, when the fashion of this world has passed away, and the Rest that is promised to the people of God shall be theirs eternally.

"O soft place of the earth! down-pillowed couch,  
Made ready for the weary. Everywhere,  
O Earth, thou hast one gift for thy poor children,  
Room to lie down, leave to cease standing up,  
And to return to thee; and in thy bosom  
To lie in perfect luxury of peace,  
Fearless of morn and day."

J. W. E.





## THE STROKE'S DREAM.

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### I.

THE last night's racing had come and gone,  
The shades of night had descended,  
(I mean by that figure t'was half-past one)  
When a "stroke" to his rooms ascended.  
He seemed in that happy frame of mind  
Which by some's styled "elevated,"  
But as I don't wish to say aught unkind,  
I shall merely call him "elated."

### II.

He sought his couch, and announced by snores  
(It *could* snore could that stroke's *proboscis*)  
That he slept the sleep peculiar to oars,  
And overworked omnibus "osses."  
As into slumber he, toplike sank,  
The spirit of Dreams drew nigh him,  
And he dreamt that he stood upon Grassy's bank,  
And the eights went sweeping by him.

### III.

But strange, strange faces did seem to float  
O'er that river o. Dreams careering,  
For Gladstone rowed stroke to the foremost boat,  
And Palmerston was steering.  
He heard a chattering, rattling row,  
A species of wordy tussle;  
He looked at the man who was rowing bow,  
And found it was Johnny Russell.



## IV.

And struck by a faded 'Varsity Blue  
 He asked "who number two is?"  
 A shadow in flannels replied, "what, two?"  
 Lord bless you it's Cornwall Lewis."  
 He looked them over from stern to stem,  
 Examined their time and feather;  
 Quoth he "there's plenty of *putt* in them  
 If only they swing together."

## V.

While pondering over their future fate  
 He caught the oars double knocks on  
 The rowlock, and by him there passed an eight,  
 To which Lord Darby was coxswain,  
 While Dizzy ever on the alert  
 Was playing the leading fiddle,  
 And Whiteside game for the quickest spurt  
 Was swinging fierce in the middle.

## VI.

At length *they* too disappeared from view  
 And life from the scene departed,  
 And our stroke began to look rather blue  
 And feel somewhat anxious hearted,  
 When a gun's report o'er the meadows flew  
 And he heard a roar of "well started"!  
 They come round the corner and up the gut  
 With every muscle straining,  
 All doing their darn'dest in pace and putt,  
 But the boat behind seems gaining.

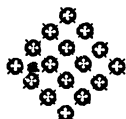
## VII.

And Gladstone still kept putting it on,  
 But yet could'nt keep her going,  
 And hard upon Grassy "the late Lord John,"  
 Seemed more for "row"ing than rowing:  
 And Dizzy was creeping up fast behind,  
 With Whiteside the strong and strapping,  
 Resolved that the coxswain in front should find  
 That *he* was not giv'n to napping:  
 A lift—a shoot as swift as the wind—  
 See Benjamin's overlapping!

VIII.

But somehow (perhaps the claret-cup  
Did his natural powers diminish)  
The Dreamer forgets if Pam's hand went up,  
Or what was the struggle's finish;  
He only remembers waking dry  
And looking uncommonly yellow,  
And how his friends said, as they passed him by,  
"You *must* have been cut old fellow."

ATTICUS MOUNTGARRET.





## A GHOST STORY.

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(Continued from page 204.)

I FEEL that some apology is due to my readers for the somewhat abrupt termination of the first part of my story, in the last Number of *The Eagle*. The only excuse I can make for myself, is that the recollection of the horrors which I was describing so upset my nerves that I was unable at the time to go on with my narrative. After this brief explanation let me now resume my story.

Suddenly there stood between me and the moon's light a tall dark figure. Its face was turned from me, and toward the window; and at times the right arm was raised in an excited and threatening manner, and its fist was shaken angrily at some invisible object: again the same arm was tossed wildly on high; the feet stamped on the floor so as to shake the room, and as I lay cowering and trembling in my bed, I thought I could hear the creature gnashing its teeth, and muttered imprecations coming from its lips. All this must have gone on for several minutes, though each minute seemed to be as long as an hour, when at length summoning all my resolution I half raised myself in bed, intending to slip quietly out by the door before my nocturnal visitor should detect my presence. In an instant the wild, agitated movements of the apparition seemed to cease. Slowly it turned round till it stood facing me at the foot of the bed, its face staring into mine with only a few feet between us. No words that I can find will ever describe the effect produced upon me by the sight which my eyes encountered. The process of petrification is, I believe, a process to which few or none of my readers have ever been subjected, still they may be able to understand my state at the time, when I inform them that the sight which met my eyes actually petrified me, and had I continued to look at it for a few minutes

more I should have become as fine a fossil as ever gladdened the heart and the hammer of a Professor of Geology. Fortunately, ere fear had entirely fossilized me, I fainted, and remained unconscious of everything till I awoke and found the sun shining brightly into my room at five o'clock in the morning. The birds were singing blithely, and nowhere was the slightest trace of the unearthly disturber of my night's rest visible. But on trying to rise I found my limbs refused to support me, and sinking back in an exhausted state I soon fell into a deep sleep. I must have been asleep some time, when I became aware of the presence of some one in the room. I lay in a dreamy half-conscious state, but still I felt almost certain some one was leaning over me, and all doubt on the subject was removed, when I heard some one say in a tremulous whisper, "Good heavens! she is dead, and I have killed her." I opened my eyes, and my visitor quickly retreated, not however, before I recognized, or thought I recognized, the neat quakerish dress and the elegant figure of Agatha Snow. My surprise was therefore great, when within a few minutes, that young lady re-appeared, having previously knocked at the door, and wished me "good morning" in the most natural manner possible. Never did the pearly teeth smile more beautifully than they did then, as she hurried about the room, telling me what a shame it was for me to have over-slept myself on so lovely a morning, and that I must dress myself quickly as they had begun breakfast without me. A horrid suspicion that she was directly or indirectly the cause of the fearful night which I had passed, was rising in my mind, and I found it impossible to make any answer to all her civil speeches. Suddenly she gave a half-scream, and looking me in the face cried, "Mademoiselle you are ill! I must fetch madame, I must fetch the doctor!" and she rushed out of the room much to my relief, for I must confess that her presence had anything but a soothing effect upon my nerves, weakened as they were by the events of the past night. But I must not delay too long the conclusion of my story. Know then, O reader, that though I suffered from trembling nerves for a day or two, yet thanks to a good constitution, neither did my hair turn white, nor did I lose the use of my limbs, nor feel any other of the sufferings which all orthodox ghost-seers experience. I had been afraid that my aunt's opinion of my courage and firmness would have fallen very low after the sorry figure which I had made. To my surprise however the

account of the night I had passed seemed to make a deep impression on her; the only part of my story to which she gave no attention, was the part which related to Agatha Snow, which she dismissed at once as absurd. In fact she almost laughed me out of my suspicions, and made me believe that the apparition of Agatha by my bed-side was the result of the excited state of my nerves, and had only existed in my imagination. The conduct of Agatha herself towards me almost made me ashamed of having suspected her, she insisted on sitting up with me for several nights, and proved so kind and gentle a nurse, that in spite of myself, I began almost to love her, and to wish, for her sake, that all the mystery might be cleared up.

Before the arrival of our guests I had several conferences with my aunt, in which we deliberated how we were to proceed in order to find out who the ghost was. My aunt had ordered me not to communicate what I had seen to any one but herself. During one of our conferences, after I had described to her as well as I was able the exact appearance of the object of our consultation, she suddenly rose, went to a picture which was on the wall, and removing a curtain which covered it, asked me to look at it carefully. At first it seemed to me that I saw nothing but the portrait of a dark, handsome, though somewhat melancholy young man, whose face I had never seen before. But on holding a light close to the picture I could scarcely suppress a scream. In the peculiar fashion of the dress, in the beard and moustache, the empty sleeve of the coat shewing that the young man had lost an arm, in all these details I recognized the figure which had stood by my bed-side but two nights before.

"Hester," said my aunt, "this is the portrait of my late husband. I cannot now relate to you the dreadful story which ere long I will communicate to you. It will be enough for me to say that I believe some one has been acting the part of his ghost, and that some one must have an object, of which we are ignorant, in making us all believe the room to be haunted."

We agreed to keep a sharp look-out, and to observe every one in the house, I for my part determining that Agatha Snow should be kept under strict "surveillance." My aunt also told me that she intended to put one of our guests into the haunted room, hoping that we might in this way arrive at a solution of the mystery. The important day arrived and brought with it all our guests with one ex-

ception. A brother of my aunt's, General Mackenzie, wrote to tell us he was obliged to postpone his visit till the next day. This was unfortunate, as we had fixed upon him as the hero who was to deliver us from our ghostly foe. The General had served in India for many years; and if the newspapers and despatches spoke the truth, his nerve, courage, and coolness in battle were only equalled by his abilities as a commander, and his bodily strength which was reported to be almost superhuman. On one occasion, when leading a storming party, he had been the first man to mount the wall of a fortress, when owing to an accident to the ladder, he found himself alone facing a desperate enemy. For several minutes he held his own, till the scaling-ladder was replaced, and his men came to his relief. He had on this occasion received a severe wound, the only wound which he was ever known to have received, and his wonderful escape from death, added to his previous achievements, caused his soldiers to regard their chief as a man of more than mortal mould. Here then was just the man we wanted to annihilate our Ghost! Unfortunately, as I have stated, he was unable to come till the next day, and as we were too impatient to wait, we resolved that another gentleman should be honoured with the post of danger.

This gentleman was a staid, sober, snuff-coated and buttonless Quaker. A man about whom you felt certain at once that he wore a night-cap at night, and had a fine bass snore of his own: in fact he looked the last man in the world with whom a ghost would meddle. The night passed quietly enough, but at breakfast no Mr. Broadbrim appeared. The servant who had gone to call him, said that upon entering his room he found the window wide open, the bed empty, and no Mr. Broadbrim visible. The same day came a letter from that most estimable of old gentlemen, apologizing for his abrupt departure from the house, but declaring that after the night he had passed, no inducement could prevail upon him to sleep another night beneath our roof. Mr. Broadbrim went on to say that no words of his could describe the horrors which he had witnessed, and which had so affected him that at break of day he had unceremoniously found his way into the garden from the window, and made his escape from the premises as quickly as he was able.

This letter as might be expected created no slight sensation among us all, and General Mackenzie, who arrived about the same time as the letter, was at once taken into our confidence.

He at once proposed that the terrible room should be assigned to him, declaring that he had smelt gunpowder too often to be alarmed by a ghost who had allowed a poor Quaker chiel to escape from him unhurt ; adding at the same time that he had a very fine brace of pistols which he should take the liberty of loading, and with which he hoped to give any nocturnal intruder a warm reception. My uncle had a very fine Newfoundland dog, which rejoiced in the name of "Tartar" : this dog always slept in the same room with his master, and was at the present moment asleep at his master's feet. It occurred to me that the ghost who dared to face either the dog or the master would find his match in either of them, and I felt confident that the coming night would solve the mystery, which was causing us so much excitement. My uncle rose, saying that he would go at once and load his pistols, and at the same time Agatha Snow opened the door to tell us that it was time to dress for dinner.

I thought dinner would never come to an end : my excitement increased every moment as the evening went on, and when I was called upon to play an accompaniment to the singing of one of our guests, my thoughts were so devoted to the ghostly terrors of our haunted room, that my performance was execrable. Poor Signor Carlotti, who had intended to electrify us all by his superb Tenor and his exquisite rendering of "*Il mio tesoro*," all but broke down, and at the conclusion of his song honoured me with a very low bow and a most sarcastic "*merci, mademoiselle*." The poor man had fallen in love with me with that ardour, which none but an Italian who after ten minutes acquaintance with a lady comes to the conclusion that she is an angel can ever hope to experience. However my performance on the piano qualified his belief in my angelic qualities considerably, for who ever heard of an angel murdering Mozart, and a tenor voice which Rome, Florence and Milan had declared to be superb, magnificent, and all but divine ?

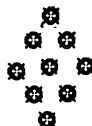
But to return to our muttons, the longest day has an end, and at length we all went off to bed. My uncle went off to his room, having wished myself and my aunt "good-night" with his usual calm smile, and assured us that he and Tartar were a match for any ghost our establishment could produce.

It was a long time before my excitement allowed me to go to sleep, and scarcely had I fallen into a doze when I was roused from sleep by two loud reports. I sprung out of bed, and hastily dressed myself, and the minute after my aunt came into my room as pale as a ghost, and told me to follow

her at once. We found the whole establishment up in alarm. They had all heard the noise, but did not know from whence it came.

My aunt at once led the way to my uncle's room; we entered the room, and a scene was before us which I shall remember to the last day of my life.

*(To be continued.)*







## THE RETURN OF THE TWILIGHT.

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Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen in Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.  
(*Goethe's Lieder.*)

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THOU hast returned, season of holy rest,  
And fairest visions : crowned by Day with smiles,  
By Night with stars and sadness, ere the West  
Receives thee, calmly fading on her breast.

Pale is the bloom slow stealing o'er the sky ;  
In deepest purple haze the fields below  
Are wrapt and silent,—save when Evening's sigh  
Like an Æolian harp soothes murmuringly :

A hymn of wordless music, timed by sails  
Of distant wind-mills on the sea-cliff's verge,  
Now quivering, touched by lightest fanning gales :  
To thee its yearning love the heart unveils.

Severed no more by time or space, the soul  
Thrills with its kindred soul : thy languid glow,  
Freeing us from the aching world's controul,  
All grief, all joy doth blend in one mysterious whole.

Dreams and pure hopes, by thee of old inspired,  
Thy melancholy glory wakes again,  
When, like a Childhood's fairy, thou'dst attired  
The winds with words that told all we desired.

Solemnly glidest thou across the sea,  
So silent, mournful, tender, that the tears  
Which olden grief could never wring from me,  
Obey thy spell, in lonely reverie.

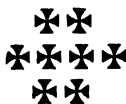
The shell-strewn beach throbs to th' encroaching tide,  
And murmurs, now it cannot see thee more :  
While the swart fisher who doth o'er it glide  
Hushes the song to which these cliffs replied.

The cool gray shades droop low and hide the vale,  
Where yon Church spire peers heavenward from the trees;  
The moon, half-veiled in light, her path doth scale,  
Gazing from her lone height—a vestal pale.

And as we watch thy gold empurpled dyes  
The star-lit Night enfolds thee in her smile ;  
The last reflected sunbeam wanes and flies,  
Like one stray stress of sinking Paradise.

Sink we as calm ! From earth there fades no bloom,  
But heaven receives with holier loveliness ;  
And starry angel-lamps the soul illumine  
When fadeth all Life's sunshine in the tomb.

J. W. E.



## NAPLES AND LAKE AVERNUS.

(By the Author of "Our College Friends.")

. . . . . "Unto a land  
In which it seemed always afternoon."—*Tennyson*.

### *I.—Naples.*

**NAPLES** is not the pleasantest place in the world in bad weather. Down its steep thoroughfares the rain pours in rivers that sweep small boys off their feet, and land them half-a-mile lower, amongst the fishing-boats. There are gutters, at rare intervals, but as they are more for ornament than for use, and few things work in Naples, the inhabitants prefer availing themselves of any other chance which may remove the pestilential litter without employing human labour. Woe betide the stranger who attempts to walk down to the Market-place—say from Toledo street—in a heavy rain! One almost requires a life-buoy.

The after-experience is as bad, since the Neapolitans have an ingenious method of drying boots after such inundation; they half-fill them with burning charcoal, which soon dispels the moisture—and usually burns a hole or two. This, however, encourages trade, both of shoemakers and cab-drivers: and “poor folks must live, Signori!”

Naples rises in estimation, after rambling through its streets in fine weather, study in the museum, and an evening at Lenni's Cafe and the Opera of San Carlo.

Let us take a sketch of the scenery as we come down the steep path from Castel di San Ermo, which crowns the city; a pathway paved, as all the streets are here, with hard blocks of dark gray lava from Vesuvius. We look forth on the broad sweep of the bay, now calmed from the storms of yesterday, lying there so pale and blue, with

the gay city crescent-like encircling it. From our height we peer down on the flat roofs of the houses—terraced and promenaded,—into the gardens, whose presence we had scarcely perceived or suspected hitherto, and losing all the noisome adjuncts which a nearer inspection had revealed, we begin to understand the witchery of Naples. The hills of the coast-line stretch onward to our left, with bold graceful outline; Castel-a-mare glittering in distance, and nearer villages continuously dotting the declivities of Vesuvius. To the other side, now hidden from us, but lately seen, lie the little towns of Baiæ and Posilipo. We descend to the majestic palace of King Bomballino,\* its lunette piazza fronting it, and the San Carlo theatre closely adjacent; we see the officers in sumptuous rooms knocking the billiard-balls about; and then, the moon illuminating the bay, we stroll down from the Mole, watching the rack of clouds, or the chafing surge that breaks, retreats, and breaks again, with its monotony of change.

## *II.—The Neapolitans at Mid-day.*

Truly in the sunny weather the whole extent of shore is beautiful. Many are the bays and headlands, houses and small towns. Light fishing boats are on the water; gay Neapolitans in their spring-cars are whirling along the road. We traverse Naples swiftly, as we desire to walk to Cumæ and Baiæ. Yonder massive towers are near the Castel-a-mare Railway station, guarded by sentinels. By the Capuan gate we enter one of the Market-places; very dirty it is, swarming with red-capped men and frowsy women, selling and eating tripe, pig's-feet, and other dainties, not savoury to smell. We turn quickly under that archway to the left, and behold the sea once more lying so glassily, with the blue isles and mountains in the distance, and the projecting piers or moles before us. To these moles we proceed, passing on our way countless groups of seamen from every land, of all classes, cleanly and dirty, men-of-war sailors and officers; red-garbed felons linked in gangs, with chains round their legs; stall-keepers, vending eels and those pretty pink fish so common here, others with melons and luscious ficarines from Palermo; others, again, with

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\* Like Otho's of Greece, since then his Oak is sported, and he has left no word with his bedmaker as to when he may return.

pine-tops steaming over charcoal braziers, the heat opening the cones and making them yield their seeds, which, thus prepared, are in continual demand and taste like Brazil-nuts. Passing by these groups, with more jokes than purchases, we reach the Custom-house. Next the Arsenal, on one side, on the other the Post-Office, dear to expatriated tourists. We are at the Mole, a broad, well-paved promenade, extending from the light-houses to the end of the main thoroughfare—Strada Toledo, where it enjoys the title of Largo di Castello. The place is almost impassable with loungers, shoe-blacks, cafés, lottery-offices and minor theatres. Outside these booths, are paintings, changed daily, with exhibitions of monkeys and of Punchinello. Polichinello, be it remembered is an important character in Naples, possessing much political influence in his popularity. A government may do almost whatever it likes with the imprisoned patriots, so long as Polichinello is left free: the Lazzaroni care not for the rest. Vesuvius may have a volcano every week, and frizzle all the sea coast, and bake the vineyards; but, whilst Polichinello escapes the lava, people will rather enjoy the excitement. King Bomba dies when his time comes, and his successor, like his ancestors, may go to the bow-wows; but Azraël has no power over Polichinello. No matter what joys or sorrows chequer the days, *he* is ever the same; always hungry and gluttonous, cowardly and in dangerous blunders, tossed from each mischance into other mis-adventures; a false friend and selfish lover, certain to be preserved when better creatures perish, but never winning peace, happiness or respect:—He is the Neapolitan *beau idéal*, and the popular idol of any land is generally the index to national character.\*

### III.—The Tomb of Virgil.

Let us escape from the confusion of these sheds, and pass the immense Opera-house, the "San Carlo," with the Palace, its colonnade, and the castle of St. Elmo on its commanding rock. Two good bronze statues of Sicilian kings,

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\* Polichinello—a Pierrot, or clown in loose white garments and a black half-mask—is always full of trickery, blunders, and comically stupid sayings. He comments freely upon all social questions (so far as may be permitted by the Police), and in this is not unlike our *Punch*, whilst we have resemblances of him in the circus-clown and the Scaramouch of Don Juan, though the half-mask is only retained by our Harlequin.

equestrian, are in the Piazza. We pass now to what is termed Chiaja, where are the finest hotels, facing the sea; a noble drive, with public gardens on the shore, decked with statues, for a mile or two. Where the land juts to the sea we turn inland to an immense portal in the rock, the celebrated "Grotto of Posilipo," before entering which we salute the tomb of VIRGIL.

This tomb, with its lengthy modern inscription, has a heavy, but impressive appearance. We are compelled to linger here, remembering the poet and his anxiety for the glory of his country. That little handful of ashes, those laurel-leaves whose parent tree has withered ages ago, surely it is a not unfitting temple for such mouldered relics; neither in total solitude and desertness, nor yet amid all the noisy revelry and traffic of the sinful city. Here branches wave above his tomb, the long festoons of grass drop dew upon the stone, the starlight and the sunshine come alternately to brighten where he sleeps, and in the quiet midnight the roll and clash of the sea-waves sound lulling from below, and all around is peace.

"Call it not vain; they do not err  
Who say, that when the Poet dies  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies;  
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone  
For the departed bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave."

Nearly a mile in length is Posilipo Grotto, which commences with a height of more than a hundred feet, but is less lofty at the other end. It is a tunnel through the solid rock, which could only thus be passed, unless surmounted; leading us out to a flat meadow-land. Soon the sea-shore is regained. The numerous islands and jutting points are finely relieved against the blue unruffled waters of the bay. Yonder bold mound, a promontory crowned with buildings, is Pozzuoli; behind it is an irregular line of coast, with one sudden group of towers and dwellings; that is Baia. Stretching out therefrom is Cape Misenum, and behind appear the needle peaks of Ischia. We wind round the crags where men are quarrying, amid the groups of fishermen and car-drivers, and

enter Pozzuoli: see its fragments of ancient temples—as that of Serapis, which only retains three columns, precious to geologists; its Cæsarean bridge at the harbour; and, after awhile, depart, still by the shore, for Baia. Soon we turn aside into the Cuma road, over the hills, conducting to the upper crest of a volcanic lake:—and that lake is called **AVERNUS**.

#### *IV.—Lake Avernus.*

Yes, actually Lake Avernus. We are treading the confines of the Virgilian Hades. Yonder brook is the Acherusia, that ruin at the edge of the lake is still called, by passing villagers, The Grotto of the Cumæan Sybil—although the antiquaries place it farther off, and assert this ruin to be a Temple of Apollo: but such archæological gentry are always quarrelling in Italy—and, perhaps, elsewhere. Yet they agree on one point, that this is certainly the country of the Cimmerians, where they dwelt in their caves and gloomy thickets. The rocks are soft, and incline naturally to the cellular formation, which favours the assertion; but the ancient forests are only scantily represented by a few twiggy trees; probably, in the words of some rusticated Collegian (“not to speak it profanely!”) the former population had “cut their sticks.”

With such sorry jests and quibbles, with buffoonery and lassitude, the modern tourists chatter and sketch upon the ground where heroes of old were accustomed to “believe and tremble.” Like Epicharmus with the Greek mythology, like G. A. a’Becket and the other witlings of the Cockney school, travestying the History of Rome and of England, are we desirous of spurting low ridicule on whatsoever had won veneration? We hope not! there has been too much of that degradation. It is not a conclusive proof of our being enlightened Christians, that we sneer and misinterpret bygone creeds, as though in the old Greek and Roman poetry were shewn nothing worthier than Fetish idols, rotten mummies, Australasian Ram-Jams and Æthiopian Mumbo-Jumbos. Have we no better moral to extract from all we read, than shrugging shoulders at the darkened heathens and rejoicing “that we are not even as this publican”? As we now glance over the meadows called Elysian Fields, and yonder slimy Acheron, gloomy under the gathering shadows of evening, we feel that some of the ancient attributes remain. Here, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, where this volcanic range of hillocks still support a few ruined shrines, were

fabled to have moved the restless spirits of the dead. Can we not, like Æneas and Ulysses, summon them to view, or has our own more lovely Christian faith destroyed the charm of the old creed, and revealed nobler destinies to the freed soul of man?

Creatures of an age of poetry, they linger still, though dimly visible, and we see them for a moment, as the pious Fenelon had seen them—with the stains of earth remaining, even in the Elysian Fields; Achilles limping with his wounded heel, Theseus and Agamemnon with melancholy on their kingly brows; Ajax ever stern and revengeful for his wrong, and Deiphobus bearing ghastly tokens of the wrath of Menelaus. Can we conduct the shades of *our* great men to such assemblage? Is Milton sitting blind amid his daughters; Spenser wailing for his slaughtered son who died in fires of Kilcolman? Is Bacon meditating with frost-bitten hands; Wolfe with the sword-hilt in his wounded breast, and Nelson mutilated as when he lay on his own Victory? At once we feel the inherent difference of creed: we, who hold that all the weaknesses and individual blemishes must fade before that wonderful awakening; we, who remembering the pale and care-worn Tasso on his death-pallet in the Roman monastery—the shouts which hail his laurel-crown now insufficient to efface remembrance of Ferrara's mad-house cell,—contrast him with the unseen spirit of Tasso, thereafter gazing on the earth where he had erred and suffered,—with the intelligence, which in its fitful partial revelations had been alternately regarded as genius and insanity, now fuller-blossomed, nearer to its consummated bliss and power. It was not strange that Socrates and others of noble mind cherished the hope of immortality: though only dimly seen and all-unproved, the possibility of future life allured them.

A riper faith is ours: not the cold immortality of heathen poets, to whom the life beyond the grave was but a saddening dream: at best a weary flitting across sunny meadows, or a resting upon beds of Asphodel, listening to the sounds of Orpheus' harmony, and musing on the world which they had parted from for evermore;—unless, indeed, the gift were given that they might drink of Lethe, and return as other beings to the earth. With their olden passions and desires remaining, ever unfulfilled and yet renewed, they lingered in the Land of Shadows, unconsoled and anxious for their kindred, knowing merely the far future, but not the movements of the passing hour in their



distant homes; only at rarest intervals would some mortal come, like Odysseus or Æneas, and question them, and hearken to their prophecies, or speak of those they loved. There, across the trench filled with the black blood of sacrifice, which they best liked to quaff, the bold enquirer would stand with guardian sword, compelling truthful answer from those whom he had bribed to speech by means of that ghastly nectar. Around him, from their several haunts of wretchedness or sad-hued joy, the shades would gather, eager, insatiable, and isolated though in crowds. Not the secluded groves, the flowery meadows where in sport they wrestled or drove their visionary chariots, could content them wholly; not the balmy air and rivulets ever freshly flowing, whilst the hymns to Apollo sounded. Even Achilles mourned—even he, so honoured whilst alive, and ruling still with power among the Shades,—and longed that he might be a rustic, serving for hire under some other needy man, rather than thus rule as chief over all the unquiet Shades in the Elysian Fields.\*

But joy for us, who know we have a more assured Eternity awaiting; we rest on no vague hope but on a certain promise. We look across the years of sorrow with confidence, though with an humble eye. We pray with certainty that we are heard. And it is not the grim boatman Charon, but an Angel with ever-lustrous brow, who waits to guide us—  
'Into the Silent Land.'

#### *V.—After Nightfall.*

When returning to Naples from Baiæ, as night approaches, I accept the invitation of a charioteer who is going my way, and, for the fun of the thing, stand upon the back-springs of his clattering car, which already is carrying nine peasants—but there is here no Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It gives a fair notion of the jolts and recklessness in an ancient Biga, during a chariot race. At what a pace we go! and what a noisy crew! There's a wheel off: no it isn't! Now we're spilt against that cairn, and come to grief? Missed it by Romulus! Crash we go against another car; half-a-dozen bones broken, of course? Corpo di Bacco, not a fibula! Off again we go—a pack of mad scoundrels, with shouts, yells, screams, oaths (no Proc-tors near to take their names or colleges!) clatter, jingle,

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\* Od. xi. 488.

dash and discord through the darkness, till we "stop to liquor," as Jonathan would say, before the Posilippo Grotto, where I hand my *buono-mano* to the driver, and depart on foot; not ill pleased to avoid the Saturnalia, and yet have had the experience, without bodily maiming—of Neapolitan car-driving by the Bay of Naples.

*VI.—Between Midnight and Morn.*

Well, we have got home and may go to bed, whilst the moon is shining. It is time. The streets of Naples, like the streets of London, shew you enough of uproarious mirth, of reckless folly and wretchedness side by side. But where, indeed, do we ever find the one without the other close at hand? When we are told, on beholding our public amusements and festivities, that this is the way in which people enjoy themselves, the remark would not be unnatural, that if in their pleasure they act such miserable parts, how inconceivably terrible must be their tragedy!

Not that from festive meetings, any more than from familiar intercourse, should mirth or cheerfulness be banished. Some folly may be tolerated, whether in Naples or even in a University. There is so much of sadness in life that we have need of laughter to smooth out the wrinkles from our brows, and whilst it is kindly humour who shall dare deny his neighbour's pleasantries? We are all the better for a smile at times, so long as it does not degenerate into a sneer. Little use is there in dwelling on painful topics, recapitulating how many ounces, pounds, or cwts. we are trying to upheave: chronicling the advent or departure of an aching tooth, or laying bare a sorrow that may be darkening all Nature. If we cannot lay the phantom in the Red Sea of self-forgetfulness, let us be content that it stay in its own corner, making mouths at us, with its grisly finger pointing as in mockery or warning; it is scarcely fair to bid our friends come hither and share the unquiet company. Certainly not! says the World. "If no other way is easy, plait your garlands in its face, newly string with bells your cap of Folly, and if you cannot wear it with a jaunty air, at least your very trembling may thus yield some music. If you cannot be Philosopher, the part of mountebank is always open to you." Sometimes the wages tempt adventurers, but generally the labours are gratuitous. And the more of folly that we have to-day, so much the heavier is the reckoning claimed by melancholy to-morrow.

Most of us have felt in hours of bitter retrospection, that of all the melancholy things in this world, which takes its colour from our own glasses, the most intensely melancholy is that which we mistakenly regard as Fun.

It was well enough for the young Dane to draw comparison between the grinning skull of Yorick and the olden jokes which "set the table in a roar." Some of ourselves, at the "A. D. C." and elsewhere, have seen the muscles twitch beneath the whitening on the face of Scaramouch, with other spasms than the audience noticed. Billy Barlow may pretend to stagger in drunken hilarity, while little Joe, his first-born, lies cooped on the bed at home; and Lord Lovel in the wildest antics of his mock-heroics, describing the funeral of Ladye Nancie Bell, may have a dismal recollection foreign to the foot-lights and the howls within his tattered handkerchief. Very grim in his buffoonery is Thackeray; and Swift, inditing Tales of Tubs, Yahoos, and Houyhnhnms, or the keen-edged Voltaire with Candide and with Cunegunde, is but a sorry sight. Punch, in our British streets, perhaps is relished chiefly for the eccentric lawlessness of his mirth, travestying that freedom from control which the spectators long for, but possess not; and the jaded tumblers, and the girls on stilts, the "Ethiopian Serenaders," and even the musicians who are hired to attend our out-college supper-parties, give us no sunny laughter when reflective. For my own part, I feel inclined to put in sober earnest that enquiry which Dickens mentions scornfully of Nickleby's Mr. Curdle, as to whether the husband of Juliet's Nurse were really or not "a merry man." Not very merry to our thinking. In his few recorded words, told by his widow, there is a vein of melancholy knowledge of the hypocrisies and failings that he had found in human nature, and dictating his fore-shadowings of futurity. The Fool in King Lear, moreover, is wild and mournful in his snatches,—the Melancholy of Fun everywhere to be seen. Ænobarbus, the jester, dies of a broken heart for his own ingratitude to Antony; and Falstaff, the butt, who is ever so ready to ridicule himself and assume the guise of braggart for amusement of others—for, observe! he does not boast in solitude, but shews a painful observance of his companions' weaknesses, and a consciousness of his own—he even pines away and dies remorsefully, with his sincere though whimsical affection for Prince Hal rebuked and made the scourge for his own punishment. Whether is the fantastic brave Mercutio or the boastful "Fiery Tybalt," the man of deepest feelings? And

may we not read in their author's Sonnets some confessions of one who "made himself a motley to the view"? And is it not true that in life, as in our College groves, when the trees wear party-coloured foliage, like Touchstone's vestments, they are nighest the cold sterility of winter? Was it altogether Fun, and of a lively character that dictated the epitaphs of Gay and of Churchill; or made Mephistopheles more worldly wise and dangerous than Milton's Lucifer? And is not the sight of what is termed "Fast life" merri-ment a little fraught with sadness? The Chinese mourn in white, and some of us in Harlequin-like patchery, as though believing motley to be the only wear. What would you have? It is the tribute which hypocrisy must pay to Ges-ler's cap, conventionality being thereby satisfied. Let us go to our sleep then, not with the loud shout of ribald laughter in our ears, but with tender memories and humble trustful thoughts in our hearts. Is it Naples or St. John's that shall be seen at awakening? Or does it matter much what the outside is, so long as inside there is peacefulness and faith? So Farewell!





## THE ALPINE CLUB MAN.

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"Up the high Alps, perspiring madman, steam,  
To please the school-boys, and become a theme."  
*Cf. Juv. Sat. x. v. 166.*

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YE who know not the charms of a glass before Zero,  
Come list to the lay of an Alpine Club Hero;  
For no mortal below, contradict it who can,  
Lives a life half so blest as the Alpine Club man.

When men of low tastes snore serenely in bed,  
He is up and abroad with a nose blue and red;  
While the lark, who would peacefully sleep in her nest,  
Wakes and blesses the stranger who murders her rest.

Now blowing their fingers, with frost-bitten toes,  
The joyous procession exultingly goes;  
Above them the glaciers spectral are shining,  
But onward they march undismay'd, unrepining.

Now the glacier blue they approach with blue noses,  
When a deep yawning 'Schrund' further progress opposes;  
Already their troubles begin: here's the rub!  
So they halt, and *nem. con.* call aloud for their grub.

From the fountain of pleasure will bitterness spring,  
Yet why should the Muse aught but happiness sing?  
No! let me the terrible anguish conceal  
Of the Hero whose guide had forgotten the veal!\*

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\* Cf. Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers, 1st. Series. p. 296.

Now "all full inside" on the ice they embark:  
The moon has gone down, and the morning is dark,  
Dreary drizzles the rain, O, deny it who can,  
There's no one so blest as the Alpine Club man!

But why should I dwell on their labours at length?  
Why sing of their eyelids' astonishing strength?  
How they ride up "arêtes" with slow, steady advance,  
One leg over Italy, one over France.

Now the summit is gained, the reward of their toil:  
So they sit down contentedly water to boil:  
Eat and drink, stamp their feet, and keep warm if they can,  
O who is so blest as the Alpine Club man?

Now their lips and their hands are of wonderful hue,  
And skinless their noses, that 'erst were so blue:  
And they find to their cost that high regions agree  
With that patient explorer and climber—the flea.

Then they slide down again in a manner not cozy,  
(Descensus haud facilis est Montis Rosæ)  
Now spread on all fours, on their backs now descending,  
Till broad-cloth and bellows call loudly for mending.

Now harnessed together like so many—horses,  
By bridges of snow they cross awful crevasses;  
So frail are these bridges that they who go o'er 'em  
Indulge in a perilous "Pons Asinorum."

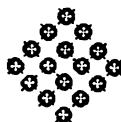
Lastly weary and jaded, with hunger opprest,  
In a hut they chew goat's flesh, and court gentle rest:  
But Entomological hosts have conspired  
To drive sleep from their eyelids, with clambering tired.

O thou who with banner of strangest device  
Hast never yet stood on a summit of ice,  
Where "lifeless but beautiful" nature doth show  
An unvaried expanse of rock, rain, ice, and snow.

Perchance thou may'st ask what avails all their toil?  
What avails it on mountain-tops water to boil?  
What avails it to leave their snug beds in the dark?  
Do they go for a view? do they go for a lark?

Know, presumptuous wretch, 'tis not science they prize,  
The lark, and the view ('tis all mist) they despise;  
Like the wise king of France with his ten thousand men,  
They go up their mountain, and come down again.

**TURGIDUS ALPINUS.**





## A LONG VACATION TRIP.

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[I]T may seem presumptuous, after the thrilling accounts of hair-breadth escapes and accidents by ice-flood and snow-field which Aquila has recently given to the world, for an ordinary mortal pedestrian to intrude his insignificant experiences on its pages. He can tell of no dangers surmounted, no difficulties overcome; he never in his life stood where to his certain knowledge no one had been before him,—he has discovered no new Col, climbed no as yet virgin peak,—why should he think anyone will be interested in his story? I console myself, however, with the thought that of those who travel, a vast majority will take the same course with myself, especially on their first visit to an unknown land, and that the Alpine Club, like the Eoptæ of the Egyptian mysteries, is likely ever to be an esoteric and privileged class. My story, such as it is, may be of use to some fellow Collegian, who wishes to refresh himself after the fatigues of a summer's work, and to widen his knowledge of men and things.

It was on a London day of September, the 4th, that B. and myself met on the deck of the Antwerp Steamer. The sun

“was struggling with the gloom  
Which filled the Eastern sky,”

but he did not triumph, and the clouds continuing to have it all their own way, we were disappointed of the pleasure which we had anticipated of a moonlit night at sea. We found ourselves amongst a motley company, mainly of Germans and Dutchmen returning from the Exhibition. Some of them might certainly have gone there “spectarentur ut ipsi;” one man in particular, who was the beau ideal of a Dutch burgomaster. With the usual consideration of English companies for the comfort of foreigners,



though this route is one of the most direct for Germany, none of the steward's men knew a word of German. It was quite pitiable and at the same time ludicrous to witness the sorrows of a stolid looking Deutschmann who sat next me at dinner, and in vain tried to get his wants supplied. Being utterly innocent of the language of Vaterland I could not help him, and other people seemed too busy in supplying their own wants to attend to his.

When I turned out of my berth in the morning I found we were steaming somewhat slowly up the "lazy Scheldt." The country through which it flows is of course very flat, but possesses, I should think, a quiet beauty of its own. There was an appearance of homely comfort about the villages which are dotted here and there along the banks, each with its quaint looking church peeping out from among the trees, or lifting its red-tiled tower above their tops, which made me think I could sympathise with the sturdy patriotism with which the Batavian race have so often defended hearth and home. The scene on deck was far from homely; a more general picture of misery I never saw. The passage had been too smooth for serious effects, but traces of slight uneasiness were visible on more faces than one, and the raw damp morning with a quiet drizzling rain was not exactly the thing to improve the general appearance.

Our first object of interest was of course the Cathedral spire, which is visible from a great distance, and which as a whole appears to better advantage at a distance than from a nearer position, the Church being closed in by buildings on all sides but one. We were soon alongside the pier, and having satisfied the *douaniers*, stepped lightly out into the streets of Antwerp. And, notwithstanding the comparative dreariness of the voyage, I would strongly recommend those same streets of Antwerp as a first introit to the Continent. I have not visited many towns, but of all that I have seen this is the most quaint and peculiar, in fact, as B. remarked with great originality, "thoroughly continental." The somewhat picturesque dress of the women, with their full-lappeted caps, somewhat short petticoats and sabots, (a bonnet is a sure sign of position); the houses irregular in height covered with tiles of different colours, and with strange enseignes before them; the priests and novices in shovel hats and cassocks, a race in which Antwerp seems to be prolific; the hearing now French, now low Dutch, and occasionally a word of English;—all conspire to make the place most striking to an Englishman.

The Museum at Antwerp is a valuable school for the

study of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting, and the admirable catalogue which gives a sketch of the life of each painter with a description and history of each separate painting, is a ready help to the study. The chef-d'œuvres of Quentin Matsys, Rubens, and Vandyck are preserved here.\* The curiosity of the place, however, is an artist, and teacher of painting who generally works there, and who has lost both his arms; not only does he paint with his foot, but he will take up a piece of thin paper with it, write his address upon it, and foot it to you with a most polite and gracious air.

Having spent a pleasant day in Antwerp, we went on in the afternoon to Brussels. And here I must give vent to a grievance in the matter of foreign railways. In England we always consider that while we wait for a train, we may relieve the tedium by a walk about the station. Imagine then the disgust of a liberty-loving Englishman at being politely shewn into a *salle d'attente*, marked off according to his class, and told that he must wait there till "*le bureau est ouvert*"—then, when the bureau is open and he has taken his ticket being ushered back into his pen, to be released thence by another officer ere long, the train probably waiting all the time ready before his very eyes. And all this is done to prevent scrambling and disorder! I must do them the justice of saying, that their carriages when you do get into them are good, but the pace is not killing.

Of Brussels I will not betray my ignorance, having only taken a two hours' walk therein by gas-light. We quitted it by the night express for Cologne, which place we reached at 6.30 in the morning, fairly tired and sleepy. A good wash however at the comfortable lavatory, with additional help from the refreshment-room, set us up again, and we sallied forth to see the Cathedral and the large suspension bridge, which is a splendid erection. The Cathedral we found behind an advanced trench of squared stones and other signs of masons' work. Unfortunately we could only walk once round it, for the early service was going on, and we were warned that visitors were not allowed to walk about till a later hour. I confess to having felt some qualms of conscience on more occasions than one at walking about in Churches, and evidently

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\* I was most struck with a *Pietà* of Vandyck, No. 346 in the Catalogue; the expression of anguish in the Virgin's face as she holds the dead body of the Saviour in her lap is poignant in the extreme. The Rubenses here are not so good as those in the Churches.

disturbing persons who were at their devotion ; but the way in which the worshippers generally took a long stare at the strangers, at the same time continuing mechanically to count their beads or mutter their paternosters, convinced me that they came there to pray, not because the sanctity of the place increased their devotional feeling, but because they attached a special merit to the place itself. We did not find any attraction either in the bones of St. Ursula and her ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven companions,\* or in the 'boutiques' of the six original Johann Marie Farinas, but I can endorse the general testimony of travellers as to the need Cologne has of its own waters.

From Cologne to Bonn is a journey by rail of some seventy minutes. It is best to go by rail, for there is nothing of interest by river. The Museum at Bonn contains some good collections, I should imagine, though I am no —ologist. There is however besides these a capital model of the Rhine valley, and the valleys that branch out from it, which is invaluable to any one who wishes to spend a pleasant fortnight in exploring their recesses.

Albert Smith has made the Rhine steamers known to every one. As we were late in the season, however, we did not find them over-crowded. The day was not fine enough for us to land at Königswinter, and climb the "castled crag of Drachenfels," so we contented ourselves with the charming view from below the island of Nonnenswerth. This is, I think, after all, the most beautiful view on the Rhine. The island with its old cloister forms a fine fore-ground, leading up to the peaks of the Seven Hills, which are very picturesquely grouped together. It is superior I think to the neighbourhood of St. Goar and the Lurlei. ~ But each to his own taste. The whole of the valley is very pretty, but when the first charm of novelty is over, one is rather struck by a feeling of sameness and uniformity about it. This is owing to the fact, that the natural outline of the hills that skirt the river is trimmed down to an uniform slope or series of terraces, for the cultivation of the vines, with whose produce Mr. Gladstone has made us better acquainted. This did not seem to be the case nearly so much in the side valleys. That evening we reached Coblenz, and, after two nights of unrest, heartily enjoyed our slumbers and our Sunday's rest. Ehren-

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\* As the Lady Ursula was returning from Rome, three of her 11,000 companions remained at Basel, one of whom, Crischona, founded a chapel on a hill near Basel, that bears her name.

breitstein gave us occupation for the afternoon. The evening I shall not soon forget. The moon was at full, and was shining now in perfectly unclouded brilliance, and gleaming with reflected light on the rushing waters of the Rhine, as we paced up and down the bridge of boats, talking of what we had seen and indulging in pleasurable anticipation of what was yet to come.

It is at Coblenz that the wood which has floated down in small rafts from the forests of the upper Rhine is made into the large floating islands, which are so familiar to the visitor of Cologne and the lower Rhine; one which we saw had some 80 or 100 men upon it. From Coblenz we went by early steamer to Bingen and thence to Mainz by rail, so saving time and avoiding a somewhat uninteresting part of the river. The main object of interest at Mainz is the Cathedral, which was undergoing a thorough restoration internally, and presented to us a very forest of scaffolding. The apse of the Church, however, and one or two side chapels were completed, and form the best specimen of decorative colouring that I have seen. There are also some very pleasant public grounds outside the town which on a clear day command a very good view of the Rhine valley and are worth visiting. The young *gamins* of Mainz had an addition to their enjoyment on the 8th of September, 1862, to which they can scarcely have looked forward previously, and it must be confessed that a light cap with a soft brim, when it has been folded in your pocket into all possible shapes, does give to a man a somewhat comical appearance.

Being desirous of seeing something of a German gaming spa, we decided to turn out of our way to spend an hour or two at Wiesbaden, and see the inside of the *Kursaal*. The grounds attached to it are beautifully laid out more in the style of an English gentleman's park than the dull formality of the grounds at Buxton. Add the charm of excellent music twice a day, and the possibility of getting refreshments at any moment, (for body and soul must be fed together,) and I think you would find the place a very pleasant one for a convalescent. The play-tables (roulette and rouge et noir) did not put on for us any of the tragic interest with which they have been so often invested. Certainly we had not time for much study of physiognomy—and the only sight that awakened in us any strong feeling of pity was that of a pretty girl of some twenty summers who had evidently caught the gambling fever, and was being tutored in her play by a hard-faced prompter at her elbow. Frankfort was our resting

place for the night. We regretted that we could not see more of this charming town. The Zeil may vie with Regent street, and the grounds for promenades which form a semi-circle round half the town are an "institution" which deserves imitation.

I must not dwell on our passing peep of Heidelberg which was in a very gay state of flags &c., in honour of the Grand Duke's birthday—nor on the tempting glimpses of the Black Forest which our course along the Duke of Baden's railway gave us, but ask my readers to suppose us safely housed at the Hotel Bellevue au Lac at Zurich.

The morning of the 10th was hazy and dim, so that we saw little of the lake. Taking the early steamer we crossed to Horgen. Our attention was at once attracted by an officious American who had got hold of two unfortunate unprotected females and was laying down the law to them in a marked Yankee drawl as to what they ought to see. At Horgen we shouldered our knapsacks and made our way over the spur of the Albis which separates the basin of Zurich from that of Zug. The mist gradually lifted, or rather melted, so that we got a delicious peep of the lake at our feet, but we soon lost sight of it, and passing through a most lovely amphitheatre of rock, wood, and water at Sihlbrücke, we reached Zug about 11½. After a comfortable dinner we took steamer for Arth, a village from which the ascent of the Rigi is commenced. The early haze had cleared away, the sky was of the deepest blue, with not a cloud to cast its silvery reflexion in the blue-green waters of the lake. Before us were the slopes of the Rigi and the crest of Pilatus bathed in all the warmth of a mid-day sun, the many folds and furrows in their sides creating most beautiful effects of light and shade. Gradually as we neared our destination the snow-clad tops of the mountains of the Rheinthal and the aiguille-shapes of the Mythen came into view, the latter reflecting back the sun's rays from their steep and rocky sides. After a visit to Goldau and the fallen Rossberg we climbed the Rigi. What need to repeat the story so often told. The ascent and descent for us were most interesting, for we were new to snow scenery, and the gradual unfolding of summit after summit had for us all the charms of novelty, but the sunrise and sunset were the usual failure. If a man wants to feel alone in a multitude let him go to the Rigi Kulm. Much is said of the unsociability of Englishmen at home and abroad, but I have never been at a table-d'hôte when Englishmen were present, at which I could not at once get into conver-

sation, but here I could not get a word out of anybody. A Frenchman on my right resisted all overtures, and as my left-hand neighbour was a German I could not make any to him.

Descending on the morrow to Weggis we took a row-boat to Alpnach. As we came down to the lake of Lucerne, the light haze rose in flocks around us and gradually unveiled its beauties. The Bungenstock on one side goes sheer down into the water, which has all the beautiful transparency of a depth of some 800 feet. The road from Alpnach to Sarnen skirts the spurs of Pilatus on the one side—while on the other is the singularly-formed rocky bed of the Aa, backed by loftier hills. The whole of the district is richly cultivated. Fruit is so plentiful that quantities are left to rot by the wayside. From Sarnen our road led over the Brunnig pass to Meyringen. The road over this pass is a masterpiece of Swiss engineering; by frequent zigzags it is carried along the face of a steep rocky slope, and crests the hill at a height of 3668 feet above the level of the sea. Much to our chagrin, when we reached the summit, the clouds which had been gathering since noon began to discharge their freight, and we could see nothing, but reached Meyringen thoroughly drenched.

The following day, (September 12th), was given up to the gods of the waters, so as the only thing to be done on such a day, we visited the upper fall of Reichenbach, which delighted us much. The stream immediately before taking its final leap comes round a sharpish corner, and so falls in most gracefully varied curves, while the water disintegrated, if I may so speak, looks like a shower of crystal stalactites, lengthening by some magic power of elasticity as they fall. In sunshine the effect must be wondrous. On Saturday we crossed the greater Scheideck to Grindelwald. The gloom and later still the rain of the preceding day still prevailed, so my notes of the way are very scanty. My recollections are of stony roads, pine forests and wood-cutter's chalets. At one of these latter we had a good instance of the evil of lowering oneself to the standard of inferiors instead of raising them to yours. I was a little in advance, and passing a chalet where a man was at work, addressed to him an Englishman's usual salutation, in what I believe to be correct German, "*schlechtes Wetter ist*" and received a most courteous reply; but B. who was in my rear, wishing to condescend to what he had observed to be a popular weakness of dialect, made the same original

remark in the form "schlaches Watter ist," and received by way of response an ignominious stare.

The wonders of this route are the glacier and remarkable rocky chasm of Rosenlauri, and the echoes of the Wetterhorn. The latter are the most heavenly music human ear can listen to. Each reflexion of sound comes to you purged of some of its dross, till the last strikes upon the ear perfectly etherialised, and freed from all that could mar a perfect music. The village of Grindelwald is most charmingly situated, with the precipitous Wetterhorn, the bastion of the Bernese Oberland, at its one extremity, and the Eiger, looking like a huge primeval axe of the stone period reversed, at the other. We spent the Sunday here very pleasantly in the company of a very agreeable party who had followed us from Meyringen.

On Monday we crossed the little Scheideck and skirted the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen. I should be provoking too "odorous comparisons" were I to attempt to describe the beauties of the maid of mountains, the Nun, if I may say it, with her attendant Monk. Have they not been recorded in every book of Swiss travel yet published? We were gladdened at the little inn by the sight of several Cambridge faces, from which we parted with regret.

There are two spots in Canton Berne which combine, I should think, as much variety of scenery as any place can do: the valley of Lauterbrunnen and the breast of the lake of Thun. In the former you have for foreground a gorge with steep sides of curiously marked and stratified rock, narrowing and widening, with the Staubbach fall on your right, hanging like a silver thread from the sky, and a wall of precipitous rock on your left, further on gradually receding to a field of glacier and névé surmounted by the giants of the Oberland. From the latter you see these same giants in regular panorama, distance increasing your perception of their grandeur, while the foreground consists of tree-clad slopes and the clear waters of the lake.

Thun is, I think, the beau ideal of a Swiss town. We reached it on Tuesday the 16th, having spent the preceding night at Interlaken. The next evening found us at Kandersteg, en route for the Gemmi pass into the valley of the Rhone. No one should visit this place without devoting three hours or so to the little Oeschinen lake. Under a clear sky it must be of surpassing beauty. In situation like one of our mountain tarns, it shares with all the glacier-fed streams and lakes a bright bluish green hue. To the South lie the snows of the Blumli Alp, on the west

the land opens towards the Kander Thal, while on the east and north a vertical wall of cliff rises from the water to a considerable height. What there was above was hidden by a curtain of cloud which hung uniformly over the whole, and yet could not sully the bright clearness of the waters. Warned by the gathering clouds, I beat an unwilling retreat, and soon found myself performing a scanty ablution in one of the pie-dishes of the Hotel Victoria. In the *salle à manger* we found some old acquaintances, and were shortly after surprised by the appearance of our old companions of Grindelwald, who were my companions for the rest of my tour.

The morning of the 18th was more auspicious, and we were under way in good time. The head of the Kander Thal is very grand and majestic, rocky cliffs rising on every hand, and forming to all appearance a regular *cul de sac*. The track of the Gemmi winds up the hill and then passes along a level terrace for some distance, commanding a fine view of the sublime solitude of the Gasteren Thal, some thousand or two of feet below you, with the Doldenhorn on the one side, and the buttresses of the Altels on the other. It then passes over a bleak plain and by the side of a dismal suicidal lake between the Altels and the Wildstrübel till you suddenly reach apparently the edge of a precipice with the mountains of the Monte Rosa district spread out as a panorama before you, and the village Leukerbad three thousand feet beneath you, seeming as it were within a stone's throw of you. Down the face of these precipices, inaccessible as they seem, a path has been cut by human ingenuity, winding in and out, and at last landing us at the Hotel des Alpes in Leukerbad. The bathing season was over, so we had not the pleasure of seeing the different pleasures of life in a tub, but an inspection of the place satisfied me that Diogenes' could not have been much dirtier.

The valley of the Rhone to which we were now approaching, forms a great contrast in everything to the Canton Berne which we had left. Subject to malaria from the stagnant waters of the valley, subject to yearly inundations which sweep away the results of their labour, its inhabitants seem quietly to have acquiesced in a destiny of misery, and not to make any effort to struggle against it. The people frightfully ugly and filthy, the houses without one trace of neatness or housewifely pride or even self-esteem, one general scene of misery and decay, all seem to tell the same story. Mr. Ruskin has drawn the picture of Sion, lower in the valley,\* and it is true from Leuk to Visp.

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\* Modern Painters, IV. 346, Sqq.



Diorama, knows the long plain building by the side of that dreary lake. I will only stop therefore, to recommend any one who may follow in my steps to rise early, take a guide, who may generally be got over-night, and go to the top of the hill that fronts the Hospice (called Point de Drouas in Leuthold, Chenellettaz in Murray) to see the sun rise on Mont Blanc. He will be amply repaid for his trouble, for this is one of the finest views of the monarch of mountains. The rest of the view too is very fine. A cloud of morning mist was hanging over the Val d' Aosta, and the valleys of the Graian Alps, but their summits were marshalled above the mist in grand array. A few hours later we were on our way to Martigny, where we spent most of the Sunday. If you have a day at Martigny, it is worth while to walk to St. Maurice, seeing the gorge of the Trient and the Pissevache on your way—cross the bridge into the Canton Vaud and go a few yards in the direction of Martigny: the view of the Dent du Midi is worth the walk, especially if you see it as I did, with all the richness of autumn's colouring.

On Monday we crossed the Forclaz to the Tête Noire, where Mr. H. and myself left the rest of the party in the charge of the faithful Biner, and taking a guide from the hotel started across the hills for the Col de Balme, hoping thus to combine the beauties of the two approaches to Chamounix. Our guide talked most glibly of the difficulties of the way, and the danger of traversing it without some one who knew the country, in case of mist: but when shortly a regular Scotch mist came on he was utterly at fault, and lost his way and his head at the same time. After some time however we got into the right track, and reached Chamounix at nightfall. Here again I am on old ground, so I will not enter into the splendours of our day at Chamounix, but simply add that Wednesday saw us at Geneva. I left Geneva at four o'clock on Thursday, and at twelve on Friday walked into my rooms, only to hear the music of a learned savant's nose making melody to the god Somnus in my sanctum sanctorum, and to console myself with the thought that a sofa at home in good old England, was a little better than a sleepless night in a French railway carriage, and had its charms after thirty hours of almost uninterrupted travelling.

I fear my story may be more interesting to myself than to my readers. I can only advise them to follow my example, and so create for themselves an interest in the scenes I have attempted somewhat hastily at the shortest notice to describe, and wish them as happy a time as I enjoyed in my Long Vacation Tour.



## OUR CHRONICLE.

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WE regret that the appearance of *The Eagle* has been unavoidably postponed this Term, owing in a great measure to the small number of contributions received from members of the College who are not on the Editorial Committee. We must remind our readers that *The Eagle* was established as a *College Magazine*, with the avowed intention of discussing subjects of general interest, and of ascertaining the general public opinion of the College; and we most earnestly call upon them not to allow it to become a periodical conducted by a few writers to amuse the leisure moments of the subscribers. At present, though our list of subscribers is larger than it has been at any previous time, the number of contributors has we believe never been so small.

This is not a healthy symptom; we feel sure that we need only appeal to the spirit of the College for a speedy remedy.

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With this number of *The Eagle* we give an engraving of the new Chapel to be erected from the designs of G. G. Scott, Esq. R.A. The following extract from a letter lately issued by the Master, will put our readers in possession of the present prospects of the proposed additions to the College:—

“It has for many years past been the anxious wish of the Members of St. John’s College to see a Chapel of more suitable character and dimensions than the present one erected for the use of the College. With this view the College has gradually, by successive purchases, acquired possession of the greater portion of the ground lying between the three older courts and Bridge Street; and an agreement has been recently entered into with the Town Council of the Borough of Cambridge, whereby the College is to obtain the right of closing St. John’s Lane and appropriating the ground which it occupies, on giving up to the public sufficient ground to widen St. John’s Street. The necessary

steps have been taken to obtain an Act of Parliament during the approaching Session for the confirmation of this agreement.

"The College has also obtained the assistance of Mr. George Gilbert Scott, the Architect, who has prepared Drawings for a new Chapel with a transeptal Ante-Chapel on the north side of the present Chapel. This plan involves the erection of a new Master's Lodge, and enables the College to enlarge the Hall by including within it the present Combination Room and the rooms which are above it.

"Mr. Scott has estimated the Cost of the New Chapel alone at £36,000, without taking into account any charge for Stained Glass Windows.

"The Master and Seniors are prepared to expend on the proposed works the sum of Forty thousand pounds from the Corporate Funds of the College; but as this sum will be manifestly inadequate to accomplish all that will be necessary for the completion of Mr. Scott's designs, it has been deemed expedient that a Subscription should be opened, and that the Members and Friends of the College should be invited to promote the work by their contributions. It will probably be thought to be a sufficient reason for this appeal that the character and beauty of the New Chapel must depend, to a great extent, upon the amount which can be made available by voluntary offerings."

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The valuable College living of Frating cum Thorington, in the county of Essex, has lately been rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Richard Duffield, B.D., formerly fellow of this College, who has held it since 1832.

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The number of Johnian candidates for this year's Mathematical Tripos was not so large as usual. Of these however six were placed among the Wranglers and six among the Senior Optimes.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. J. B. Haslam has been elected First Bell's Scholar, and Mr. W. F. Smith Second Bell's Scholar, (equal).

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The following are the names of those gentlemen who obtained a First Class in the College Christmas Examination :

*Third Year*

Ewbank	Smallpeice	Archbold
Stuckey	Baron	Creeser

*Second Year*

Marshall	Levett	Kemphthorne
Wood	Isherwood	Huntly
Beebee	Coutts	Smith, R. P.
Blanch	{ Griffiths	Sutton
Russell, C. D.	{ Wiseman	Masefield
Roach	Wilson	

*First Year*

(Arranged in order of the boards)

George	Cotterill, C. C.	Earnshaw, W. J.
Rowband	Edmonds	Thompson
Barker	Covington	Bloxam
Pryke	Dewick	Hayne
Pulliblack	Bell	Brayshaw
Stevens, A. J.	Constable	Carleton
Warren	Trousdale	Charlton
Davis, A.	Agabeg	Doig
Haslam, J. B.	Haslam, C. E.	Jamblin
Hart	Ribton, T.	Marrack
Smith, W. F.	Johns	Burrow
Genge	Allen	Payton
Taylor, J. W. W.	De Wet	Pearson, C. H. S.
Massie	Hewitt	Bray
Rowsell	Hathornthwaite	
Hill, E.	Miller	

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are:

*President*, E. W. Bowling  
*Treasurer*, E. K. Clay  
*Secretary*, R. C. Farmer  
*First Captain*, W. W. Hawkins  
*Second Captain*, S. W. Cape  
*Third Captain*, A. Langdon  
*Fourth Captain*, G. W. Hill  
*Fifth Captain*, S. B. Barlow  
*Sixth Captain*, M. H. Quayle

We have pleasure in chronicling the success of the College boats in the late races, the account of which will be found on another page. The third boat made its bump on the first day, and afterwards easily maintained its place at the head of the division: while the fourth boat succeeded in making its bump each day.

The crews of the boats which sustained the honour of the College were as follows:

*Third Boat.*

- 1 R. C. Farmer
- 2 H. D. Jones
- 3 H. Watney
- 4 F. C. Wace
- 5 T. Knowles
- 6 K. Wilson
- 7 C. Yeld
- A. Langdon, *Stroke*
- R. H. Dockray, *Cox.*

*Fourth Boat.*

- 1 F. Young
- 2 S. Burgess
- 3 A. J. Edmonds
- 4 H. Newton
- 5 C. Warren
- 6 A. D. Clarke
- 7 W. F. Meres
- G. W. Hill, *Stroke*
- M. H. Quayle, *Cox.*

*Fifth Boat.*

- 1 S. B. Barlow
- 2 B. Le Mesurier
- 3 W. Boycott
- 4 R. Trousdale
- 5 C. Bamford
- 6 J. W. W. Taylor
- 7 W. Pharazyn
- W. P. Hiern, *Stroke*
- W. J. Stobart, *Cox.*

*Sixth Boat.*

- 1 R. Levett
- 2 H. G. Hart
- 3 A. M. Beamish
- 4 A. Marshall
- 5 E. W. Bowling
- 6 H. H. Allott
- 7 J. Alexander
- C. Taylor, *Stroke*
- E. K. Clay, *Cox.*

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 7. Eight boats entered. After four exciting bumping races, the following crew won the time race:

- 1 E. K. Clay
- 2 W. Pharazyn
- 3 H. Watney
- F. Young, *Stroke*
- R. C. Farmer, *Cox.*

The Bateman Silver Pair Oars were rowed for on Saturday last, and were won by Messrs. E. K. Clay, and C. C. Scholefield.

The College is represented this year in the University Boat by Mr. C. H. La Mothe.

The Johnian Athletic Sports, which had not been

previously held for two years, came off at Fenner's ground, on Monday, Feb. 23. The following is the list of sports with the names of the winners:

WALKING RACE, two miles

- |              |  |              |
|--------------|--|--------------|
| 1. H. Watney |  | 2. K. Wilson |
|--------------|--|--------------|

Time 13 min. 10 sec.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL

- |                   |  |                  |
|-------------------|--|------------------|
| 1. J. A. Whitaker |  | 2. M. H. Marsden |
|-------------------|--|------------------|

Distance 102 yds. 2 ft. 2 in.

FLAT RACE, 1 mile

- |               |  |                |
|---------------|--|----------------|
| 1. A. Langdon |  | 2. H. D. Jones |
|---------------|--|----------------|

Time 5 min. 19 sec.

HIGH JUMP, RUNNING

- |                   |  |                 |
|-------------------|--|-----------------|
| 1. J. Fitzherbert |  | 2. G. R. Crotch |
|-------------------|--|-----------------|

Height 5 ft. 1 in.

LONG JUMP, STANDING

- |                 |  |               |
|-----------------|--|---------------|
| 1. G. R. Crotch |  | 2. T. Knowles |
|-----------------|--|---------------|

Distance 9 ft. 6½ in.

FLAT RACE, quarter mile

- |                   |  |                 |
|-------------------|--|-----------------|
| 1. J. A. Whitaker |  | 2. J. Alexander |
|-------------------|--|-----------------|

Time 1 min. 2 sec.

HIGH JUMP, STANDING

- |                 |         |  |               |
|-----------------|---------|--|---------------|
| 1. G. R. Crotch | } equal |  | 2. T. Knowles |
| J. B. Boyle     |         |  |               |

Height 4 ft. 2 in.

LONG JUMP, RUNNING

- |              |  |                |
|--------------|--|----------------|
| 1. J. Payton |  | 2. J. B. Boyle |
|--------------|--|----------------|

Distance 16 ft. 10 in.

FLAT RACE, 100 yards

- |                   |  |                    |
|-------------------|--|--------------------|
| 1. J. A. Whitaker |  | 2. W. H. H. Hudson |
|-------------------|--|--------------------|

Time 11½ sec.

POLE JUMP, HIGH

- |                 |  |                  |
|-----------------|--|------------------|
| 1. G. R. Crotch |  | 2. A. Smallpeice |
|-----------------|--|------------------|

Height 8 ft. 4 in.

HURDLE RACE, 200 yds., 10 hurdles

- |                 |  |                 |
|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| 1. A. D. Clarke |  | 2. T. H. Baynes |
|-----------------|--|-----------------|

Time 31 sec.

## PUTTING THE WEIGHT

T. Knowles } equal. Distance 27 ft. 4 in.  
T. H. Baynes }

## SACK RACE

1. M. H. Marsden | 2. T. Knowles

FLAT RACE, half mile (*Consolation Stakes*)

1. C. Yeld | 2. A. Cust

Time 2 min. 32 sec.

The Officers of No. 2 (St. John's) Company of the Cambridge University Volunteers are the same as last term.

The Johnian Challenge Cup was shot for on Tuesday, March 17th. The successful competitor was Lance-Corporal Guinness, who scored 48 marks (hits and points). The same gentleman also won the Officers' Pewter.

It was determined at the beginning of the present term that the University Corps should take part in a Field Day at Oxford on March 10th. This was however found impracticable. The University Corps will probably be reviewed at Oxford early in June. It is expected that this arrangement will allow the Inns of Court to join the two University Corps on that day.

The Newberry Challenge Racquet Cup was won on Saturday, March 21st, by Mr. E. W. Bowling, who again played the concluding match with Mr. A. Smallpeice.

The contributions collected in the University for the relief of the Lancashire distress amount to £3,329. 18s. 10d., exclusive of considerable sums not sent through the University fund. Our own College contributed £414. 17s. 6d. The Managing Committee have announced that the Subscription list is for the present closed.

One pleasing duty is left—briefly to wish every happiness to our young Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, and to join in the country's hope, that the union between the descendants of the Sea-Kings of the North may promote the well being of both nations, and conduce to the peace and prosperity of Europe.

We need not say how on the day of the Royal marriage Cambridge, determined not to be outdone in demonstrations of loyal affection and tokens of rejoicing, decorated with banners and triumphal arches by day and illuminated at night, wore a look of gaiety of which few among us have seen the

like. The lamps which we lit, and the fire-works which we threw, the planks which we burnt, and the bonfire which we made on the Market Hill—are they not written in the Paper of the Chronicle of the King of Israel.\* Of one thing we are all sure, that the 10th of March 1863 is a day long to be had in remembrance among us: one thing we all hope, that the fair promise of that day may never be clouded by sorrow and disappointment.

### UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—LENT RACES.

*Monday, March 2nd.*

#### THIRD DIVISION.

40	Queens' 2	}	48	Lady Margaret 6
41	Emmanuel 3	}	49	Caius 4
42	Jesus 2		50	Magdalen 2
43	Christ's 3		51	Jesus 3
44	Pembroke 2	}	52	Second Trinity 4
45	Peterhouse 2	}		
46	Trinity Hall 4	}		
47	Third Trinity 3	}		

#### SECOND DIVISION.

20	Pembroke 1	}	32	Christ's 2
21	Lady Margaret 3	}	33	Corpus 2
22	Caius 2		34	First Trinity 5
23	S. Catharine's	}	35	Trinity Hall 3
24	First Trinity 4	}	36	Lady Margaret 5
25	Emmanuel 2		37	Caius 3
26	Queens' 1		38	First Trinity 6
27	Second Trinity 2	}	39	Corpus 3
28	Lady Margaret 4	}	40	Emmanuel 3
29	King's.			
30	Second Trinity 3	}		
31	Clare 2	}		

*Tuesday, March 3rd.*

#### THIRD DIVISION.

40	Corpus 3		47	Trinity Hall 4
41	Queens' 2	}	48	Lady Margaret 6
42	Jesus 2	}	49	Magdalen 2
43	Christ's 3	}	50	Caius 4
44	Peterhouse 3	}	51	Jesus 3
45	Pembroke 2	}	52	Second Trinity 4
46	Third Trinity 3	}		

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\* We allude to *Solomon*.



## SECOND DIVISION.

20	Lady Margaret 3	31	Second Trinity 3	}
21	Pembroke 1	32	Christ's 2	
22	Caius 2	33	Corpus 2	}
23	First Trinity 4	34	First Trinity 5	
24	S. Catharine's	35	Trinity Hall 3	}
25	Emmanuel 2	36	Lady Margaret 5	
26	Queens' 1	37	First Trinity 6	}
27	Lady Margaret 4	38	Caius 3	
28	Second Trinity 2	39	Emmanuel 3	}
29	King's	40	Corpus 3	
30	Clare 2			

Wednesday, March 4th.

## THIRD DIVISION.

40	Corpus 3	48	Magdalen 2
41	Jesus 2	40	Lady Margaret 6
42	Queens' 2	50	Caius 4
43	Peterhouse 2	51	Jesus 3
44	Christ's 3	52	Second Trinity 4
45	Third Trinity 3		
46	Pembroke 2		
47	Trinity Hall 4		

## SECOND DIVISION.

20	Lady Margaret 3	32	Second Trinity 3	}
21	Pembroke 1	33	Corpus 2	
22	First Trinity 4	34	First Trinity 5	}
23	Caius 2	35	Trinity Hall 3	
24	Emmanuel 2	36	First Trinity 6	}
25	S. Catharine's	37	Lady Margaret 5	
26	Lady Margaret 4	38	Emmanuel 3	}
27	Queens' 1	39	Caius 3	
28	King's	40	Jesus 2	}
29	Second Trinity 2			
30	Clare			
31	Christ's 2			



## IN THE MAY TERM.

---

“Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen in Walde:  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.”—*Goethe*.\*

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### *I. Evening.*

IN the happiest of his early days, Goethe wrote the poem “Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,” on the wall of a hunting lodge, or forest-hut, at Ilmenau. Shortly before he died he revisited the scene, and read the memorial lines. Regrets came to him, and tender remembrance of the time when that simple little verse was written, an *impromptu* of the moment: he thought of changes that years had brought since then—

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\* Mrs. Austin says these beautiful lines by Goethe have all “the calm and harmony of a summer night;” and adds, “their sweetness is perhaps unattainable” by translation. Her version has little either of the music or of the solemn impressiveness of the original. Almost all who have attempted to transfer into our language “Ueber allen Gipfeln” have been defeated by the airy witchery of the Poem. Longfellow’s translation in “Hyperion,” is sweet, but not faithful to the enchanting irregularity of rhythm. It is pretty and soothing, however:—

“Under the tree-tops is quiet now!  
In all the woodlands hearest thou  
Not a sound!

The little birds are asleep in the trees;  
Wait! wait! and soon, like these,  
Sleepest thou!”

how Wieland and Herder, Schiller and Karl August, his dearest friends, had died and left him, a lonely-hearted old man, the patriarch of German literature, to drop into his grave and sleep at peace. His eyes filled with tears, we are told, as he repeated the lines. "Yes," he murmured softly to himself, "*Warte nur, balde ruhest du auch!*—Thou, too, soon shalt rest!"

The words of that "old man eloquent" return often to memory, as we pace the quiet groves of St. John's, or sit at twilight musing happily, though somewhat sadly, at our life, study window. Happily, for we dearly love this College its holiness and seclusion, precious to those who desire the calm and peaceful regularity of labour; its healthy activity, sociality, and buoyancy of heart, such as the "Lady Margaret" men enjoy: Sadly, moreover, for though not much of the world's misery shews itself here, where poverty, sickness, wrath, and injustice are not frequent visitors, and where the "Shadow feared of man" rarely crosses the threshold, there are many painful revelations even here: hours of weakness and of folly, in ourselves and others, as well as glimpses and echoes of the sterner warfare that is held outside, with deeper anguish and more hopeless entanglement of wrong-doing. Thence comes it that we may not be lulled into false security, or forget that the hour is drawing nigh when we must quit these honoured walls, and take whatever place awaits us among the crowd of workers, in town or country, striving to accomplish our little task with patience and fearless energy, before the head is laid beneath the sod. "*Warte nur, balde ruhest du auch.*" Even the May-term, in its sacred hour of Twilight, forbids not such meditations as these.

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Theodore Martin gave a charming paraphrase, under the title of "Evening":—(Vide *Aytoun and Martin's "Poems and Ballads by Goethe."*)

Whilst acknowledging that all must needs fail, we can only offer our own attempt, to share the blame of imperfection.

Calm on all the hills now  
 Rests around:  
 Through each topmost bough  
 Scarce a sound  
 There doth creep:  
 The Woodland birds have hushed their soft tune:  
 Pause thou, then! soon  
 Thou, too, shalt sleep.

The thoughts of the evening-time do not greatly differ, whatever be the season, and whilst we grow older, roving on from land to land, wave by wave advancing, they repeat themselves, uttering the same warnings, shewing the same visionary faces, leading us upward and onward with the same spiritual blessing that they offered to us in our childhood, so long as we yield ourselves trustfully to their whisperings and are softened by the holy influence of that same hour, wherein, we read, the Lord Himself was wont to hold converse with our first parents, "Walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

Can we ever exhaust the beauty of the evening time, which unites the loveliness of day and night? Where the sun sank from view, the long bars of cloud now stretch onward, line above line, yielding fanciful resemblance to the rocky ledges of a shore to the eternal sea of clear and glowing sky: the calm sweet heavens, that underlie all the disguises of the storm, the terrors of the thunder, and the slanting sun-gleams through the rain; all the dazzling glare of summer days, and the myriad sparkles of the winter stars at night: remaining inexhaustible in depth and mystery, richest where least adorned, most awful in the bare and beckoning beauty, to which our spirit yearns, yet cannot go, but which sometimes comes down to us and fills us with its wondrous fascination of repose.

Is it life or death that breathes there, in the depths of heaven? can the soul doubt its immortality, even for an instant, with such a vision before it of the Silent Land, where nobler forms of life appear to wait for us? Assuredly the thought of Glück cannot be otherwise than true:—

"There's peace and welcome in yon sea  
Of endless blue tranquillity:

These clouds are living things;

I trace their veins of liquid gold—

I see them solemnly unfold

Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey

Us weary children of a day,

Life's tedious nothing o'er,

Where neither passions come, nor woes,

To vex the genius of repose

On Death's majestic shore."

Twilight ever has been, ever will remain, our favourite hour, and at such time it little matters where we be, on

mountain-side or sea-shore, on the wild moorland or "in populous city pent," so that the evening sky be visible to us in solitude,—if, indeed, that can be called a solitude which is full of all companionship in holy thoughts and feelings. It is because we believe the influence of the evening hour left some impress on the verse, that we now venture to offer to our fellow-students, before we part at the close of this "May-term," a few lines which shaped themselves even as they are read below. Some years ago, we were resting for the night in an old Château, zur Philipsburg, one of the most spacious dwellings on the Rhine. Almost opposite lay a little village, unknown to fame, quietly rejoicing in the name of Niederspay. Our thoughts concerning it, went to this tune:—

### NIEDERSPAY.

*(In the Rhine-Land.)*

In a château, quaint and spacious, that looks forth upon the Rhine,  
I am sitting at my window, crowned with tendrils of the vine.  
And the stream flows swift and softly, and the evening shadows lie  
On its foliaged banks and roadway, and the hamlet Niederspay.  
Niederspay, that with half-timbered gables fronts the Marxburg  
rock,

Thin blue smoke and rustic chapel feudal grandeur seem to mock;  
Dwelling there serene and hazy, while the swarm of tourists climb  
To inspect yon dark memorial of the horrors of old time.  
*Folter-Kammer*, den of torture, *Hundloch* grim and *Donjon* high,  
Bristling bayonet and cannon,—none of these suit Niederspay.  
Timber-rafts float past; it sees them:—hears the measured sweep  
of oars,

Feels, but heedeth not, the swell of water lashing on its shores:  
Cares not for the flaunting steam-ship more than for the sluggish  
boat,

Droning like a lazy school-boy who has got his task by rote.  
Time brings change to other regions, politics may heat men's blood,  
Niederspay has no such fever: "after us, let come the Flood!"  
Should another Huss, Napoleon, Shakspeare, rise, 'twere all the  
same;

If their cry were Reformation, Conquest, Freedom, Truth, or  
Fame:

*Zeitungs* might propound grave terrors, timid matrons wail and  
sigh,

Warriors burnish up old weapons; 'twould not waken Niederspay..

Creeping slowly go its oxen with a rough-hewn cart behind,  
And a herdsman stretched upon it with closed eyes, like "Hood-  
man Blind ;"

Still its children—for it has some—Heaven alone knows how or why  
Children ever could be born in such a place as Niederspay :—  
Still its children rest in shallops from the glare of noontide sun,  
Or drop tiny sounding pebbles in the stream with sleepy fun ;  
Far too listless to take notice of the bubbles as they rise,  
Or at most regarding such with easy open-mouthed surprise.  
Winter brings no slides to them, they snooze like marmots in  
a hole,

Scarcely conscious on awak'ning, how the seasons round them roll :  
Dozing feebly, harming no one, dozing from their hour of birth ;  
Little change can death bring to them, pillowing on their mother  
earth,

Who retains less trace of them than water does of clouds that fly :  
What would our old world be doing if 'twere all like Niederspay ?

Deeper fall the evening shadows, cold and solemnly they fall,  
As on one I loved descended cold and solemnly the pall.  
Only by its darker outline 'gainst the sky appears the shore,  
And the vineyards green and cornfields are reflect in Rhine  
no more ;

Yet like beat of pulse the oar sounds, with the plash that checks  
the stroke,

And the voices on the water echo from the beetling rock ;  
And a distant bell, that slowly chimes the hour from Stolzenfels,  
With the light wind on the river dies away or grandly swells ;  
And the one bright streak that moonlight sends as herald of  
her reign,

Pierces through the growth of Darkness, as a gleam of health  
'mid pain.

Something moveth o'er the water, sweetly, mournfully, and dim,  
And I hear a voice of greeting that belongs to none but *him* ;  
And the things that never may be now, but once had seemed  
so near,

Come upon my heart once more, and chill its gladness even here.  
Here, where Nature's loveliest scenes are decked with all the  
charms of Art,

Where associated grandeur proudest feelings can impart ;  
For they raise the soul above the petty troubles of the day,  
Give it freedom, give it rapture, far beyond its prisoning clay :  
But they cannot give oblivion, nor the balm for wasted youth,  
Sicklied hopes and narrowed wishes, wanderings from the path  
of Truth ;

Cannot give the clasp of hands, that now are cold and far removed,  
From the idols of our boyhood, from the friends whom we had  
loved.

We may smile, and jest, and ramble, pass the else-fatiguing time  
 With a song of noisy laughter, with a picture or a rhyme;  
 But we cannot dull the stinging thoughts which to our bosom  
 creep,

'Tis enough if with all efforts we conceal the tears we weep.

—So I close my window sadly, close it gently, with a sigh,  
 For my heart awakes to memory and forgetteth Niederspay.

## II. "*Hesperus*."

When, in our own love for evening, we recal to memory the many beautiful works which have been produced by J. Noel Paton, chief among living Scottish artists, and find that in almost all of them he has chosen the sweet hour of Twilight, we are guided to the secret of his power, as well as to an instinct of his nature. Scarcely any other painter has so thoroughly given the dreamy loneliness of what in the expressive northern speech is called the *gloaming*: when the air seems filled with a stillness more musical than song, and the gathering darkness enfolds a mysterious glow that reveals holier beauties than the daylight could display; when the earth appears almost a living thing, breathing a hymn of adoration, and the heavens above seem wooing us to their serene depths, far, far away from all those cares and struggles that had bound us captive: The hour when we pause and listen to the whispers of our own soul, and yearn for purer joy and freedom, with eyes fixed on the one star that waits for us, shedding its mild and melancholy beams as if in pity for the agonies and sin that have defaced the world. All is hushed and solemn; not like the dull torpor of midnight, but tremulous with imagined messages and visions, so mystically interwoven that the separate functions of sight and hearing almost lose distinction, and become blended into one. We are no longer imprisoned in this fragile body, for our own spirit is drawn upward to the skies, away past all those filmy streaks of cloud, into the clear expanse; away across the distant streams that lie thus motionless and lit by lurid light, as if from some internal source of brilliancy; over the purpled hills, the darkening fields or moorlands pulsing with strange vapoury exhalations that lend fantastic unreality to familiar objects; away into a Dreamland tenanted alone by the perfect holiness and beauty that feel no stain of guilt, no doubt or selfish craving, but where we cease to shudder under life's impurities and pass into an ecstasy of silent worship.

No one who has loved that hour of sacred quietude can fail to recognize how deeply and how constantly it has impressed itself on Noel Paton. Year after year he has resumed attempts to embody in his pictures that spirit of gentleness and dreamy sadness which fills the evening twilight. It allures him ever again to fresh achievements, nearer and nearer to success; but he has felt that it is inexhaustible and etherial,—that even he can only partially convey its marvellous loveliness. He has shewn us the wild revels of the fairies,—their forms symbolising capricious fancies, with airy grace and tenderness, with wanton trickery and quaintest goblin antics—all united to coherence in the quarrel of "Oberon and Titania." In his "Dante meditating on Francesca da Rimini," he more thoroughly penetrated to the mournfulness of the twilight; and also in his "Silver Cord Loosed," where, more than in all the others, he has shewn the soul-subduing gloom, the hopeless agony of grief. For in this picture, evening itself has passed away, with the Dead Lady, and night is drawing over all a solemn darkness, as though it were to hide for ever the heart-broken and the dead. Sorrow more intensely overwhelming could not be revealed by the artist's brush: it is of all his works the most awful and impressive. But even in his "Home from the War," the symbolical beauty of the evening hour lends a charm, telling of the Sabbath rest, the night of slumber and of consolation, that await the mutilated veteran and those who are dear to him. The days of their toil and anguish are newly ended, the dusty wayside and the anguish of suspense are quitted now, and these long-parted ones can enfold each other once again, while the stillness of evening is over all, scarcely broken by the sobs and murmurings of thankfulness, or the soft breathings of the slumbering child. In each of these pictures, except the "Oberon and Titania," the time chosen was verging on the close of twilight, when night had almost come, and sorrow attained supremacy. Not so in the "Hesperus," which shews the earliest aspect of the evening, the first few minutes after sunset, whilst brightness lingers, though the gaudy colours that dazzle the eye by day have acquired sufficient mellowness of tone to become massed together.

What is this picture, "Hesperus," and what does it tell us of the twilight hour in the May-term?

A young girl is seated in a romantic glen; her lover, on his knees beside her, holds her delicate hands and raises his face towards her own in mute affection. His mandolin



or giter, forgotten already, has fallen at her feet, with the scroll of music of a song that in some trembling of the notes revealed how dearly she was loved. The sounds have not left her heart, though they are heard no longer. A richly-bound and jewelled volume lies on the moss, and has a bunch of blue-bells between the closed leaves, marking the place where the youth and maiden ceased to fasten on the Poet's words, and only listened to the whispers of their own affection. "That day we read no more." Melody and motion have long ceased: all is so stillly that the field-mouse has approached them unscared, and its watchful eyes are sparkling from under the curled and reddening fronds of fern. Already the bat is abroad, circling above in the cloudless sky, where a thin crescent moon is shining, and the star Hesperus glitters brightly, as if it were a tender sentinel over the young lovers. A dewy freshness is on everything: insects are happy on the grass, the pink eyebright and wild strawberry twinkle amid the brake and herbage; honeysuckle and ivy enclasp the tortuous stems of trees, which like the rocks are velvet-mantled with moss and lichens, and the polished leaves around them form a bower. The distant hills are becoming sharply defined against the horizon, and evening is slowly melting into night. But the delicious dream of love, love given and interchanged, has so absorbed the every thought of minstrel and of lady, that they heed not the approaching darkness. Scarcely conscious of themselves, they see only one another: a little more of approach, a touch of the lips, or a simple word, and the spell will be broken,—their secret made known, once and for ever. With downcast eyes, with heaving breast, half shrinking from, yet half advancing to his implied caress, the maiden leans towards him, as, with his face turned close to her, he seems to yearn for her consent and plight of troth. The world of vague desire for sympathy, with its delirious minglings of joy and fear, its half regrets and hopes and questionings, trembles on the breath, which may either yield to him one sigh of acceptance, or even yet utter the word of denial and banishment. Too near for friendship—too far off for love—they may not part unplighted now to meet again to-morrow as to-day. If not already gained, that heart of hers has become aware of too much danger, and unrest, willingly to risk another interview so sweet and perilous beneath the rays of Hesperus. Her love is either wholly won, or in the failure of the hour she is lost to him for ever.

: Happy mortals, who have the sunshine of life and of

life's primeval joy upon your path : Students, whose fair cousins and sisters' friends are flitting with you through the leafy walks of the May-Term, and lending something of a fairy-land enchantment to the banks of Cam, even whilst Collegiate honours are undecided in the balance: ye, who, unable to stand before Noel Paton's picture, as we have loved to do, can yet gain a suggestion of its beauty from the engraving by W. Simmons (newly published by Mr. Hill of Edinburgh, and exhibited on King's Parade). Are your dreams of "Hesperus" more full of the assurance of a blissful ending, than are those which, according to our sadder thought, seem not unwarranted? In the dark, melancholy face of the young minstrel, and in the rich antique costumes, we read indications of the scene being that land of love and song beyond the Alps, the Italy where Dante garnered such devotion for his Beatrice. Indeed, though this may have been undesigned, there is resemblance in this face to that of the world-worn Florentine, who raised the veil from early sorrow in his "Vita Nuova." It may be simply such an association, with the land of passionate devotion, and the haunting pensiveness of twilight, but we cannot banish a presentiment of sorrow. As they sit there, so youthful and as yet so innocent, we wonder whether it is by accident or as an allegory that the artist has placed the lovers on the edge of a precipice! Amid the trim devices and luxurious elegancies of their courtly lives, the affections of simple nature survive unchanged: also symbolised, perhaps, by those sweet flowers in the gay volume. And will these affections aid to preserve them, or be blighted in the contact with a luxurious world? Surely not without special meaning is the stately lily blooming in the dell, but with a bee hovering above as though to rifle its sweets, whilst two roses, the customary tokens of passionate love, lie already neglected and withering at the feet of the beautiful girl and her worshipper. Over all the scene there is such calm and tenderness, there is such innocence and confiding truth in the young lovers, that ours may be excess of fear and misgiving: but life is full of saddening changes, and it seems natural to believe with him who gave us the "Dream of Fair Women" that "Beauty and Sorrow go ever hand in hand": a remembrance which made Byron ask,

"O Love, what is it in this world of ours

That makes it fatal to be loved? O why

With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,

And made thy best interpreter a sigh?"

*III. Spring-Time.*

The brief Easter Vacation gives us a glimpse of other scenery than the parallelograms and very mild inclined-planes which are characteristically offered at Cambridge, as suitable for every walk in life, to University Students. A fortnight's absence, with the aid of railways, may be amply sufficient to revive our spirits with the sight of mountains loftier than the Gogmagogs, promenades more lively than Trumpington Road on Sundays, street-architecture of imposing grandeur surpassing Petty Cury, and even streams more majestic and pellucid than the classic Cam; though no College-grounds lovelier than those of Trinity and St. John's, or recreation more invigorating than a steady pull in the eights, fours, or pair-oars for the coveted pewters. We all come back for the May Term with a sense of returning 'Home': inasmuch as few places so thoroughly seem our own private dwellings, with the commingling of rest and labour, as our College rooms. The bright Spring weather nowhere shews to greater advantage than here, although we confess it sometimes relapses into a sullen, penitential, cold, misty, raw, disagreeable state of wintry humidity, suggestive of aggravated Diptheria and Exams., rather than of perfect happiness. The gardeners sigh when they think of the wall-fruit. The farmers, whose faces had been daily attaining a resemblance of the definition that is given in a book tolerably familiar to us here, "length without breadth," at the prospect of continued drought, now begin to jingle the half-pence in their pockets, with an air of contentment. A few weeks of nice mud-making showers cause their hearts to sing with joy, and they count the 'turmut's and measure the blades of wheat with an approach to satisfaction rare in the bucolic mind; which has had much to trouble it ever since the epoch of the gentleman who is known to fame as reclining sub tegmine fagi. At such times it will be to the advantage of "*The Eagle*" not to call upon us for a poem in celebration of the season, as it might obtain nothing better than the following:

Cold and raw is this Spring-time weather, Nipping the winds and dreary the sky, Making one's skin like goose-flesh or leather, Or flaying the tender folks altogether, Blueing the nose and reddening the eye. Poets have sung of this charming season: Do not believe what those rhyme-sters say! Think you such fellows will listen to reason? Would Mr. Spenser with ecstasy freeze on Clare Bridge,

and chaunt lyrics in praise of May? Bitter and blowy, or drizzly and snowy, Bringing bronchitis and coughs each day, Rheumatic cramps and catarrh, though showy Buds on the trees may appear, well know ye This is no *beau ideal* of May. Coaches of Cubs now may take their measure, Papers and Cram filling up each day; Drill tempting few, and the boats no pleasure, Causing the Captain and Cox distress sure, As they think of the prospects of bumps for May. Useless are "gates," for no man cares to go out; Bull-dogs at Leap-frog may freely play; And the Proctor's walk must be rather a slow bout; And lectures in hall are all idle forms, no doubt, When nine-tenths *Ægrotants* possess in May. Sport me the Oak, *Mon cher Aigle*; I'm smitten With a cold in my head, and the pen will stray Into shivering rhymes, for my thumb's frostbitten Through staying outside of its worsted mitten, And my ink has congealed, and the words I've written Form a sort-of-a-rhythmic Ode to May.

But, you know, this would never do; although justifiable under the circumstances, inasmuch as our doctor's bills always increase in an inverse ratio whilst the Constitutionals diminish, and poetry goes down to zero with the Fahrenheit. In the May term we must generally be prepared for changes in weather and literary articles,—some being shivery, windy, and cold, but with occasional bursts of sunshine (let us hope) and joyousness: alas! the Editorial Committee may discover that there are contributors as capricious as any April, and at odd hours as disagreeable as November itself, that *bête noir* of the months. Why do we Britons concern ourselves about the weather? Why is it our first and unfailling topic of conversation when friends meet or when they write? Is it not because, in addition to the national prosperity as regards crops, and the consequent increase or alleviation of misery for our countrymen, we feel how dependent all are on the state of the atmosphere? Mists and melancholy, sunshine and serenity, wind and whimsies, drizzle and despondency, pair off together: our spirits are barometers, and the rise or fall in our happiness is indexed by the mercury. Consequently, in estimating the strength of acerbity in a critic—whether Gifford, Dr. Johnson, Ruskin, or anybody in general—we must make allowances for his indigestion, and the state of the weather when he wrote. Local philosophies and superstitions explain local meteorology: and vice versa. Optimism and universal philanthropy are improbable results in *Nova Zembla* or *Spitzbergen*.

As the former attempt on behalf of May was perhaps unsatisfactory, here is another, made since the sun shone again:

### SPRING TIME.

Spring comes, with sunshine and with showers,  
 And snow-white lambs that blissful play,  
 And nestling birds and balmy flowers,  
 Dear month to hopeful lovers—May!  
 Fast flit the shadows o'er the hills,  
 Soft verdure conquering wintry knolls,  
 And on the ever-dancing rills  
 The Season's gladness downward rolls.

Blest time, that never failed to shed  
 Some hope within each weary breast,  
 Rousing us to a firmer tread  
 If wavering or seeking rest.  
 "Up, yet again!" it calls, "nor lose  
 The golden hours of manly toil:  
 Who now desponding fear pursues  
 Reaps barren harvest from the soil."

Season of Hope, we welcome thee,  
 Clear healthful skies thou bring'st again;  
 Morn of the Year, thy child-like glee  
 Lightens our heart from wintry pain.  
 All things are new once more, thy flowers  
 Are pure and fragrant, blossoming  
 Through bleak March winds and April showers:  
 A May-day wreath for thee, dear Spring.

We hear thee whisper of bright days  
 That on thy sister, Summer, tend;  
 And buoyant Fancy forward strays,  
 To bask in dreams thy sunbeams lend.  
 All wayward as thou art, and wild  
 In playful beauty, thou dost fling  
 Alternate blights and blooms, thou Child  
 Of storm and loveliness, dear Spring.

We waited thee by brook and field,  
 We sought thy steps on heath and hill,  
 By lakes where snowy drifts congealed,  
 And Winter haunted sadly still.

We sought thee long; the flowerets slept  
Beneath the mould, no birds would sing:  
The shrill winds moaned, the gray clouds wept,  
Where wert thou lingering, dear Spring?

Thou heedest not that we may chide,  
But laughing in thy girlish mirth  
With faëry minstrelsy canst glide,  
Making an Eden of our earth.  
The seas are calmed, the woods and dells  
To foliage burst, on wandering wing  
Each bird of passage comes: thy spells  
Wake nature into beauty, Spring!

Consoler, in whose elvish mirth  
Resides a touch with strength imbued,  
From slumbering force and wasteful dearth,  
To raise a harvest bloom of Good;  
Thy buried grain, thy buds unroll,  
To us a mystic emblemizing  
Of Resurrection for the soul,  
To blossom in eternal Spring.

#### *IV. Sweet Summer-Time.*

Having thus, we trust, made our peace with the Spring-time, which deserves all loving-tenderness of speech from us, we would gladly speak our praise of Summer. Has the reader been already detained too long? Is his button-hole very weary? in fear of such being the case we postpone the river-sketches with which we might otherwise have afflicted him, and shall lie in wait for another opportunity, when the king of feathered fowls becomes clamorous for Commons. As the warm days advance, the labour of perusal would grow more oppressive, and "reading for his May" will be found sufficiently hard, without having to read about the May, in addition. Yet before we say farewell to the term, let some one hand us over a harp, a lyre, or a banjo (we not being difficult to please with any instrument, except the hurdy-gurdy or the bagpipes), so that we may do our best in chaunting a lay of welcome to that Circean damsel, the

#### **SWEET SUMMER-TIME.**

'Tis Summer, love, and Summer time is brief,  
And fair things die with Autumn's earliest leaf;  
Then take thy joy ere Winter bringeth grief,  
For Youth still guides our bark in fond belief  
Though terror-stricken Age drifts on the reef.  
Sweet Summer-time!

O Summer-time, O lovely Summer-time !  
 Frail insects we : is happiness a crime ?  
 Somewhile we frolic in a fragrant clime,  
 Though Wisdom frowns, and with a lofty rhyme  
 Ambition bids us tread a path sublime.  
   Sweet Summer-time !

O Summer skies, O skies so blue and clear !  
 Is it not well that 'mid this grief and fear  
 Our hearts respond to what we see and hear  
 Of festive beauty and of mirthful cheer,  
 And yield us still a Poet's Golden-Year ?  
   Sweet Summer-time.

O Summer woods and shady bowers of green,  
 Whereto we glide like streamlets from the sheen,  
 Now lost in moss, now tortuous roots between,  
 In sun or shade, in gladness through each scene,  
 Then issuing forth to deeper vales serene.  
   Sweet Summer-time.

Sweet Summer, Summer-time, ere yet you go,  
 I taste the joys that with free hand you throw :  
 What'e'r ensues, whatever bliss or woe,  
 Life's festal goblet in its over flow,  
 Yields me one long deep draught : 'Tis all I know.  
   Sweet Summer-time.

Karl of Nirgends declares that nothing ought to be done in the Sweet Summer-time, except to lie on the grass, under green leaves, blinking at the white clouds (if there are any to be had) or at the waters that keep slipping up to one's feet, with a gentle rustle, and perhaps with "tender curving line of creamy spray," whereof Tennyson discourses. He, that is, Karl—but it is also true of the Laureate—likes to dive into a forest nook where he may hear the little rivulets gush and gurgle, half-hidden by the fern, and, with the slumbrous buzz of insects around him, yield himself up to such a delightful book as Allan Park Paton's "Web of Life," George Macdonald's "Phantastes," Longfellow's "Hyperion," George Meredith's inimitable "Shaving of Shagpat", or Professor Charles Kingsley's "Water-Babies:" wherein we again meet Noel Paton; and if there be any other volume as deliciously entrancing, and over-brimming with kindly humour or poetic feeling, we shall be glad to know it. Quite as great a pleasure will it be to Karl. He says it is an insult to the bright skies and the fragrance of the flowers

for any one to annoy himself with politics or musty metaphysics, and either sort of Mathematics, in the Sweet Summer-time: which declaration is very annoying to Questionists near the close of the May-Term, as well as to people who imagine that they have any chance of becoming Senior-Wrangler, if the Fates are propitious. You would scarcely think that Karl was the same person who in winter was up to his eyebrows in Scandinavian lore, Malthus on Population, Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations, and the disputes of Cyprian, Origen, or the other Fathers. Despite his affectation of idleness, Karl is no less busy at present, watching the wondrous transformations of insect life, dissecting flowers, and studying the marvels of atmospheric changes. He is thinking more of the labours of Professors Babington, Liveing, Sedgwick, Balfour, and other Natural Science celebrities, than of those very interesting books in green covers, published by Macmillan, devoted to the consideration of sines, cots, tans, the four normals, constants, and other nursery-literature of the Abstract Students, up to the cobweb intricacies of diagrams which form the art-treasures of our revered top-three in the Tripos. Karl says that "Enjoyment" is the one word spoken by the Sweet Summer-time; even as "Hope" is whispered in every breeze of "Spring," and "Memory" is written on withered leaves of Autumn; whilst Winter, with its stormy weather, exhorts to "Fortitude." He is a strange creature, this Karl, it must be confessed, and it is not always easy to discover whether he is in jest or earnest; especially if he be in high spirits, with the sunshine and bird-warblings of Sweet Summer-time. He becomes intoxicated with thunder and lightning, as the infant Schiller is reported to have been; and the wilder the wind is on dark nights, filling his Academic gown like a ship's sail, and carrying him off his feet under a press of canvass sufficient to capsize a sugar-punchoon, why—all the more delight is it to Karl. He has no idea of what some folks call maintaining his dignity, and likes to startle conventional proprieties out of their daily routine, enjoying the fun of their perplexity as with raised eyebrows they wonder what will next ensue. He plays tricks as absurdly as a schoolboy, thinks nothing of exploding puns in a white cravat, or a University Examination (*e.g.*, he said something in very crabbed Greek about Oedipus's poor feet, which caused a serious difference of opinion between himself and the Examiners,) and would have been willing to make an April-fool of a Russian



Domitian, like *Ælius Lamia* with the "*Heu taceam!*" although the knout and Siberia might be in immediate reversion. We have heard him gravely proclaim the necessity of laws in England to fetter the press, enforce shaving, and encourage the presence of double yolks in *Madingley* eggs. All this is "very tolerable and not to be endured." Thus he occasionally mystifies a quidnunc, though he seldom plays these vagaries with his friends, and gets him keyed up to a tone of seriousness. If you met our Karl afterwards, his quiet manner and sad countenance might reveal more earnestness than you at first had given him credit for possessing. Is it that he is afraid of the deeper sorrows and aspirations being seen by those who are sceptical of any worthiness existing without the pale of their own sect or clique? Does he decline to "wear his heart upon his sleeve," because, in such case, "daws will peck at it?" In the apparent want of balance in his nature, so different from the grave equality and proud gentleness of *Guzman*—is he unjust to himself or to others? The answer is difficult to be given. Persons boast themselves deep and unfathomable in their reserve; but we have seen Karl solve their shallow mysteries in a brace of interviews. He himself seems to remain a riddle, to-day's verdict contradicting that of yesterday. Those who have for years most closely watched him, on his frequent re-emergences from absence and obscurity, always find fresh elements to puzzle them, and they gradually acquiesce in the belief that he is more thoroughly in earnest with the game of life than he cares to admit to anybody. His orbit is so eccentric that you can never be certain whither he is going, or whence he came. His individual acts and words are incongruous. Is he wasting strength on trifles, or obeying the law of his temperament? Is he ever going to do anything great, or is he to be allowed to sport noisily, like a perverse gunpowder cracker, in all *Life's Sweet Summer-Time*? He asks for no permission, no advice, no assistance, no praise, and no extenuation. He is aggravating or conciliatory, destructive or constructive, entirely according to his own disposition. He flashes in and out of all the social mansions, scarcely resting in them, even as tents of a night. His wants are so few that he is seldom at the mercy of Fortune; his enjoyments are so many that he finds happy moments everywhere. It may be this reckless yielding to all whims not actually sinful, combined with a chivalric courtesy towards the weak, and pure reverence of Womanhood, that has made

him a favourite with such diverse persons. He has found more affection in the world than has that solemn hidalgo, Guzman, whom all respect, but nobody except intimate friends may presume to love. A dislike to the trammels of 'a position' is possibly the cause of Karl hitherto encouraging others in a feeling of distrust towards him. He too well loves the freedom of his present movements to allow himself to be enslaved by any sect or party in social politics. Therefore, glorying in this versatility, he is now careless, now exacting, about things which seem to others of disproportionate value. We might plead for one, who refuses to plead for himself, in some such words as these:—

#### KARL'S CAP AND BELLS.

Sometimes he'll vent a shocking pun,  
Sometimes a sentimental rhyme,  
Alternating 'twixt gloom and fun,  
As, more or less, through life he's done,  
And may continue through all time.

An idle dog!—yet he may think,  
In such a chequered world, 'twere well  
When he has found his spirits sink,  
To jest (whilst others growl, or drink)  
And jingle Folly's cap-and-bell.

You'll say, the bauble on his staff  
Is not a proper Pilgrim's crook!  
But those who weep and those who laugh  
Alike from Truth's pure well may quaff,  
However diverse they may look.

To us it cannot matter wholly.  
In what quaint mood his thoughts are clad:  
Whether in austere melancholy  
Or in the pathwork skirts of Folly.  
Belike the heart in each is sad.

If warm that heart, and firm in faith,  
Why need his censors frown or snarl,  
Though he may chase each fancy's wraith?  
" 'Tis not the best of ways!" one saith:  
"Friend, are thy ways the best?" says Karl.

Well, we leave the question undecided, except by making this final remark, that the hour is surely come when there is call for every honest worker to rouse and do his stint of labour with full devotedness, "laying aside the sin that doth

most easily beset us," even though it be the luxurious revelling in all sweet sights and sounds and Midsummer fancies, such as appeal to natures that are less tempted by baser lures. Whatever leads us aside from the pathway that we are imperatively called to tread, must needs be evil and to be resisted; whether by flowers or quagmires, the danger of delay is almost equal. Not here, and not now, should we fail to urge the importance of the command that is laid upon us:—"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me!" Truly the self-denial may be as fully needed in a May-term as at any other moment. For some of us the hour of departure approaches: the sweet harbour of College study must be quitted, and the cordage will soon be strained in tempest, or the loyalty of the crew be proved when becalmed in mid-ocean. Let the last words be those of hopeful cheer and friendly warning, as our students pass from the sight of fellow-gownsmen, when entering on the world's struggle in

#### THE NEW VOYAGE.

The bark is manned, the sails are filled,  
The sea-track lureth golden bright,  
The waters of the West are stilled  
Whereon the setting sun doth 'light;  
And from the shore a chorus flows  
Voices of friends that hail the bark  
With cheers—"God speed thee 'gainst the woes  
And perils of the coming dark!"

Creeps from the hold a coward fear,  
And whispers "Pause! thy bark is frail;  
No sunny harbour will be near  
If wrecked by fell Ambition's gale.  
The world has abler men, shouldst thou  
Abjure these tasks and seek thine ease:  
Too long thou 'st lingered—wherefore now  
With unfit powers assay the breeze?"

I answer: "Standing at their helms,  
In barks like mine, I view around  
Those whom I love, for diverse realms  
With diverse hopes and cargo bound.  
We quit the harbour's calm, not loth  
We seek instead the gloom and gale;  
Before us Work, behind us Sloth,  
And God our pilot:—Can we fail?"

J. W. E.



## THE LAST SIGH OF THE BACHELOR.

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" — for three years term to live with me,  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here."—

*"Love's Labour Lost."*

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I've put on my hood; I am going,  
My lov'd Alma Mater, from you;  
Scenes hallowed by reading and rowing,  
Red brick and rough plaster adieu!

I've ta'en my last sniff of your breezes,  
My last hurried glance at your Dons,  
From the ivy-wreathed windows of Jesus  
To the half-coloured turrets of John's.

Fades off from my soul's recollection  
The Degree-week and all its sad hours,  
And I think with unfailing affection  
Of the joys that I knew 'neath thy towers.

Our Feeds—e'en the great Martin Tupper's  
Whole talent and time t'would take up,  
To sing of our wines and our suppers  
And the divers descriptions of "Cup."

How we'd tunelessly treat the aspersion  
Of a friend's genial powers as a lie,  
How we'd make that immortal assertion  
"Which nobody can deny."

*The Last Sigh of the Bachelor.*

The woes of the dread "Paley Monday,"  
 The struggles to read in the "Long,"  
 The Trumpington lounges on Sunday,  
 The Euclid which *would* come out wrong.

Scratch-fours where we didn't win Pewters,  
 "Exams" which we passed by mere cheek,  
 Religious disputes with our Tutors  
 On the subject of "chapels a week."

The glories of "Friday on Fenner's,"  
 The hope of a "'Varsity Blue,"  
 The chances of landing our Tanners  
 By spotting the man for the cue.

The rows on the Fifth of November,  
 The crush of the Trinity Ball,  
 The classics we couldn't remember,  
 And the boat we so lov'd after all.

Smith's bay-net which caused us to shiver,  
 Our own which stuck fast in its sheath;  
 The thousand delights of the river,  
 The "Two Thousand" joys of the Heath.

The Match at Lords, won in a canter,  
 (I'd say so of Putney but can't)  
 The Double-first Honours which Granta  
 Objected so strongly to grant.

All these we must needs leave behind us,  
 Be they cared for or not as they may;  
 On that long-looked-for day which shall find us  
 Possessed of the letters "B.A."

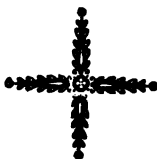
'Mid crowds on the towing-path cheering  
 I ne'er shall perspire as before,  
 No more shall I swear at the steering,  
 Or furiously call upon "four."

The shout of "Hard in from the willows!"  
 Shall ne'er again fall on mine ear,  
 As eight pump'd aquatic gorillas  
 Are struggling to row their boat clear.

No more 'mid the dangers of cricket  
Shall I be seen crossing the Piece,  
Struck down as I hear from the wicket  
An outcry of "Ball if you please!"

No more!—one might go on "no more"-ing  
Till doomsday for aught that I know;  
But what were the object of flooring  
One's subject and them at one blow?

Rash outlay of talent or money  
I consider the work of an ass,  
So, seeing the weather is sunny,  
Here, Porter, to Shoreditch—*Third Class.*





## HOW TO DEAL WITH THE BUCOLIC MIND.

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### No. 3. *Village Festivals.*

I FEEL that some apology is due to the Editors of *The Eagle* for the long break in my communications on the subject I chose for some papers about two years ago. The stern business of life will, I hope, be admitted as an excuse, and the fact that, since writing my last paper on "the Bucolic Mind," I have been brought face to face, and mind to mind with Bucolics of a new county, and have entered upon an incumbency, with all its responsibilities, among a new people, instead of a curacy among people who knew me from my boyhood. In such cases much patient study and investigation is required to find out differences of character and habits of thought, as well as no small amount of caution, in first beginning to deal with a people who will be led but not driven.

However, after the appeal in the last number of *The Eagle*, I am determined to make an effort, and send off a Paper on "*Village Festivals*," having already treated of *Village Schools* and *Village Clubs*. As in my opening paper, I wish first to point out for whom I write.—My object is practical, in accordance with the invitation of the Editors, that Members of the College should write on subjects they were personally acquainted with, and should keep in view the benefit or amusement of at least *some* of the subscribers to *The Eagle*. My humble contributions then do not aspire to attract the attention of the embryo Barristers and Physicians and Statesmen among the Undergraduates of St. John's, but merely to offer a few hints to those who are expecting to be some day Country Squires, or Country Parsons in our scattered English Villages.

And now, a few remarks on Village Festivals: It is happily unnecessary to dwell on the advantage of both

Squire and Parson taking an interest in the amusements of the people. The time is gone by in which the amusements and festivities of different classes were as different as their houses or their food; when it was an understood thing that the labourers on an estate, or the small cottagers in a Parish had their amusements on the sly, when bull baiting, cock fighting and violent faction fights at football were the recreations of the lower orders, in which of course no respectable person could join. The danger now is rather the other way, and in many country villages the recreations of the labouring class suffer from a little *too* much fostering, and nursing, on the part of their superiors.

Just as, in the establishment of Benefit Clubs, the most solid and enduring will not always be those framed for the members, on the soundest principles, by men of rank and talent, so in promoting the amusements of the labouring class it will always be well to develope and improve upon their own ideas, and to encourage the proper observance of days and festivals that harmonize with their old associations. Of these days the principal is that called in most villages pre-eminently "*the Feast*," in others "*the Wakes*." The origin of these festivals is involved in some obscurity, but they probably date from the first establishment of Christianity in Britain, when Christian festivals were instituted in the room of the idolatrous entertainments of the heathen, and the day of the Saint to which the Parish Church was dedicated became the established feast of the parish. The Festival included the day itself and the eve or vigil before it, and the services both religious and festal were naturally denominated from their late hours *wæcan* or *wakes*. The immense value of this connection between the Parish Feast and the Parish Church is obvious, and where it is possible, the Church should endeavour to regain her own, and have the wakes celebrated in a seemly and Christian manner, on the Saint's day to which they belong. Let there be a short Choral Service in the morning, a good dinner and rustic games in the afternoon, with a few popular addresses, a little singing, and 'God Save the Queen' to wind up with.

Occasionally perhaps there will be some doubts about the day, if the Church is dedicated to some of those canonized old worthies Saint Werburgh, Saint Vedast or Saint Ethelburgha; but in these days of Church restoration there are few Parishes where the *Re-opening* of their restored old Church will not afford the inhabitants a creditable and interesting subject for an annual commemoration. I think it is important that the



day or days, of the reformed *Parish Feast* should be fixed by some rule well understood by the people, as it is very desirable that arrangements for home-visits from young people in service should be made dependent on the period of its celebration. In one of my former Parishes I remember there used to be an annual dispute about the right week for the wakes. Generally, it was said, the Butchers "ruled it" as providers of the indispensable roast beef and boiled mutton, but one year the rival parties succeeded in having two successive wakes; and that fortnight, as the Yankees say, "was a caution" to the quieter inhabitants. The Festivals however, which will be most readily fixed by a period of the year, are of course those which are now becoming common in most country parishes, viz. "*Harvest Homes*." Instead of the old practice of each farmer giving a heavy supper with an inordinate quantity of ale and spirits to his men, and sending them staggering out of his house to conclude the night at the village "public," it is hoped that the chief inhabitants and farmers of every parish may be induced to club together, in friendly concert with their clergyman, to provide a good reasonable holiday and day of recreation, both mental and bodily, for their poorer neighbours who have been engaged in the work of gathering in the crops. Of course such a day is easily planned and arranged where the whole Parish belongs to *one* Squire, who is moreover on good terms with the Clergyman. The Church will be especially decorated for the occasion, wreaths for the piers being made of a band of plaited straw about half an inch wide with ears of wheat, barley, and oats introduced at regular intervals, and the capitals being adorned with garlands of vine or oak. Pretty devices for the east end of the Chancel over the Communion Table may be formed by placing miniature wheat-sheafs within wreaths of vines, and no one will be at a loss to think of suitable texts to place in green letters on the walls. In the procession to Church, from the village schoolroom or dining tent, as the case may be, a wheat sheaf will of course be borne aloft, composed of the finest ears contributed by the different farmers of the Parish, the time-honoured flags and banners of the Independent Order of Rechabites will do duty for a second time within the twelve months, and the boys' Drum-and-Fife Band will "play" the procession through the admiring village. The Service and sermon, a short and pointed one let us hope, being ended, the procession will wend its way back, with no halting step, to the roast beef and plum pudding, at which each person, on shewing the

card of admission, given to him and paid for by his employer, will speedily be seated by the stewards of the day. Dinner over, and a short time having been allowed for conversation, which is always, I have observed, very stiff and constrained as long as the serious business of the knife and fork is being attended to, a few loyal toasts and local sentiments will be cordially received, until the adjournment of the juniors to cricket, quoits, skittles, &c. at which the seniors will look on, and smoke the pipe of benignant contemplation. But all this time the *women* must not be forgotten, or the new system of Harvest Homes will hardly gain much of their praise. They must at all events join their husbands at the tea, if not, as is to be desired, at the dinner of the day, and then after some concluding songs and music we may look for the pleasant though hitherto rare sight of an English labourer quietly walking home with his wife after a day's enjoyment, instead of being angrily fetched by her, with mutual recrimination and abuse, from the village alehouse.

Of course all the details of the *Harvest Festival* will be managed in a parish such as I have supposed, more easily than in one which is owned by a number of small freeholders, but even then I think that the Clergyman, if he will be content with merely taking the lead in the preliminary deliberations of a committee of farmers, may gradually effect much in promoting a reformed "*Harvest Home*."

But there is one kind of *Village Festival* that will naturally fall almost entirely under the Clergyman's sole direction and guidance. It is the privilege of the Church of England to have the education of the young in our country villages almost entirely under the control of her Ministers, and I think that all who take an active part in the daily routine work of the National School, will look forward with pleasure to the annual *School treat*.

The best time of year for this Festival will generally be about the end of July, when the Harvest holidays are approaching, and the school is beginning to get thin, as the prospect of the treat, limited of course to those in regular attendance, will be very effective in keeping up the numbers until the proper day of breaking up. At the same time, although great strictness should be shewn in refusing all on the School Register who have not been regular in attendance, I think it is very desirable to extend the invitation to former pupils who have left the school with credit, and are working in the parish, or at service. By connecting old scholars with this day, and other special days of their old school's

year, I think the greatest benefit may be produced both to themselves and the cause of education in their native place. It is needless to go into the details of the usual school-treat, the tea, the cake, the games, &c., but I would just suggest an occasional variation which I have myself found very successful, and that is, the *School Excursion*. To be fully appreciated by the children, a large town should be the point of a Village-School excursion. The following description of one appeared in the Leicester Guardian of the period some years ago :

**"WYMESWOLD NATIONAL SCHOOL EXCURSION.**

"School Treats in these days have a strong tendency to degenerate into mere eating matches, where that boy or girl will appear the most highly rewarded, and consequently the most meritorious who can 'take in' the largest quantity of plum-cake or bread and butter. We think therefore, that any effort to raise the character of these entertainments, and impart to them something of a more intellectual cast, is very commendable, and deserves encouragement. A scheme of this sort was projected by the Curate of Wymeswold, for those children of the National School who had attended regularly since Whitsuntide, and on Friday the 11th inst., the happy party, fifty-one in number, started about nine o'clock, in three vans, for Nottingham, reached the Victoria Hotel at half-past eleven, and thence walked up to the Arboretum. The passing view of the Castle, the noble Market-place, the Blind Asylum, and the new Cemetery, drew forth many genuine exclamations of wonder and delight, but *the* thing decidedly, was the Arboretum, its beautifully planned walks and flower-beds, and gracefully undulating grounds. After spending a couple of hours very pleasantly, including a brief adjournment to the refreshment pavilion for sandwiches, cake, &c., the older boys and girls, under the guidance of their Master and the Clergyman, proceeded to the Mechanic's Institute, and inspected the valuable collection of stuffed birds, animals, fossils, &c., at the Museum. On returning to the Arboretum, various games were carried on with great spirit till about five o'clock, when a general muster took place, the final slice of cake was served out, and with many a longing, lingering look behind, the party commenced their homeward journey."

Where the Parish School is a large one, an excursion of this kind is rather a serious undertaking, but the idea may be worked out with advantage in connexion with the Parish Choir, who must certainly be indulged with an occasional

Festival. In most Dioceses an excellent opportunity for a treat to the Choir is afforded by an annual gathering of Parish Choirs in the Cathedral Church, and I can testify to the success of several held at Southwell, Peterborough, and Norwich.

Excursions on a large scale, open to the whole Parish, have sometimes proved very successful, as for instance, some of those recorded in the lately published and very interesting biography of Professor Henslow, to Ipswich, Norwich, Cambridge, and even to the Great Exhibition in London.

There are however, of course, very few country Clergymen who have Professor Henslow's ability to organize recreations for their parishioners on so large a scale, but I think that most of my clerical brethren can avail themselves of what is really becoming quite an important agency for influencing the country parish, an agency borrowed I admit from Dissenters, but not on that account to be despised. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* The *Tea Meeting* is one of the simplest, cheapest, and best means I know for ensuring to any useful Institution a favourable start or a prosperous anniversary in the Village. Mr. Whitehead's "Village Sketches" will give the necessary details to those of my readers who care to have them, and I will simply say that in connection with a Rural Library, a Penny Bank, or a Village Horticultural Society, there is nothing like a *judicious use of the Tea-pot.*

The last Village Festival I have time and space to treat of shall be the *Cricket Match*. My readers who play three Matches a-week on Parker's Piece, and think nothing of it, can hardly realise the interest which the one Match of the season creates in the country village. It generally comes off about the end of August, when the Little Barton Club consider themselves sufficiently adepts to "send a channels" to their ancient rivals at Norton-on-the-Hill. Great is the excitement in Little Barton when the eventful morning for "the Match" arrives, and the open van conveying "the opposite party" is descried in the distance. The wickets having been duly pitched by the Umpires, at the hazard of their lives, among the sturdy young fellows who are slogging at practise bowlers all round them, everything is ready for a start, except the champion and mainstay of Little Barton, who has not yet vouchsafed an appearance. At length, after an immense deal of shouting for him, that worthy emerges from his carpenter's shop on the border of the ground, and surrounded by an admiring throng of small

boys, rolls down to the scene of action, with a couple of bats of his own manufacture, carried Robinson Crusoe fashion, on each shoulder. The game commences amid the breathless excitement of the Little Barton side, who have been sedulously drilled for the last few weeks into the positions and duties to be occupied by them in the field, Longstop especially, having been cautioned about the "byes." Presently the Norton batsman lets drive at a delicious "off ball," but merely touches it with the edge of his bat, and sends it just over short slip's head, within a few yards of Longstop, past whom it rolls for three runs without any attempt on his part to stop it. "Muve Jem! why don't you muve?" is shouted at unlucky Longstop, from all parts of the field; but only brings forth the indignant protest, "Talk of *me* moving; why it were a *hit*!" Enlivened with sundry similar little episodes, the game proceeds with all the glorious uncertainty of Cricket, and terminates at a late hour of the evening. Of course the losing side are disappointed, but still it has been a thoroughly good English day's pleasure, and both winners and losers part good friends. "*A very harmonious game*," said a country Umpire to a friend of mine, after one of these rustic encounters. "Yes" replied my friend, "very much so." "*Harmonious*, pleasant, good feeling on both sides," urged the Umpire. "Certainly," acquiesced my friend, "and I hope we shall soon meet again." "Well," said the Umpire, "that's just it, I didn't wish to disturb the harmony of the game, but you've been bowling a foot over the crease all day. I'm glad I didn't 'no-ball' you. It's been such a *very harmonious game*!"

J. F. B.





## CHIDHER.

*(From the German.)*

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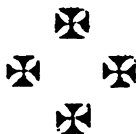
THUS spake the ever young Chidher :—  
I passed a town as I rode along,  
A man plucked fruit in a garden fair,  
And I asked, "how old is the town so strong?"  
"The town" said he, and he plucked again,  
"The town stands here, 'tis very plain,  
As ever it did, and will remain."  
When half a thousand years had died,  
The self-same way I chanced to ride—

No town found I, but a lonely mead !  
And flocks were scattered far and near,  
A single shepherd tuned his reed,  
And I asked, "how long have they pastured here?"  
He said, and turned again to play,  
"The young leaves grow where the old decay ;  
This is my pasture-land for aye."  
When half a thousand years had died,  
The self-same way I chanced to ride—

I found the seething ocean strand ;  
A boatman cast his meshes near,  
And as he drew them full to land  
I asked, "when came the waters here?"  
He said, and laughed the thought away,  
"Since first the Ocean dashed his spray,  
Our boats have anchored in this bay."  
When half a thousand years had died,  
The self-same way I chanced to ride—

I found a forest greenly dressed ;  
A woodman felled a lordly tree,  
And, as the echoes sank to rest,  
I asked "how old that wood might be?"  
He said "for ever hath it stood,  
A holy refuge, firm and good,  
My chosen home of solitude."  
When half a thousand years had died,  
The self-same way I chanced to ride—

I found a market town; and loud  
Arose the hum of industry.  
I asked them "whence that busy crowd?  
And where the forest and the sea?"  
An answer came above the roar:  
"So had it ever been before,  
And so would be for evermore."  
And as the time again is gliding,  
Perchance that way I'll go a-riding.





## A GHOST STORY.

(Continued from page 273.)

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SNORING soundly in bed, with his night cap well pulled over his ears, my uncle *ought* to have been found at one o'clock in the morning. But we found him in a very different state from this. He was lying on the floor apparently lifeless, and when we brought a light nearer to him, we saw that blood was flowing from a wound in his head. Tartar was lying stretched over his master's body, alive, but alas!

“Quantum mutatus ab illo  
Tartare”

whom we had seen a few hours before so full of animal life and courage. He was shivering and shaking all over, and at intervals he howled and whined in a most melancholy fashion. Nevertheless the faithful creature was keeping guard over his master's body, and at times licked the lifeless hand that could no longer answer the dumb creature's affection. As I said before, I shall never forget the scene as long as I live. The servants gently lifted the General on to his bed, and even then I could not help admiring the calm and resolute expression of his face, and had I not seen the dark stream of blood trickling slowly down from his iron grey locks, I could have fancied he was only enjoying the deep and placid sleep denied to the sons of luxury; and which none but soldiers and the sons of toil ever know; or, if I may quote the eloquent words of an Aquiline Bard, that sleep

“Peculiar to oars, and overworked Omnibus 'osses.”

It seemed hard that a man who had escaped the dangers of war, famine, and disease in foreign lands should be thus



struck down by a cowardly assassin in an hour of seeming peace and security. But I rejoice to say that my uncle, though severely wounded, was not dead : in fact the surgeon (who had arrived within a quarter of an hour after the alarm) declared after a few days that the General, thanks to his iron constitution, would probably be as well as ever he had been in the course of a week. And here I must not omit to mention an instance of Agatha Snow's coolness of judgment and presence of mind. While the rest of the family were giving way to expressions of horror and grief, my uncle might have bled to death. My aunt was the first who recovered her senses, and she told one of the servants at once to fetch a doctor. But before the servant had gone, to our great relief, our own medical man made his appearance. We afterwards discovered that on the first alarm Agatha had of her own accord rushed off for him, and insisted on his coming with her immediately. But in accordance with her retiring and reserved character she never made mention of this fact to any of us, and it was not till after some days had passed that we knew to whom we were indebted for the doctor's opportune arrival, and even then Agatha seemed distressed by our expressions of gratitude, and positively refused to accept the handsome present which General Mackenzie wished to give her. Nevertheless she was unremitting in her attentions to him, and volunteered to sit up with him at night as nurse, a duty which none of the other servants and no professional nurse could be found to undertake. For, of course, the whole affair had been noised abroad, and a legal inquiry had taken place, which had however thrown no light on the mysterious event. As my uncle still lay in the ghost-room, it was not probable that we should find many nurses willing to sit up with him through the night, and as my aunt insisted on sitting up with her brother all night till he could be removed into another room, Agatha and I contented ourselves with being as useful as we could during the day.

In a few days my uncle was removed to another room, and recovered sufficiently to be able to give us the following account of what had befallen him :

"On the night of the 25th, when I wished you all 'good night,' I little thought what a night of it I should have. I did not trouble myself about your ghostly friend, and though I put my pistols within easy reach, I laughed at myself for doing so, and thought I had been a great fool when I took the trouble of loading them before dinner. I now

regret that I did not examine them to see whether they were properly loaded as I had left them a few hours before. Tartar, who as you know has been carefully trained never to jump on my bed, soon made himself at home on the floor before the fire, and I, following his example, fell asleep as fast as I was able. I could not have been asleep for more than an hour when Tartar awoke me by jumping on to the bed. This being a decided breach of discipline, I reprimanded him, and ordered him to jump down: but the animal did not seem at all inclined to obey: he kept whining and shivering most piteously. However, I neither saw nor heard anything that could have alarmed him, so I forcibly ejected him, and again fell asleep. Again Tartar awoke me by jumping on to me: he was trembling violently, and this time positively refused to be moved from the bed. Determined to see what was the cause of his fear, I sat up in bed: I then saw a figure standing by the fire, I immediately seized my pistols, and as the figure did not move, I politely asked to whom I was indebted for the honour of a nocturnal visit. The figure at once turned round toward me, and I saw a tall dark man who seemed to have lost his right arm. But what struck me most was a frightful gash extending across his throat, nearly from one ear to the other: in fact, in all respects he corresponded to the description given me by Hester of the apparition which had frightened her, and which, you remember, I laughed at as the result of a romantic imagination, or an indulgence in hot suppers. However I had smelt gunpowder too often to be afraid of a ghost, and I repeated my question politely but firmly: upon which my friend became very fierce, and, as far as I can remember, told me he was the ghost of my late brother-in-law, and uttered fearful imprecations upon me for having intruded upon his privacy, and at the same time advanced towards me in a threatening manner. I must admit that though I have seen the human countenance distorted by every sort of evil passion, I never yet saw so diabolical an expression as that of his ghost-ship. In fact he looked so bent upon doing me a mischief, that I covered him with my pistol as he advanced, and warned him, that if he came a step further I should fire. His only answer was a hollow laugh, and an assurance that no earthly weapon could have any effect upon him. I then fired, and feel confident that, had my pistol been loaded properly, the ball must have killed or wounded him. You may judge how great was my horror when the figure merely laughed scornfully, and addressed me thus:

" 'This time I leave you : but venture to sleep another night in this room, and you will pay the penalty for it with your life.'

" Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I fired my second pistol, but it evidently had as little effect as my first, for the creature merely scowled at me fiercely and saying, ' Remember my words,' turned as if to leave the room. But I was not to be settled so easily as this by a fellow who had only one arm : so I sprang out of bed, and rushed upon him. The fellow faced me at once, and as I was closing with him struck me a terrific blow with some concealed weapon, shewing me at the same time that though his right sleeve was empty, he had a right arm to use, and an uncommonly strong one, for after I received the blow I can remember nothing till I found myself in bed with all of you around me. However, though I certainly got the worst of it, I think I have cleared up one or two points. This villain is no more a ghost than I am. He appears with only one arm in order to personate my brother-in-law ; and he got into my room between dinner-time and bed-time, and drew the balls from my pistols. But as soon as I am well, I will try my luck with him again, and take good care this time that my pistols have something better than powder in them."

As I have already stated, a legal enquiry had been set on foot, and notwithstanding the apparent simplicity of the case, every effort to solve the mystery had been baffled ; and many people believed that my uncle had been visited by a *bonâ fide* ghost of his brother-in-law. To this belief all the servants inclined, while my aunt and uncle believed that the whole affair could be explained by natural causes, and suspected that some of the servants were possibly concerned in the matter. I for my part had never quite got rid of my old suspicions about Agatha Snow, and I was in consequence not a little disturbed when I found that my aunt had determined to dismiss every servant in the house, *except* Agatha, in whose fidelity she seemed to have a belief that amounted to infatuation. It was fated however that we should get rid of Agatha sooner than we had expected. I was seated one morning with Agatha by my uncle's bedside, she reading the Newspaper to herself while I was working, when suddenly I heard a piercing shriek, and saw Agatha fall back senseless ; I rushed to her and when she came to herself, we carried her off to her bed-room, though she insisted there was nothing the matter with her. The newspaper had fallen on to the floor, and I now picked it up,

determined to find out what had so violently affected her. The Paper did not seem to contain much news, or at least news that could have interested Agatha much: there was a description of Napoleon's Italian Campaign; the arrest in Rotterdam of a gang of English Coiners; and lastly an article on the mysterious adventure of General Mackenzie, the writer of which article found fault with the magistrates for not having subjected all our servants to a more searching examination.

Next morning to our great surprise Agatha Snow had disappeared, having left most of her property in the house. After a few days a distant relative of hers, living in Rotterdam, called and presented a note from Agatha Snow, in which she said that private affairs had rendered it necessary for her to leave us without any notice, that her property and all wages due to her were to be entrusted to her relative, and that we need not trouble ourselves to make enquiries for her as she was quite well and happy. Thus we lost our charming Lady's Maid. I cannot say that I regretted her much, though my aunt seemed to feel her loss deeply. Meanwhile General Mackenzie was quite well and strong again, and the first thing he did on his recovery was to return to the ghost-room. But no ghost disturbed his night's rest, nor ever afterwards was anything uncanny known to intrude in the room. After the General's departure my aunt made the room her own, and continued to sleep in it as long as I lived with her, without the slightest interruption from the one-arm'd spectre of her late husband.

Ten years had passed and nothing more had been heard of the ghost; new scenes and new ties had almost banished the remembrance of the whole mystery from my mind; still I could not help thinking about it sometimes, and hoping that the truth might yet be brought to the light; and as I started with my husband for a Continental Tour, in which we hoped to stay some weeks with my aunt at Rotterdam, I could not help expressing to him that I felt a presentiment that before our return some clue to the mystery would be found. But alas! after staying a month in Rotterdam, and investigating the case, as far as we could, we were as far off from the truth as ever, though I must admit that I became acquainted with several facts in the former life of my uncle and aunt, which before had been kept secret from me, or only mysteriously hinted at. These facts it is not now necessary for me to relate, for though they accounted for much that I had previously thought peculiar in my aunt's conduct, they did

not seem to have much connection with the solution of the ghost story, on the supposition that the assailant of General Mackenzie was no ghost, but an utter impostor. I left Rotterdam much vexed by my failure; but, as it turned out, chance led me to the information which all my efforts had been unable to obtain. After spending the winter in Italy we returned home through Switzerland. We intended to stay for a month at Lucerne after the fatigues of the St. Gothard Pass. A crowd was waiting the arrival of our steamer at Lucerne, and as I landed I thought I recognized a face amid the people who thronged around us. I saw a pale face, which still retained evident traces of beauty, looking at me with a fixed gaze. But directly our eyes met, the face disappeared and I could nowhere see it again, though owing to a certain indefinable impression made upon me by the look which I encountered, I was extremely anxious to keep the face in sight. I fancied however as we walked slowly to our hotel that I caught occasional glimpses of a woman following us, and I was confirmed in this suspicion when I observed that as we walked up the steps of our hotel the woman suddenly stopped, and retraced her steps as fast as she could. That evening a note was brought me by the waiter, who said it had been left by a boy for Miss Hester—. Tearing open the envelope, I found a few words written in evident haste on a scrap of paper. The writer, as I have stated, had addressed me by my maiden name, thus showing that he or she knew something of my early life. The note itself implored me to meet the writer that night at 12 o'clock on the second covered bridge (which, if I remember right bears the name of "Mühlenbrücke"), and assured me that, if I would do this, I should hear the whole history of some mysterious events which had happened during my early life at Rotterdam. The writer added that, unless I came alone I should receive no information. My mind was soon made up. I shewed the letter to my husband, telling him that we had at last arrived at the object of our desires: that I felt sure the woman who had followed me from the steamer was the writer of the letter, and that I suspected her to be no one else than the once beautiful Agatha Snow. At first my husband would not hear of my meeting this unknown writer—but what good and true wife ever failed to persuade her husband that her judgement was vastly superior to his? He of course yielded after a little opposition, but stipulated that he should walk with me to the bridge and wait near to it, so as to be able to assist me at once in case of danger.

As the hour of midnight came on, I confess I began to feel a little nervous as to the result of my expedition, for the night was threatening, and the moon was at times hidden, and at times drifted angrily through a cloudy sky. The old Cathedral clock struck twelve as I stepped on to the bridge, and at the same time the moon was hidden by a long black cloud. It is not a cheerful bridge in broad daylight, with its dark corners, and its ghastly roof-paintings of the "Dance of Death," but then it seemed more than usually dismal: for, below, the dark Reuss was almost invisible, as it went gliding swiftly and silently along, except where it fumed and fretted against the timbers of the old bridge; while the wind was howling in a dismal and discontented manner, as if it had conspired with the water to destroy the 'Mühlenbrücke,' and was made sulky by its failure. As the last vibration of the clock died away I stood in the middle of the bridge, and became conscious that there was a figure by my side, though whether it was a man or woman I could not determine because of the darkness. But I was not long in doubt.

"Do I speak to Miss Hester —?" I heard some one say in a voice which, though scarcely familiar to me, I thought I had heard before.

"I once was Miss Hester"—"I replied, "but my name is now changed. What information have you to give me?"

"Come here, out of the wind," the voice replied, "where we can hear one another more easily."

I felt my arm touched gently, and at the same moment the clouds broke and the moon burst forth in all her glory, and I saw before me the figure of a tall dark man: and fear, like unto the fear which I had felt long years ago in the haunted room, fell upon me.

*(To be continued.)*





## THE LADY MARGARET 5TH BOAT, MAY 1863.

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EIGHT B.A.'s stout from town came out M.A. degrees to take,  
And made a vow from stroke to bow a bump or two to make.  
Weary were they and jaded with the din of London town,  
And they felt a tender longing for their long-lost Cap and Gown.  
So they sought the old Loganus: well pleased I trow was he,  
The manly forms he knew so well once more again to see:  
And they cried—"O old Loganus, can'st thou find us e'er  
a boat,

In which our heavy carcasses may o'er the waters float?"  
Then laughed aloud Loganus—a bitter jest lov'd he—  
And he cried "Such heavy mariners I ne'er before did see;  
I have a fast commodious barge, drawn by a well-fed steed,  
'Twill scarcely bear your weight I fear: for never have I see'd  
Eight men so stout wish to go out a rowing in a 'height.'  
Why, Gentlemen, a man of war would sink beneath your weight."  
Thus spake the old Loganus, and he laughèd long and loud,  
And when the eight men heard his words, they stood abashed  
and cowed;

For they knew not that he loved them, and that, sharply tho'  
he spoke,

The old man loved them kindly, tho' he also loved his joke:  
For Loganus is a Trojan, and tho' hoary be his head,  
He loveth Margareta, and the ancient Johnian red.  
So he brought them out an eight-oar'd tub, and oars both light  
and strong,

And bade them be courageous, and row their ship along.  
Then in jumped Casa Minor, the Captain of our crew,  
And the gallant son of Fergus in a 'blazer' bright and new:  
And Θωμᾶς ὁ Κυλινδων full proudly grasped his oar,  
And 'Ιάσων ὁ Χαλκουργός, who weighs enough for "four;"  
For if Jason and Medea had sailed with him for cargo,  
To the bottom of the Euxine would have sunk the good ship Argo.  
Then Pallidulus Bargeus, the mightiest of our crew,  
Than whom no better oarsman e'er wore the Cambridge blue.

And at number six sat Peter, whom Putney's waters know ;  
Number seven was young Josephus, the ever-sleepless Joe :  
Number eight was John Piscator, at his oar a wondrous dab,  
Who, tho' all his life a fisher, yet has never caught a crab :  
Last of all the martial Modius, having laid his good sword by,  
Seized the rudder-strings, and uttered an invigorating cry :  
"Are you ready all? Row Two, a stroke! Eyes front, and  
sit at ease!

Quick March! I meant to say, Row on! and mind the time  
all, please."

Then sped the gallant vessel, like an arrow from a bow ;  
And the men stood wond'ring on the banks, to see the "Old-  
'uns" row ;

And Father Camus raised his head, and smiled upon the crew,  
For their swing, and time, and feather, and their forms, full  
well he knew.

They rowed past Barnwell's silvery pool, past Charon's gloomy  
bark,

And nearly came to grief beneath the Railway rafters dark :  
But down the willow-fringed Long Reach so fearful was their pace,  
That joyous was each Johnian, and pale each foeman's face.

They rowed round Ditton corner, and past the pleasant Plough,  
Nor listened to the wild appeal for beer that came from bow :

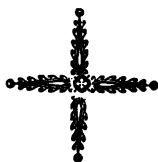
They rounded Grassy Corner, and its fairy forms divine,  
But from the boat there wandered not an eye of all the nine :

They rowed round First-Post Corner, the Little Bridge they  
passed ;

And calmly took their station two places from the last.

Off went the gun! with one accord the sluggish Cam they smote,  
And were bumped in fifty seconds by the Second Jesus Boat.

TURGIDUS DEMEX.







## TWO PICTURES.

(*"Home," and "The Silver Cord Loosed."*)\*

THAT the same hand should have given us "The Pursuit of Pleasure," "Hesperus," "Home," and "In Memoriam," will not appear strange to those who love to watch the ripening of an artist's mind, and see the subjects of his paintings, or his poems, ever deepening in human interest, howsoever graceful and fantastic were his earlier dreams. J. Noel Paton, whose "Oberon and Titania" secured popular favour at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, 1851, and whose "Pursuit of Pleasure" was in later years an object of attraction to many thousand spectators, touched the heart of the nation when he painted "Home,—the Soldier's return." The yearning tenderness and grace of "Hesperus" leads us into a different world of thought, and appeals to a smaller circle of sympathy than the broad human interest of the "Soldier's Return from the War." Too many were wrung with agony for the sufferings of beloved relatives, wounded and slain in the Russian campaign, to allow this noble picture to be received with indifference. Even in times of continued peace it would have spoken to all by its simple earnestness, but it was doubly impressive when it harmonised with recent recollections. The "In Memoriam"—an episode in the Sepoy insurrection, although impressive and admirable as a work of art, was less suited to be a favourite, from the painful nature of the subject.

"Home," also, tells the story of bygone danger and present joy. In its quiet tenderness and pathos it is austere true to nature. It is a cottage interior, glowing in the fire-light, and again evening. Newly returned, a wounded soldier is seated once more at his own hearth, wearied and faint with past suffering, and encircled by the arms of his young wife, who kneels before him, pressing her cheek

\* A note on page 315.

against his breast. Pale, and with closed eyes she leans there silently, the tear stealing down her face, her lips parted, almost swooning from excess of joy and grief,—joy that he is saved, mingling with the agony of knowing him to be thus mutilated and feeble. His aged mother bends over him, hiding her face on his shoulder. The baby in its cradle sleeps unconscious of what passes; a solemn calm reigns throughout. In mournful tenderness the soldier enfolds his wife with his only arm. Thin and pallid, although bronzed by a foreign sun, his face tells of sufferings; languor and gentleness are visible, yet the brow records courage and indomitable energy into the past. How often and how longingly, by the watchfire in the trenches, on his pallet in the hospital, and on the voyage home, has he yearned for this moment. His garments are tattered and dusty: his shoes shattered with long marches; the armless sleeve of his coat, fastened to the breast that is decorated with medals; the Russian helmet, brought as a trophy to please her who welcomes him; all these assist to tell the story of his journey home, and of hastening before recovery of strength to seek the mother and the wife who long have prayed for him, and to gaze on the infant that has seen the light since he had left them for the war.

By innumerable touches, graceful and unobtrusive, we are admitted to knowledge of what quiet life was led by that soldier's family while he was far away. We see this in the simple neatness of their attire, in the cleanliness and order of the cottage furniture, the snow-white hangings of the bed, the clock ticking monotonously, the open Bible with the aged woman's spectacles, as she had hastily laid them down, when his long-absent tread was heard at the door; the fishing-rod and violin near the old cabinet, revealing days of early comfort; the little needle-box filled with all his letters from abroad, treasured and often re-perused, till every word has been learnt by heart; the sewing-work hurriedly flung aside, the infant in its sweet healthy sleep, unmindful of past anxiety and present rapture. The cheerful blaze of firelight is on the wearied man, as if in welcome; and the distant church among the trees—seen through the window, where blooms the solitary flower which he planted long, long ago,—is now silvered by the evening twilight, that falls like a benediction on the *Soldier's Home*.

Such a picture, fitted to adorn all dwellings, aids to sanctify our daily work. What is before our eyes in the hours of leisure and meditation, of social kindness and of family

affection, should be worthy of our best regard. This painting of "Home," and the masterly engraving from it also, is nearly as perfect in execution as it is lovely in conception. There is a holiness in its tender beauty. With the exception of one early picture, of the Saviour bearing the Cross, J. Noel Paton has abstained from that most difficult walk of art, in which so few modern Painters escape failure—the illustration of Scripture. Irreverence too often prompts to these rash attempts.

But whatever he selects for subject, the work bears indication of a pure and aspiring nature: whether the gambols of the fairies who haunt the moonlit glade, the meeting of lovers, the mingling of chivalric daring and impassioned affection, or the anguish and religious faith of our own day. In daintiest imagery of works that held a tendency to allegory, with most minute attention to details, on which he conscientiously bestowed his patient labour, he never failed to shew true poetic nature. Ideal art has found in him an unflagging son of toil. His industry has been remarkable, and few men have united so many rich qualities of genius. A cold and repelling style of colouring was one of his few defects, but he has almost conquered this crudeness by incessant study and practice. Even now, however, there is too little resemblance to flesh in some of his figures, which have, at times, the pallor of wax and the hardness of ivory. He has attained peculiar impressiveness with the deathly aspect of the dying or the dead, or of those labouring under intense emotion. His tendency towards the lurid and evanescent hues of twilight, seems to have assisted in fastening on his works an occasional ghastliness. In his drawing he is almost faultless, to the minutest detail of anatomy, costume and ornament, whilst the natural beauty of the forest, and the brake or field, he has portrayed with graceful fidelity. Already he has shewn a worthy commencement of an artist's career, a poet's life so far as aim and work can make it, and we cherish the thought that all his successes in the past, are little compared to what he may yet achieve in his new field of usefulness.

"Love has he found in huts where poor men lie,  
His daily teachers have been woods and rills;  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Yet the cheerfulness of spirit that pervaded his earlier pictures, has been of late years toned into something more sad and mournful. To his eyes which see beauty every-

where, is revealed much of the anguish and desponding gloom which underlie all the sunshine and many-featured time. Surely there have been many hours of melancholy musing in that busy life of his, whilst labouring to record the beauty, and he could not help recording, half unconsciously, the sadness also. He has learnt to understand that mournful declaration of the material world being made subject to vanity, and in the reiterated failures of fulfilment, the promises made by leaf and blossom, that meet blight and rottenness before maturity,\* has been compelled to read the same law which is forced on our attention in crowded city or in dusty chronicles of bygone time. No wonder is it that the messages he hears are not unfrequently of late the mournful echoes of the preacher that "all is vanity," and that like the strange and richly-gifted daughter of the Yorkshire moors, Emily Brontë, he has thought with calmness on

"The long war closing in defeat,  
Defeat serenely borne:  
Thy midnight rest may still be sweet,  
And break in glorious morn."

Let us remember the sublime beauty of what Dean Milman says:—"The less of this cold earth, the more of heaven." In the hour of sorrow and of humiliation, it may also be that the soul perceives life is merely a probation and a burden which it must soon lay down. It recognises death to be the last of earthly blessings, the last of friendly messengers that are bestowed on man. Not with the hysterical outcry of impatience, but with holy calm, are we intended to regard our removal.

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\* This subject is discussed with noble impressiveness by Bishop Ellicott, in one of his least known, but most spirit-stirring works: "The Destiny of the Creature." He observes regarding "the peculiar amplitude of the term 'vanity.' It is not said that the creation was subject to death or corruption, though both lie involved in the expression, but to something more frightfully generic, to something almost worse than non-existence,—to purposelessness, to an inability to realise its natural tendencies and the ends for which it was called into being, to a baffled endeavour and mocked expectation, to a blossoming and not bearing fruit, a pursuing and not attaining, yea, and as the analogies of the language of the original (Romans viii. 21, 22,) significantly imply,—to a searching and never finding."

See also Dean Trench's recent University Sermons: "The Creature Subject to Vanity."

These thoughts press on us in quiet hours and do much to mould our lives, so that we walk more humbly yet more unflinching, than of old. Seldom absent from our mind is a remembrance of some one whom the earth holds no longer, and the solemn tones of that sublime requiem, the Dead March in Saul, linger on our ear. And of all the pictures that we have seen and loved, scarcely any has a firmer hold upon us than that one, by Joseph Noel Paton, which we first saw in the possession of a dearly valued friend (the late Edward Plint of Leeds), a picture without name, except that of "the Dead Lady." It bore, instead of title, a quotation from Isaiah, lx. 19,—“The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.”

The same picture, now being engraved, bears a title from Ecclesiastes, “The Silver Cord Loosed.” This solemnly impressive work is, to our mind, one of Noel Paton’s best. In intensity of tragic grandeur he has never risen so high elsewhere. He had been overmastered, lifted out of the mere conventionalities of art, by awe and anguish of personal sorrow, when he painted this. To some it may appear almost too real in its exhibition of death, although nothing repulsive or horrible is shewn. Doubtless, it was the depth and force of anguish, which was in the painter’s own heart at the time, soon after the death of his mother, gave this strange fascination of sincerity to his work. Yet how truly has the etherealising influence of true art been manifested, by transfiguring the actual into what we see, instead of insulting the dead by literality of representment. He has felt the force of that warning which is spoken to every genuine poet, lest he bare too much of private grief to the public gaze:—

“Be wise! not easily forgiven  
Are those who setting wide the doors that bar  
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,  
Let in the day.”

(*Tennyson.*)

The picture shews two figures, a young man encircling with his arms a Dead Lady. In his desolate grief he lingers, whilst the darkness gathers round them. In silent agony he clasps her who has been to him dearer than all the world. Nay, not her he clasps, but that which is left behind by her; for all the life and light, the smiles and loving tenderness

and patience, which had made her known to him, have now passed away, except from memory. The dead lady is sketched on her bier-like couch, her beautiful face seen as a darkened profile against the evening sky; her eyes are half closed, her lips parted, the whole figure lying composed in the sleep of death. The mountains in the distance are coldly purple; long bars of cloud are across the heavens; the sun has set, and one pale star shines sadly,—seen through the Moorish arch which over-canopies the whole. In front of all sits the mourner; his face, hidden from us, pillowed on the bosom which is cold to him for evermore. His cloak partially conceals his figure, and its heavy drooping folds increase the effect of that breathless awe which pervades the picture. For nothing stirs, nothing has stirred or changed except the deepening of shadows around and within, and only slowly, silently, will the light return; the dawn of morning to the sky, the dawn of hope to the heart, as that glorious symbolising of the soul's resurrection is beheld, and the sun which shines upon the just and on the unjust leads the stricken heart to put its trust in Him who is the Sun of Righteousness.

Sitting here, at this study-window, I see the picture vividly before me. And perhaps to each of us who have seen and loved that work of our Scottish artist, the remembrance of some one Dead Lady, already laid to rest and seemingly forgotten by many who had loved her of old, may be often present, and yielding a strange enhancement to the charm that we acknowledge to have found in "The Silver Cord Loosed."

J. W. E.





## OUR CHRONICLE.

*May Term, 1863.*

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THE present number concludes the third volume of "*The Eagle*." For six years the aspiring bird of St. John's has winged its flight above the region of mathematics and classics, and done its best to draw more closely into cheerful fellowship of literary tastes the graduates and undergraduates of our well-beloved College. The success of the magazine has been beyond dispute, and we venture to hope for an increase of strength and popularity with each following term. The large number of our subscribers continues to be gratifying, and by the exertion of our friends might easily be increased: indeed, we scarcely think it right that any member of the College should fail to be a supporter of "*The Eagle*." Our present readers might do effectual services by employing their influence, at the commencement of the October Term, in bringing the magazine fairly under the notice of the fresh recruits who arrive to fill each vacated place in hall, chapel, lecture-room, cricket-ground, boating-shed, and Senate-house. We have also to remind our friends that they ought not to desert "*The Eagle*" when they themselves quit College. We furnish opportunities for the communication of intelligence between resident and non-resident members, between those who are still working onward towards B.A., and those who have already commenced their labours in the busy world outside.

Already we have published papers from "Our Emigrant" in New Zealand, from Madeira, and from India; and are expecting other valuable contributions from diverse parts of the world, where Johnians fail not to flourish. Yet we feel that it is necessary once more to remind our well-wishers that not only their subscription but also, when possible, their writings, would be thankfully received. We are certain that there are now many able men among our readers who ought to contribute some of those thoughts and experiences which

might hereafter prove useful for the guidance of others. Our Editorial staff is annually changing, but there is no reason why our friends should cease to favour us with their assistance as contributors when they cease to be in residence; for wherever Rowland Hill has power, and the Queen's portrait ornaments the corner of the packet, the winged thoughts may travel to Aquila, and Aquila may fly back with a joyful pæan of gratitude to each loyal son of St. John's.

And with this respectful suggestion we bid farewell to our friends, dispersing for the Long Vacation. We wish them a happy rest from labours and a blithe reunion, with renewed strength and hopefulness, when Autumn brings the caps and gowns once more into requisition, and the Lady Margaret crews assemble to recount experiences of travel, and speculate on the chances of gaining the Head of the River. May they, with vigorous bumps, with steady grind, and genial thoughts, win further honour for their College; on the Cam, and in the Class Lists, and—last, not least—in the pages of "*The Eagle*."

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The Commemoration Sermon was preached this year by the Rev. the Master.

The Rev. R. B. Mayor, B.D., Senior Fellow of the College, has been presented by the Master and Seniors to the living of Frating-cum-Thorington, in the County of Essex.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the Porson Prize has been adjudged for the third time to Mr. H. W. Moss, of this College, and that the same gentleman has gained the Browne Medal for a Greek Ode.

The Rev. G. N. Hedges, B.A., has been elected a Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar of the First Class.

Messrs. C. Taylor, B.A., and A. F. Torry, B.A., obtained a First Class in the Voluntary Theological Examination with marks of distinction for Hebrew.

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The following gentlemen were elected Minor Scholars and Exhibitioners of this College, on Friday, April 24:—

Mr. Sandys from Repton School, and Mr. Humphreys from King's College, London, to Minor Scholarships of £70 per annum.

Mr. Brogden from Shrewsbury School, and Mr. Chaplin from the City of London School, to Open Exhibitions of £50, tenable for three years.

Mr. Evans, from Merchant Taylors' School, and Mr. Boden from Rossall School, to Open Exhibitions of £40, tenable for four years.



Mr. Gwatkin from Shrewsbury School, and Mr. Blunn from Oundle School, to Minor Scholarships of £50 per annum.

Mr. Beaumont from Highgate school, Mr. Chumley from Lancaster school, and Mr. Souper from Bradford College, to Open Exhibitions of £50, tenable as Minor Scholarships.

Mr. Frith from Sedbergh school, to an Open Exhibition of £30 per annum, tenable for four years.

Mr. Carpmael from Clapham school to an Open Exhibition of £20 per annum, tenable for three years.

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The following are the names of those who were placed in the First Class in the College Voluntary Classical Examination, at the beginning of this term :

Beebee  
Lee Warner  
Moss

Terry  
Wiseman

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The May Flower-Show was held this year in the grounds of our own College. The day was chilly but dry, and the numerous assemblage evidently was gratified at the completeness of the entertainment.

The Procession of Boats came off in King's on Saturday, May 25, and was more than usually successful.

At the University Subscription Concert, May 27th, Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, No. 4, Weber's Overture to "Oberon", Mendelssohn's Overture to "the Isles of Fingal," and the Barcarole from Professor Bennett's 4th Concerto, Op. 19, were excellently performed by the Orchestra. Madame Alboni and Mr. Weiss gave great satisfaction; although some disappointment was felt at the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, whom illness prevented from attending.

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The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, elected this term, are :

*President*, E. W. Bowling  
*Treasurer*, E. K. Clay  
*Secretary*, S. W. Cope  
*First Captain*, W. W. Hawkins  
*Second Captain*, W. Mills  
*Third Captain*, G. W. Hill  
*Fourth Captain*, F. Young  
*Fifth Captain*, R. C. Farmer  
*Sixth Captain*, W. J. Stobart

*First Boat.*

- 1 W. Mills
  - 2 H. Watney
  - 3 M. H. L. Beebee
  - 4 C. H. La Mothe
  - 5 M. H. Marsden
  - 6 W. W. Hawkins
  - 7 A. Cust
- C. C. Scholefield (*st.*)  
R. C. Farmer (*cox.*)

*Second Boat.*

- 1 E. K. Clay
  - 2 F. Young
  - 3 C. Yeld
  - 4 H. Newton
  - 5 S. W. Cope
  - 6 A. Langdon
  - 7 W. F. Meres
- G. W. Hill (*st.*)  
R. G. Hurle (*cox.*)

*Third Boat.*

- 1 S. Burgess
  - 2 A. D. Clarke
  - 3 H. Bowsell
  - 4 F. C. Wace
  - 5 T. Knowles
  - 6 H. Allott
  - 7 S. B. Barlow
- D. Jones (*st.*)  
M. H. Quayle (*cox.*)

*Fourth Boat.*

- 1 R. Levett
  - 2 H. G. Hart
  - 3 W. Covington
  - 4 A. Marshall
  - 5 J. B. Haslam
  - 6 K. Wilson
  - 7 W. P. Hiern
- C. Taylor (*st.*)  
R. H. Dockray (*cox.*)

*Fifth Boat.*

- 1 W. Boycott
  - 2 R. S. Ferguson
  - 3 E. W. Bowling
  - 4 J. Smith
  - 5 S. H. Paley
  - 6 P. F. Gorst
  - 7 T. H. Secker
- T. Fisher (*st.*)  
W. D. Bushell (*cox.*)

*Sixth Boat.*

- 1 R. S. Stephen
  - 2 W. J. Stobart
  - 3 E. B. I'Anson
  - 4 F. E. Hilleary
  - 5 J. J. Cartwright
  - 6 T. Roach
  - 7 C. E. Graves
- R. C. Farmer (*st.*)  
J. T. Watson (*cox.*)

On Saturday, May 23rd, the University Volunteers were inspected by Colonel M'Murdo, who spoke of their appearance and proficiency in terms of warm commendation. On Whit Monday the University Corps took part in a review on Stourbridge Common, in company with several bodies of Volunteers from the neighbouring districts.

On Monday, June 8th, the Battalion will be reviewed at Oxford, with the Oxford University Corps, by Colonel Mc Murdo. A good muster is expected, about three hundred men having signified their intention of being present.

The Johnian Challenge Cup was shot for on Thursday, May 26th, and was carried off by Private J. O. Barnes.

The same gentleman won the Officers' Pewter for this Term.

We regret to say that our Company will lose the services of Ensign Marsden, who resigns his commission after this Term.

The annual match for the small silver Cup, between the three winners for the year of the Challenge Cup, took place on Friday, June 5th. Corporal Guinness (the winner in the Lent Term) did not appear, and the contest therefore lay between Captain Bushell and Private Barnes; the former gentleman was victorious.

---

In the contest for the Newbery Challenge Racquet Cup this Term, Mr. A. Smallpeice defeated Mr. T. H. Secker, and played the concluding match with Mr. Bowling. Mr. Bowling proved the victor.

---

The Officers of the St. John's College Cricket Club for this year are :

*President*, Rev. A. Calvert

*First Captain*, A. Smallpeice

*Treasurer*, O. L. Clare

*Secretary*, T. Knowles

*Second Captain*, W. J. E. Percy

The First Eleven have played five matches this term: April 28th, against Christ's, which was won by St. John's in one innings by 88 runs. Score:—St. John's 231. Christ's, 1st innings 49, 2nd innings 93.

May 25th against Trinity (barring University Eleven men), and was won by St. John's by 55 runs on the 1st innings. Score:—Trinity, 1st innings 76, 2nd innings 198 with 6 wickets down, St. John's 131.

May 22nd, against King's, and was won by St. John's by 103 runs on the 1st innings. Score:—King's, 1st innings 47, 2nd innings 193 with 3 wickets down, St. John's 150.

May 27th, against Jesus. This was won by Jesus by 17 runs on the 1st innings. Score:—Jesus, 1st innings 100, 2nd innings 124 with 9 wickets down, St. John's 83.

May 28th, against Caius, which was won by Caius by 26 runs on the 1st innings. Score:—Caius, 1st innings 160, 2nd innings 113, St. John's, 1st innings 134, 2nd innings 49 with 1 wicket down.

The Second Eleven have played two Matches :

April 16th, against the 2nd eleven of Caius, won by St. John's by 161 runs. Score :—Caius 46, St. John's 207.

May 2nd, against the 2nd eleven of Christ's, won by St. John's in 1 innings by 47 runs. Score :—Christ's, 1st innings 77, 2nd innings 117, St. John's 241.

A Scratch eleven was sent out on May 15th, to Ashley, and were defeated in one innings by a few runs.

The Master and Fellows have announced their intention of putting the cricket ground at the back of the College into playing order. This will doubtless be a great boon to our cricketers, as it is most necessary for the welfare of Cricket anywhere that the ground should be easy of access.

## UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—MAY RACES.

Wednesday, May 13th.

### THIRD DIVISION

40	Caius 3		45	Christ's 3	
41	Corpus 3	}	46	Trinity Hall 4	}
42	Peterhouse 2		47	Pembroke 2	
43	Queens' 2	}	48	Magdalene	}
44	3rd Trinity 3		49	Lady Margaret 6	
			50	Jesus 3	}
			51	Catharine 2	

### SECOND DIVISION.

20	Lady Margaret 3	}	31	Clare	}
21	1st Trinity 4		32	Corpus	
22	Pembroke	}	33	2nd Trinity 3	}
23	Emmanuel		34	1st Trinity 5	
24	Caius	}	35	Trinity Hall 3	}
25	Lady Margaret		36	1st Trinity 6	
26	Catharine	}	37	Emmanuel 3	}
27	King's		38	Lady Margaret 5	
28	Queens'	}	39	Jesus 2	}
29	2nd Trinity 2				
30	Christ's				

## FIRST DIVISION.

1	Trinity Hall	11	Trinity Hall 2	}
2	3rd Trinity	12	Christ's	}
3	1st Trinity	13	Clare	}
4	Lady Margaret	14	Peterhouse	}
5	2nd Trinity	15	3rd Trinity 2	}
6	Emmanuel	16	Magdalene	}
7	Caius	17	Jesus	}
8	Corpus	18	Sidney	}
9	1st Trinity 2	19	1st Trinity 3	}
10	Lady Margaret 2	20	1st Trinity 4	}

Thursday, May 14th.

## THIRD DIVISION.

40	Caius 3	46	Pembroke 2	
41	Peterhouse 2	47	Trinity Hall 4	}
42	Corpus 3	48	Christ's 3	}
43	3rd Trinity 3	49	Lady Margaret 6	}
44	Queens' 2	50	Catharine Hall 2	}
45	Magdalene 2	51	Jesus 3	}

## SECOND DIVISION.

20	1st Trinity 4	30	2nd Trinity 2	}
21	Lady Margaret 3	31	Corpus 2	}
22	Emmanuel 2	32	Clare 2	}
23	Pembroke	33	2nd Trinity 3	}
24	Caius 2	34	Trinity Hall 3	}
25	Catharine Hall	35	1st Trinity 5	}
26	Lady Margaret 4	36	Emmanuel 3	}
27	King's	37	1st Trinity 6	}
28	Queens'	38	Jesus 2	}
29	Christ's 2	39	Lady Margaret 5	}
		40	Caius 3	}

## FIRST DIVISION.

1	Trinity Hall	11	Christ's	
2	3rd Trinity 1	12	Trinity Hall 2	}
3	1st Trinity	13	Peterhouse	}
4	Lady Margaret	14	Clare	}
5	Emmanuel	15	3rd Trinity 2	}
6	2nd Trinity	16	Jesus	}
7	Corpus	17	Magdalene	}
8	Caius	18	1st Trinity 3	}
9	1st Trinity 2	19	Sidney	}
10	Lady Margaret 2	20	1st Trinity 4	}

*Friday, May 15th.*

## THIRD DIVISION.

40 Lady Margaret 5	47 Catherine 2
41 Peterhouse 2 }	48 Lady Margaret 6
42 3rd Trinity 3 }	49 Christ's 3
43 Corpus 3 }	50 Trinity Hall 4 }
44 Magdalene 2 }	51 Jesus 3 }
45 Queens' 2 }	
46 Pembroke 2 }	

## SECOND DIVISION.

20 Sidney }	30 Corpus 2
21 Emmanuel 2 }	31 2nd Trinity 2
22 Lady Margaret 3 }	32 Clare 2 }
23 Pembroke }	33 Trinity Hall 3 }
24 Caius 2 }	34 2nd Trinity 3 }
25 Catharine }	35 Emmanuel 3 }
26 King's }	36 1st Trinity 5 }
27 Lady Margaret 4 }	37 Jesus 2 }
28 Queens' }	38 1st Trinity 6 }
29 Christ's 2 }	39 Caius 3 }

## FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity	11 Christ's
2 Trinity Hall	12 Peterhouse }
3 1st Trinity	13 Trinity Hall 2 }
4 Lady Margaret	14 3rd Trinity 2 }
5 Emmanuel	15 Clare }
6 Corpus	16 Jesus }
7 2nd Trinity }	17 Magdalene
8 1st Trinity 2 }	18 1st Trinity 3
9 Caius }	19 1st Trinity 4 }
10 Lady Margaret 2 }	20 Emmanuel 2 }

*Saturday, May 16th.*

## THIRD DIVISION.

40 Lady Margaret 5 }	46 Queens' 2 }
41 3rd Trinity }	47 Catharine 2 }
42 Peterhouse 2 }	48 Lady Margaret 6
43 Magdalene 2 }	49 Christ's 3 }
44 Corpus 3 }	50 Jesus 3 }
45 Pembroke 2 }	51 Trinity Hall 4

## SECOND DIVISION.

20	1st Trinity 4	31	2nd Trinity 2	
21	Sidney }	32	Trinity Hall 3	
22	Pembroke }	33	Clare 2	
23	Lady Margaret 3 }	34	Emmanuel 3	
24	Caius 2	35	2nd Trinity 3	
25	Catharine }	36	Jesus 2	
26	King's }	37	1st Trinity 5	
27	Queens'	38	Caius 3	
28	Lady Margaret 4 }	39	1st Trinity 6	
29	Christ's 2 }	40	3rd Trinity 3	
30	Corpus 2			

## FIRST DIVISION.

1	3rd Trinity	12	Trinity Hall 2	
2	Trinity Hall	13	Peterhouse }	
3	1st Trinity	14	3rd Trinity 2 }	
4	Lady Margaret	15	Jesus	
5	Emmanuel	16	Clare }	
6	Corpus	17	Magdalene }	
7	1st Trinity 2	18	1st Trinity 3	
8	2nd Trinity }	19	Emmanuel 2	
9	Lady Margaret 2 }	20	1st Trinity 4	
10	Caius }			
11	Christ's }			

*Monday, May 18th.*

## THIRD DIVISION.

40	1st Trinity 6	47	Queens' 2	
41	Lady Margaret 5 }	48	Lady Margaret 6 }	
42	Magdalene 2	49	Jesus 3	
43	Peterhouse 2	50	Christ's 3	
44	Corpus 3	51	Trinity Hall 4	
45	Pembroke 2 }			
46	Catharine Hall 2 }			

SECOND DIVISION.

20	1st Trinity 4 }	31	Trinity Hall 3
21	Pembroke }	32	2nd Trinity 2
22	Sidney }	33	Emmanuel 3
23	Caius 2 }	34	Clare 2 }
24	Lady Margaret }	35	Jesus 2 }
25	King's 3 }	36	2nd Trinity 3
26	Catharine Hall }	37	Caius 3
27	Queens' }	38	1st Trinity 5 }
28	Christ's }	39	3rd Trinity 3 }
29	Lady Margaret 4 }		
30	Corpus 2 }		

FIRST DIVISION.

1	3rd Trinity	11	Caius
2	Trinity Hall	12	Trinity Hall 2 }
3	1st Trinity	13	3rd Trinity 2 }
4	Lady Margaret	14	Peterhouse }
5	Emmanuel	15	Jesus }
6	Corpus	16	Magdalene }
7	1st Trinity 2	17	Clare
8	Lady Margaret 2	18	1st Trinity 3
9	2nd Trinity }	19	Emmanuel 2
10	Christ's }	20	Pembroke

*Tuesday, May 19th.*

FIRST DIVISION.

1	3rd Trinity	11	Trinity Hall 2
2	Trinity Hall	12	Caius }
3	1st Trinity	13	Peterhouse }
4	Lady Margaret	14	3rd Trinity 2
5	Emmanuel	15	Magdalene
6	Corpus	16	Jesus }
7	1st Trinity 2	17	1st Trinity 3 }
8	Lady Margaret 2 }	18	Clare }
9	Christ's }	19	Emmanuel 2 }
10	2nd Trinity	20	Pembroke



*Wednesday, May 20th.*

## FIRST DIVISION.

1	3rd Trinity	12	Peterhouse
2	Trinity Hall	13	Caius
3	1st Trinity	14	3rd Trinity 2 }
4	Lady Margaret	15	Magdalene
5	Emmanuel	16	1st Trinity 3
6	Corpus	17	Jesus
7	1st Trinity 2	18	Clare
8	Christ's	19	Emmanuel 2
9	Lady Margaret 2	20	Pembroke
10	2nd Trinity		
11	Trinity Hall 2 }		

*Thursday, May 21st.*

## FIRST DIVISION.

1	3rd Trinity	11	2nd Trinity
2	Trinity Hall	12	Peterhouse
3	1st Trinity	13	3rd Trinity 2 }
4	Lady Margaret	14	Caius
5	Emmanuel	15	Magdalene }
6	Corpus	16	1st Trinity 3
7	1st Trinity 2 }	17	Jesus
8	Christ's }	18	Clare
9	Lady Margaret 2	19	Emmanuel 2
10	Trinity Hall 2	20	Pembroke

END OF VOL. III.



# THE EAGLE.

*To our Subscribers.*

*We once more respectfully remind our readers that from many members of the College the amount of subscription due for the current year is still unpaid.—A few persons are even in arrear for the previous annual half-volume. As "The Eagle" is furnished at a price which allows no margin for omission of payments, our subscribers will see the necessity of avoiding, as far as possible, anything that might endanger the success of the Magazine, by neglect of settlement.*

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1861.



*Wednesday, May 20th.*

## FIRST DIVISION.

1	3rd Trinity	12	Peterhouse
2	Trinity Hall	13	Caius
3	1st Trinity	14	3rd Trinity 2 }
4	Lady Margaret	15	Magdalene
5	Emmanuel	16	1st Trinity 3
6	Corpus	17	Jesus
7	1st Trinity 2	18	Clare
8	Christ's	19	Emmanuel 2
9	Lady Margaret 2	20	Pembroke
10	2nd Trinity		
11	Trinity Hall 2 }		

*Thursday, May 21st.*

## FIRST DIVISION.

1	3rd Trinity	11	2nd Trinity
2	Trinity Hall	12	Peterhouse
3	1st Trinity	13	3rd Trinity 2 }
4	Lady Margaret	14	Caius
5	Emmanuel	15	Magdalene }
6	Corpus	16	1st Trinity 3
7	1st Trinity 2 }	17	Jesus
8	Christ's }	18	Clare
9	Lady Margaret 2	19	Emmanuel 2
10	Trinity Hall 2	20	Pembroke

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*St. John's College, December 5th, 1861.*

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No. XIII.—Vol. III.]

[March, 1862.



# THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF  
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LENT TERM, 1862.

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1862.





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*St. John's College, March 29th, 1892.*

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[June, 1862.



# THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF  
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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1862.



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*St. John's College, June 2nd, 1862.*

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A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF  
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1862.





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No. XVI.—Vol. III.]

[March, 1863.



# THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF  
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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LENT TERM, 1863.

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Each contributor will be made responsible for correcting the proofs of his own article.

*The Committee of Editors wish it to be distinctly understood that the insertion of an article by no means implies their acquiescence in the opinions contained therein;—their sole rule of selection is to insert that article, which, from the thought it exhibits, or some other merit, shall appear most deserving of the reader's attention.*

*Notices of rejected communications will not in future be inserted, but the articles will be returned to the Authors by the Secretary.*

*It is particularly requested that articles intended for insertion in the next number be forwarded to the Secretary on or before May 10th, 1863.*

*Owing to the retirement of Mr. W. D. Bushell there will be a vacancy in the Editorial Committee. The Election will take place at the beginning of next Term.*

*St. John's College, March 24th, 1863.*

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[June, 1863.



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